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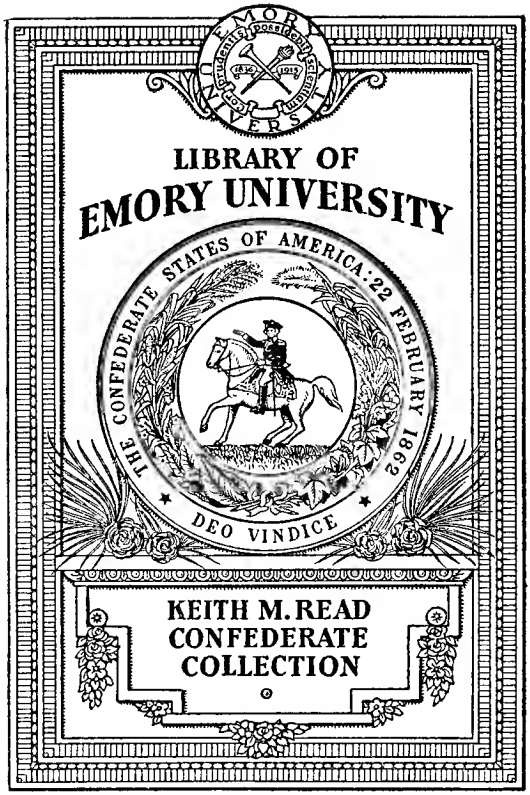
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Elisha B. Smith

RECORD

OF THE

114TH REGIMENT,

N. Y. S. V.

WHERE IT WENT, WHAT IT SAW, AND WHAT IT DID.

"They invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed. * * * I did consent."

OTHELLO.

BY

DR. HARRIS H. BEECHER,

LATE ASSISTANT-SURGEON.

NORWICH, N. Y.:

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1866

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TO THE

MEMORY OF OUR LAMENTED COLONEL,

Elisha B. Smith,

THE PATRIOT SOLDIER, THE TRUE MAN, THE GENIAL COMPANION,

THE GENEROUS FRIEND;

AND OF

ALL OUR FALLEN COMRADES,

WHO HEROICALLY SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES IN DEFENSE OF

THEIR COUNTRY'S FLAG,

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

To perpetuate the services of the gallant men serving in the late war of the Rebellion, in the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment New York State Volunteers, and to bring to view some phases of army life not hitherto considered, this volume is offered to the public.

In presenting it, the author, while he feels conscious of having used every exertion in his power to make the work accurate and interesting, does not claim exemption from those imperfections which are necessarily ever attendant upon works of this kind. When it is considered that this book will come before many who upon some portions of the record herein contained have better means of information than the writer himself, it is not strange that a degree of embarrassment should be experienced. And then, the same events, it must be recollected, witnessed by many persons, are remembered differently, and leave unlike impressions on the mind.

In addition to extensive journals and memoranda kept by the author throughout his service, he has been kindly furnished with the journals and memoranda of others, which in the main have been corroborative of each other, or at least have enabled him to arrive at more correct results. Large portions of the manuscript have likewise been submitted to those most capable of judging of its correctness, that no errors might creep into the work which it were possible by any means to avoid.

In the preparation of the Register, which appears in the form of an Appendix, and which will be found to be a valuable part of the Record, especial pains have been taken to secure its fidelity. Yet, to assert that there are no errors of omission or commission, of name or data, when we remember the imperfections of all things human, would be an unwarrantable assumption.

To enumerate the names of all who have given us verbal and written statements and interesting incidents tending to enhance the value and truthfulness of our labors, would be impossible. We are, however, none the less thankful for their many favors and expressions of encouragement.

To Lieutenant Robert N. Eddy, a gentleman of the strictest integrity, and of conceded ability, we are especially indebted for the valuable aid he has rendered us in the preparation of this work.

We tender our grateful acknowledgements to the editors and publishers of Newspapers throughout the District, for their notices of our efforts, and also to those who have kindly given us free access to their files.

When the reminiscences of the war through which we have passed shall become as old as the legends of the Revolution, then it is that the labors of the true historian will be read and appreciated; and the children's children of those who have been participants in the scenes of this wonderful drama will rise up and call him blessed.

With these remarks, trusting that the perusal of this volume will be as pleasant and profitable as has been the writing, the author submits the result of his labors to his friends and a generous public.

Norwich, N. Y., Jan., 1866.

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from Photo. by H.C. Brown

H. H. Beecher M.D.

RECORD OF THE 114TH REGIMENT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"O pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly.
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget."

KING HENRY VI.

On the 12th day of April, 1861, at half-past four o'clock in the morning, the great American Rebellion was formally inaugurated.

On the 15th of the month, and three days after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the President of the United States issued a Proclamation calling into the federal service Seventy-Five Thousand men, to suppress combinations against the General Government, and re-possess the forts and property of the Union.

The national Capital, founded by "The Father of his Country," and his compatriots, and bearing the name of the immortal Washington, was in danger. Volunteers, hastening to its defense, were shot and stoned by mobs in the streets of Baltimore, and insult added to injury by her disloyal citizens.

The flag of our fathers, which, for eighty-five years, had honored and protected a Continent, had been pulled down and trailed in the dust.

Is it strange, under these circumstances, that the patriotism of our loyal people should have been aroused, and our nationality vindicated? Had it been otherwise, it would have been a virtual declaration to the world, that the blood of the martyrs had been uselessly shed, and that the War of Independence had been in vain.

Twelve months, and upwards, during which time over six hundred thousand additional troops had been brought into the field, and the war of the Rebellion—conceived in the hearts of wicked men, and hatched in the nest of treason—was not ended. Many even began to believe that the rebellious States could not be subdued and brought back to the Union. They were astonished that rebels should hold out so long, and fight so desperately, and began to despair of ultimate success. Led by brave and experienced, though misguided military captains, and fighting under the impulse of desperation, it would have been strange, indeed, if soldiers of the Southern States, sharing the former pride and haughtiness of our nationality, had not been able to cope with an equal number from the North, the East, or the West: defending their own soil, it should have been expected that they would be able to do more.

But history no where tells us that aristocracy is the parent of successful revolution. It is only when the heart of Labor has begun to throb under unendurable oppression, that thrones are overturned and ministers beheaded.

The great English rebellion was an outbreak of the democratic spirit, and was headed, not by dukes and marquises, but by brewers, coopers, haberdashers—leaders with whom the middle and lower classes were in sympathy. It was a war of classes, and was successful.

In France, contemporaneous with the English rebellion, the leaders of the Fronde were of the nobility, and the insurrection was followed by none of the splendid results ensuing the war of the Roundheads and Cavaliers. There could be but little common interest between the peasant and mechanic in the ranks, and the rich and dissolute noble leader, who, instead of contending for the civil liberties sought by Cromwell and his army of workmen, aimed at privileges no more exalted than that his wife should sit in the presence of the Queen.

If we examine the history of the religious revolution, known as the Reformation, it will be found that the great uprising was instigated and carried on, not by cardinals and bishops, but by men from the middle and lower ranks. That, also, was a democratic rebellion, in which the heart of Labor beat in unity, and it was successful.

The American rebellion was essentially a revolt of the aristocracy. It was precipitated by no oppression of what is properly termed the people. Its aim was not popular Liberty, but Empire, in which labor was to be the undivided heritage of the slave. It was to be a great Cotton Empire of minor baronies and patriarchal estates, and each community of white working men was to be governed by a political independent chief, who would supply the place of school-master and press. In the establishment of such a system, labor can have no concern. It may be momentarily controlled, and under the direct stimulus of sectional pride, may be driven out to be slaughtered in hecatombs, but, if there be no enduring bonds of sympathy with the leaders, no lasting magnetism in the hearts of the people, when the fires of war blaze with intense heat and fearful consumption, the ropes of straw will untwist and turn to ashes.

Had the southern people been fighting for the elective franchise, or for religious freedom, or for emancipation from the serfdom in which labor was there held, we believe that seven millions of determined and united people could never have been conquered, and Liberty everywhere would have prayed to God, that each insurgent might be strong enough to grasp an Ithuriel spear, and wield a sword gleaming and terrible as the wrath of the clouds. But in this struggle they had no sympathy but that of monarchists, no allies but the friends of despotism.

The analogy of history prophesies only disaster to follow a rebellion not grounded among the cottages of the people, that has no nobler purpose than the enrichment of the privileged classes, and the still further degradation of the poor. There is a fellowship in labor throughout the world, whether turbulent oceans surge between, or lofty mountains clad in vestures of perpetual snow exalt themselves as fictitious boundaries: and while Crowns and Coronets were nodding approval to the American Rebels, Labor stood in the old world with half-drawn sword, frowning upon them, and with motionless finger pointing to the open book in which their destiny was written.

CHAPTER II.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness and humility,
But when the blast of war blows in our ears.
Then * * * * * *
* * bend up every spirit
To its full height!

KING HENRY V

Eighteen months of war passed away, and the rebellious states were not conquered. There were gleams of light, but more clouds of darkness. There had, indeed, been a terrible baptism of blood, but indifferent success attended our arms. Children mourned parents, wives husbands, and mothers sons, slain by fratricidal hands, sacrificed upon our country's altar and in Freedom's cause.

To meet the exigencies of the service, and replenish the shattered and depleted ranks of the patriot army, on the 2d of July, 1862, the President of the United States issued a call for Three Hundred Thousand men, to serve three years, or during the war. The quota allowed to the state of New York, of this number, was about one-fifth, or near sixty thousand.

To systematize the labor of enlisting volunteers, to facilitate the work, and give every section an opportunity to bear its proper burden in the easiest manner, the state was divided into districts, (except the districts comprised by the city of New York), each senatorial district being required to raise at least one regiment. The order of the Adjutant General of the state directed each company to be organized as follows:

Minimum.	Maximum.
1 Captain.	1 Captain.
1 First Lieutenant.	1 First Lieutenant.
1 Second Lieutenant.	1 Second Lieutenant.
1 First Sergeant.	1 First Sergeant.
4 Sergeants.	4 Sergeants.
8 Corporals.	8 Corporals.
2 Musicians.	2 Musicians.
1 Wagoner.	1 Wagoner.
64 Privates.	82 Privates.
83 Aggregate.	101 Aggregate.

The order further directed that each enlisted person be between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years; if a minor, the written consent of the parent or guardian must be obtained, and each recruit must be free from any defect that would incapacitate him from military service.

On the completion of ten companies, of the minimum standard, in any regimental district, they were to be formed into a regiment, to be organized as follows:

Minimum.	Maximum.
830 Company Officers and enlisted men.	1010 Company Officers and enlisted men.
1 Colonel.	1 Colonel.
1 Lieutenant-Colonel.	1 Lieutenant-Colonel.
1 Major.	1 Major.
1 Adjutant.	1 Adjutant.
1 Regimental Quartermaster.	1 Regimental Quartermaster.
1 Surgeon.	1 Surgeon.
1 Assistant Surgeon.*	1 Assistant Surgeon.
1 Chaplain.	1 Chaplain.
1 Sergeant-Major.	1 Sergeant-Major.
1 Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant.	1 Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant.
1 Regimental Commissary-Sergeant.	1 Regimental Commissary-Sergeant.
1 Hospital Steward.	1 Hospital Steward.
2 Principal Musicians.	2 Principal Musicians.
844 Aggregate.	1024 Aggregate.

A commander for each regiment was first to be appointed by the Commander-in-chief, to be commissioned upon

* About this time, by an act of Congress, an additional Assistant Surgeon was appointed.

its completion. Under this call and arrangement, the ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH REGIMENT New York State Volunteers sprung into existence.

To perfect the organization, and aid in recruiting a regiment in the Twenty-third Senatorial District, his Excellency, Governor Morgan, appointed the following well-known and influential gentlemen, to represent the interest of each county, constituting what was called a "Citizens' Regimental Committee."

CHENANGO COUNTY.—Henry A. Clark, Chairman, Bainbridge; B. Gage Berry, Harvey Hubbard, Philander B. Prindle, Norwich; Henry R. Mygatt, Oxford; Gen. Levi Harris, South New Berlin; Dr. William D. Purple, Frederick Juliand, Greene.

CORTLAND COUNTY.—Henry S. Randall, Horatio Ballard, R. Holland Duell, M. C., Cortland village.

MADISON COUNTY.—Gen. Benjamin F. Bruce, Lenox; Gen. Zadock T. Bentley, William F. Bonney, Morrisville; John J. Foote, J. Hunt Smith, Hamilton.

The first meeting of the committee was held at the Eagle Hotel, in the village of Norwich, on Wednesday, the 16th day of July, 1862, nearly all of whom were present. The Hon. Henry A. Clark, of Chenango, assumed the chair, and J. Hunt Smith, of Madison, was appointed secretary.

There was a full and free interchange of sentiment, in regard to a proper person for regimental commander, and several distinguished names were brought forward from which to make the selection. Among those most prominent, were Generals Benjamin F Bruce, Thomas F. Petrie, and P P Brown of Madison University, all from Madison county.

After a protracted conference, General Bruce, upon motion of Mr. Randall, of Cortland, was unanimously

nominated commander of the regiment representing the Twenty-third Senatorial District. By direction of the meeting, a telegram was sent to his home in Lenox, notifying him of the choice of the committee, and asking his acceptance of the office.

After an appointment by the chair of Dr. William D. Purple, Philander B. Prindle and Hon. John J. Foote, as a committee to report a just apportionment to each county of the district, and each town of the several counties, of the number of men required to be raised in each for the formation of a regiment of the maximum standard, the meeting adjourned to half-past six, P. M.

Upon re-assembling, a communication received from General Bruce was read, announcing, that, for reasons beyond his control, he could not accept the appointment with which he had been so highly honored.

Other names were canvassed. The office, in fact, sought for men, rather than men for the office. At length, after much discussion and deliberation, altogether fit and proper as it was unexpected, neither himself nor friends making any solicitation of the kind, the choice, upon motion of Mr. Foote, of Madison, fell upon that worthy citizen, the Hon. Elisha B. Smith, of Chenango.

Not without many misgivings as to his fitness for the place, not without invoking wisdom from on high to guide and direct him in his efforts and crown his labors with success, did he accept the delicate and important position. In appearing, by request, before the meeting, after returning suitable acknowledgments for the distinction conferred upon him, he pledged his whole soul thoroughly to execute, to the best of his ability, the high and responsible trust committed to his hands.

In giving the proceedings of the committee, the *Chenango Union*, of the 23d of July, paid the following just tribute to the Regimental Commander:

"Mr. Smith, although without military experience, has superior qualifications for the position, and we believe his appointment, especially where he is best known, is regarded with entire satisfaction. He is a man of energy, and will devote himself at once to the business of recruiting and organizing his command. We know of no good reason why, in less than sixty days, he should not have subject to his orders the best regiment in the state. We certainly wish him and the cause every success." *

* The press in various parts of the State gave complimentary notices on the appointment of Col. Smith, from which, among many, the following extracts are selected:

OUR COMMANDANT.—That his appointment has done much to infuse vigor into the organization is a fact that is being made clear each day, and there cannot be a doubt that to his personal exertions and careful supervision of all the details of its formation, we shall be indebted for the early filling up of the ranks. In the minutest particular that touches the welfare and success of the regiment, his interest is intense, and no man who shows a desire to do even the simplest thing to aid it, can find cause to complain that the Colonel does not fairly and fully understand him, and take advantage of what he has to offer.—*Chenango Telegraph.*

PUSH ON THE COLUMN.—Mr. Smith was not an aspirant for the new honor which has been given him. It was not of his seeking. His fellow citizens of the committee, acting for the State and the Nation, called him to their service, and like a loyal and patriotic citizen he promptly obeyed the summons. Some of the brightest examples of self-sacrificing patriotism in the history of the world, have been thus called from the walks of private life to enter the public service. Mr. Smith's acceptance of the trust, under the circumstances, is a fair example of prompt and patriotic self-sacrifice and devotion.—*Oxford Times.*

He is "the right man in the right place." Energetic and persevering, and well calculated to win popular favor, Mr. Smith will do all that any man could do towards filling his regiment speedily.—*Chenango American.*

Col. Smith has all the energy and determination required to make a good officer, and I know that he has all the personal popularity required to bring the requisite number of volunteers to his standard. In the field his motto will be "follow me!" "Long may he wave."—*New York Correspondent Chenango American.*

Dr. Purple, from the apportionment committee, reported that, in the formation of a full regiment, the quota of men required from the county of Chenango, was two hundred and forty; and from the county of Madison, three hundred and ninety-six, as estimated by the census of 1860.*

The committee was increased by additional names, so as to make fifteen in each county of the district. Messrs. Isaac Sherwood, of Oxford; James M. Phillips, of Coventry; Elias Livermore, of German; Dr. John Clarke, of Guilford; Charles T. Ackley, of McDonough; Henry K. Champlin, of Pitcher; and T. H. Matteson, of Sherburne; were added to the committee from Chenango.

At a subsequent meeting, called together by the Chairman, an Executive Committee, consisting of Philander B. Prindle, Walter M. Conkey, and B. Gage Berry, was appointed, whose duty it was to act in the place of the general committee, having a general oversight of the Regiment and its organization. This committee, however, and all others, declined to override in any respect the wishes, or urge names for officers upon the Regimental Commander. He, and he alone, was responsible for the

He is alive with energy, and is pressing the completeness of his regiment with great spirit. Those who know him best anticipate for him a brilliant career in the field.—*Hamilton Union.*

The selection of Mr. Smith was entirely unexpected by him, but he has determined to accept, and is now in this city to make the necessary arrangements with the Military Department. He is a prominent and energetic man, and the selection is an excellent one.—*Albany Argus.*

The District is fortunate in having secured the services of a gentleman so thoroughly practical, energetic and popular.—*Albany Journal.*

* It is well to state that this apportionment of quotas was disregarded in the raising of men. Cortland County furnished but a few men for the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment.

efficiency and proper conduct of his subordinates; and they wisely preferred that he, perfectly untrammelled, should make his own selections.

The order for organizing regiments, also required that an Adjutant, Quartermaster and Surgeon, in addition to the Commandant, be at once appointed. Samuel R. Per Lee, of Norwich, a gentleman of much energy and large business experience, was accordingly assigned to the post of Adjutant, (also acting as mustering officer and Quartermaster), and Levi P. Wagner, of Oxford, who stood high in the medical profession, to that of Surgeon. The *Chenango Union*, of July 30th, thus endorses the newly appointed Adjutant:

"Mr. Per Lee has some military experience, and is a gentleman of intelligence, energy and capacity. He will enter upon the duties of the post with the enthusiasm and earnestness which are a part of his character, and we look for a speedy increase of enlistments, as the result of his efforts and influence. It is not too much to say, that no better appointment could have been made."

A rendezvous was established on grounds of Mr. Stephen Smith, near the west bank of the Chenango river, a little north of Rexford street, in Norwich village, and the contract for supplying the regiment with rations, awarded to Newman Gates of Norwich, for thirty-five cents a day, for each soldier. Recruiting papers were furnished various responsible individuals, recruiting offices opened in different parts of the district, and the whole machinery rapidly put in working order. Examinations in the Surgeon's office, on South Main street, were constantly going on; in some instances, as many as two hundred passed the rigid scrutiny of Surgeon Wagner in

a single day. A depot of supplies was opened in the Guernsey block; and detailed men and clerks were continually employed in perfecting papers and dressing the men in blue. Walter A. Cook, Esq., of Norwich, chief clerk, was unceasing in his labors, and rendered valuable aid.

No volunteering, before or afterwards, during the war, was equal to it. The alacrity and spirit with which those loyal to the Union, without distinction of creed, or sect, or party, responded to the call, showed how deeply rooted, having once tasted the sweets of Liberty, is the principle of Freedom, implanted in the hearts of men.

The artizan dropped his tools in the shop, the farmer left his plough in the furrow, men of gray hairs forsook their firesides, the student threw aside his books, the factory gave up its hands, men of business and men of no employ, cheerfully came forward in answer to the demands of their imperilled country.

As in the beginning—in our first great struggle for a nation's life, blood and treasure were not withheld till the sacrifice was complete, and government upon the broad base of democracy established—so now, in the second great struggle of America for national existence, at whatever cost or sacrifice, our glorious Union of States, our civil and religious institutions, must be preserved and perpetuated.

CHAPTER III.

"Let men take heed of their company."
KING HENRY IV.

The ten Companies composing the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, were raised and organized in separate towns and communities. They have distinct histories, previous to their consolidation into a regimental organization.

It is proposed, at this place, to furnish a brief account of events that occurred in the formation of each company, before it became identified with the record of the regiment.

FIRST OXFORD COMPANY, "A."

Learning that a Regiment was to be raised in the Twenty-third Senatorial District of this State, of which Elisha B. Smith was to be Colonel, the inhabitants of Oxford were fully awake and ready for action. Many were anxious to enlist, and a standard-bearer was all that seemed necessary, to rally the young men of that and adjoining towns to the defense of their country.

Among those who felt the necessity for immediate action was Oscar H. Curtis, a young lawyer of promise, recently settled in practice in the village of Oxford. Unable longer to resist the calls of his country, on Saturday, the 19th of July, he said to his friends, "I'll go!"

Immediately, Henry R. Mygatt, Esq., of the District Committee, telegraphed to the Governor for papers authorizing Mr. Curtis to recruit for the Regiment. The

appointment was promptly made, and the order, mailed the same day, was received by Mr. Curtis on the 22d of that month.

Mr. Curtis's law office was turned into a recruiting office. A meeting was held in Lewis's Hall, in Oxford, on the 24th of July, at two o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of taking steps to push on recruiting. Henry R. Mygatt presided, and speeches were made by the President, Captain Curtis, J. W. Glover, S. Bundy and Wm. H. Hyde, Esqrs., of Oxford.

A resolution was offered, to raise by subscription sufficient means to defray all the necessary expenses of raising a company. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and over one thousand dollars was raised on the spot, and ten dollars town bounty voted to each recruit for the first Oxford Company.

Several of the old students of Captain Curtis had already enlisted; among them S. S. Stafford and D. W Turner, of Preston; James E. Gilbert, of Guilford; and Joseph Washburn, of Oxford, and, under his direction, were efficient in arousing the people and procuring enlistments. Rev. A. S. Southworth, of Guilford—afterwards First Sergeant—was likewise instrumental in obtaining recruits from that town.

Meetings were held in the towns of Preston, Smithville, McDonough, Guilford, Bainbridge and Afton, and a competent corps of speakers, among whom were Messrs. Bundy, Glover, and Hyde, volunteered their services; together with the Oxford Brass Band. The result was that on the sixth day of August, a sufficient number were mustered by Adjutant Per Lee, at Oxford, to form a Company, entitling Captain Curtis to the honor of having raised the first Company, thereby securing to him the right

of the Regiment, and the post of honor and preferment. The same day the Company reported at Norwich, and was the first full Company that assembled at the rendezvous. The proeession of vehicles of all sorts, filled with the bone and sinew of Oxford and adjoining towns, with drums beating and colors flying, headed by Captain Curtis and Horace Paeker, Esq., and aecompanied by numerous citizens of Oxford, was truly inspiring.

Halting before the Eagle Hotel, they were received by Colonel Smith, who in brief but appropriate remarks, congratulated them upon being Company A of the Regiment.

They were cheered and welcomed by the the people of Norwich; hearty eheers in response being given by the men of Company A for Colonel Smith, the "Old Flag," and the citizens of the county seat of Chenango.

This was but an instance, of what almost daily occurred by the arrival of other Companies, till the Regiment was completed.

FIRST NORWICH COMPANY, "B."

In the forepart of July, 1862, Jacob S. Bockee, of Norwich, commeneed reeruiting a Company for Colonel Kingsley's Regiment, of the "Spinola Brigade." Upon the appearanee of the Adjutant General's order in relation to the additional force to be raised in the state, preferring to be eonnected with a home organization, Captain Boekee visited Albany, and obtained from Governor Morgan authority to recruit a Company for the Regiment to be raised in the Twenty-third Senatorial District. By the time the One Hundred and Fourteenth was organized, a good start was made for a Company.

On the evening of the 30th of July, an enthusiastic War Meeting was held at Concert Hall, in Norwich, over which Rev. W H. Olin presided. Hon. S. M. Purdy, Hon. Charles York, James H. Smith, John F Hubbard, W M. Conkey, David Griffing, H. N. Walter and B. F. Rexford were appointed Vice Presidents; and David Bedford, John F. Hubbard Jr., George C. Rice and Daniel M. Holmes, Secretaries. Messrs. P. B. Prindle, S. S. Merritt, B. G. Berry, L. Kingsley and H. G. Prindle, were appointed a committee on resolutions. Patriotic addresses were made by Gen. B. F. Bruce and Prof. P. P. Brown, of Madison County, and by Colonel E. B. Smith, B. F. Rexford, Esq., Rev. Messrs. Scoville, Searls, Ward, Benedict and Olin. Volunteers being called for, several came forward and enrolled their names, amidst the cheers of the audience. The people generally were awakened to vigorous effort.

August 2d a meeting was held in New Berlin, Rev. Mr. Burnside presiding, which was addressed by E. H. Prindle, B. G. Berry, and Dr. Henry, of Washington. Captain Bockee also made a few remarks, pledging himself not only to go with his men, but to stay with them.

On the 8th, a meeting was held in East Pharsalia, which was addressed by Isaac S. Newton, Esq., of Norwich, and others. Charles A. Sumner, son of Sherman Sumner, of Pharsalia, came forward and enlisted. The father, in commendation of the course of his son, made a thrilling and affecting speech. The example of young Sumner was followed by others.

About the same time, a meeting was held in North Norwich, which was addressed by B. G. Berry and Dr. Beecher. Captain Bockee being present, renewedly pledged his efforts in behalf of his men.

The first man enlisted in this Company, being the first in the Regiment, was Loren D. Newell, of North Norwich, who enlisted on the 12th day of July. Isaac Burch, a compositor in the *Chenango Union* office, enlisted on the 14th, exchanging the "shooting stick" for the "shooting iron," and immediately commenced recruiting in New Berlin. Lieutenant Edwin O. Gibson, of South New Berlin, labored successfully in obtaining recruits from that portion of the town. On the 10th of August the men were mustered, forming the second Company of the Regiment.

SECOND NORWICH COMPANY, "C."

On or about the 4th of August, Platt Titus, of North Norwich, then of Norwich, received authorization papers to recruit a Company for the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment. On the evening of the 5th, a meeting was held in Plymouth, which was addressed by Rev. S. Scoville, E. H. Prindle and others, and which was attended by Captains Titus and Bockee. On that day a number of volunteers were obtained for this Company, and sworn in.

Previous to this, William H. Chamberlain, of Mt. Upton, had opened a recruiting office in that village. In addition to the bounties offered by the National and State Governments, the citizens of Mt. Upton offered a bounty of three dollars to each person recruited at that station. On the evening of the 7th, a meeting was held in Mt. Upton, which was addressed by E. H. Prindle and Hamilton Phelps, of Norwich, and by George W Chamberlain of the former place. Mr. Chamberlain obtained, in all, about twenty-five recruits.

Learning that the Regiment was rapidly filling up, and fearing he might not obtain a desirable place for his men,

on the morning of the 11th, he came with his squad to Norwich. Arrangements were made with Captain Titus, whereby the men were secured for his Company, which made it sufficiently full for muster on the afternoon of that day. As several of the recruits were minors, not as yet having the consent of their parents or guardians, lest there might be a deficiency for a maximum Company, a meeting was held in the evening by Captain Titus, in the Baptist Church, at North Norwich, which was addressed by H. G. Prindle, Lewis Kingsley and others, of Norwich. Several additional names were obtained. Lieutenant Shubal A. Brooks, Norman Lewis, and John Bagg, of Norwich, Harlow C. Glazier, and Loren H. Janes, of Plymouth, and other volunteers, were efficient in obtaining recruits for the Company. Corporal C. J. Biggs, since Lieutenant, did good service in making up the roll. The last man enlisted in the Regiment before it left Norwich, was in Company C, (to fill vacancy of a minor),—Henry Newton, of Guilford, late of North Norwich, on the 5th day of September. His was the first death in the Company, he dying of fever, at Fortress Monroe, early in the month of December.

EATON AND LEBANON COMPANY, "D."

Influential citizens of Eaton and Lebanon, in looking about for some one to go forth with, and lead the young men of these towns to battle, the name of Henry B. Morse, of the former place, was at once suggested. Application was immediately made to Governor Morgan for authorization papers to recruit a Company, which, upon the recommendation of Colonel Smith, were forwarded to Mr. Morse, about the first of August.

As there were, at that time, two Companies being organized in Hamilton, it was decided best to canvass the

County for volunteers. Arrangements were aecordingly made with Robert P York, of De Ruyter, and James E. Wedge, of Lebanon, to assist in raising the Company. Meetings were held in Eaton, Morrisville, Lebanon, De Ruyter, Nelson, Georgetown and other plaees. Among the speakers were Hon. Sidney T. Holmes, Charles Kennedy, L. B. Kern and Alexander Cramphin, of Morrisville; P. P. Brown and A. N. Shelden, of Hamilton; and David Mitehell, Esq., of Syraeuse. In addition to these, B. E. Hoppin, Messrs. Avery and Baker, of Lebanon; Lucius P. Clarke and others, of Morrisville; Hon. S. Rider, A. V Bentley, R. E. Fairehild, H. C. Miner, Colonel Whitford, J. B. Wells and Rev. Messrs. Tomlinson and Clark, of De Ruyter; Ellis Coman, George E. Morse, Gorham Morse and Walter Morse, of Eaton; rendered efficient aid in raising the Company.

Smith Case, afterwards Lieutenant, and James S. Stewart, were among the first enrolled, and labored faithfully in obtaining enlistments. On the 11th day of August, the rolls showed that forty-five men had been enlisted in the town of Eaton, thirty-four in the town of Lebanon, thirty-three in De Ruyter, eighteen in Nelson, seven in Earlville, two in Georgetown, and one in Smyrna, making in all one hundred and forty.

On the morning of August 12th, the Company assembled at Eaton, when they were presented with a flag by the eitizens of that place.*

A large assembly was present to witness the ceremony and bid adieu to the departing volunteers. The presentation speech was made by Rev. Mr. Wheat, of the Baptist Chureh, whieh was responded to with much feeling by Colonel Morse, in behalf of the Company.

* This flag afterwards became the colors of the Regiment.

After the exercises were concluded, the men left in wagons for Norwich. On the 13th, they were mustered by Adjutant Per Lee.

GREENE COMPANY, "E."

Preliminary to the work of recruiting in Greene, and as a first step towards raising a Company, a war meeting was held in Union Hall, in that village, on Tuesday evening, the 5th of August. The *Chenango American*, in giving an account of the gathering, contained the following:

"Union Hall was packed to its utmost capacity, and the enthusiasm was intense. The audience was eloquently addressed by Dr. Wm. H. Doane, of Washington, Gen. B. F. Bruce, of Madison, and H. G. Prindle, Esq., of Norwich—with the words of true patriotism which struck the cord of true "love of country" in every heart, and made every one present see that he had a duty to perform, and now was the time for action.

Colonel Elisha B. Smith was present, and addressed the meeting with words that came from the heart. Captain R. Macdonald was also present with his recruiting papers, and the result was most gratifying. John C. Reynolds was the first volunteer, who came forward and put down his name amid a round of cheers. Others came forward with the stern resolve to serve their country if strong arms and willing hearts can do it, and still they come. Our estimable townsman, Mr. N. A. Dederer, has enlisted for the war. When such men come forward and offer their services to their country, why should young men falter. Come forward, then, young men of Greene, and sign the roll and let it not be said, you faltered in the hour of peril."

A subscription of over sixteen hundred dollars was raised to aid volunteers and to carry forward the good begun work, and a committee of five consisting of P. B. Rathbone, M. Birdsall, U. Whittenhall, W F. Lyon, and R. P. Barnard, was appointed to solicit further subscriptions to the fund.

The towns of Afton, Coventry, and Smithville were visited, and public addresses made by Captain Macdonald and others, who cheerfully volunteered to aid him in obtaining recruits. Leading citizens of Greene were zealous and labored with good effect. Each town furnished men for the Company nearly as follows: Greene fifty, Afton thirty, Coventry eleven, Smithville four. Subsequent enlistments from those towns filled the Company to one hundred and twenty men, before it reported at Norwich. The subjoined extract is from the *Chenango American* of the 14th of August:

"A Company of 120 men, under Captain Macdonald, of this village, was raised in this town and vicinity in less than a week. The Company is one of which we may well be proud, consisting of some of the best and most stalwart young men in this section. Smithville, Coventry, and Afton have all contributed towards this Company, and we are confident that it will be a credit to the Regiment."

N. A. Dederer put forth his best efforts to help raise the Company, and proved himself worthy of the position subsequently conferred upon him. Rev. G. G. Donnelly of Afton, also did much towards recruiting the men from that town and vicinity.

Just before the Company left Greene for the rendezvous, the ladies, ever mindful of the future, and anticipating some of the many wants of the boys when far away upon the tented field, presented each soldier with a "kit" composed of needles, thread case, scissors, &c. Let the *American* tell the story:

"A Pleasant Incident.—Among the incidents consequent upon the leaving of the Company from this town, to join the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, was the presentation on behalf of the Ladies' Aid Society, of a quantity of "soldiers' kits," containing many articles of comfort for the soldiers. The Company was drawn up in a hollow square in front of the Chenango House, where the presentation

was made, on behalf of the Ladies, by F. B. Fisher. Captain Macdonald replied with feeling and opportune remarks, the Company testifying their appreciation of the act by hearty and repeated cheering. The boys left in good spirits, undoubtedly bearing with them lighter hearts than they left behind them."

SHERBURNE AND NEW BERLIN COMPANY, "F."

On Tuesday evening, the 29th of July, a meeting was held at White's Hall, in Sherburne village, to aid in raising volunteers, in answer to the call of the President. Captain R. H. Alcott, of the First Michigan Regiment, formerly of New Berlin, then suffering from wounds of the head, received before Richmond, was called to the chair, and A. N. Newton chosen Secretary. Hon. T. H. Matteson, Isaac Plumb and Archibald Whitford were appointed a committee on resolutions, and Dr. Devillo White, Hiram Briggs, Esq., Charles Lewis, Sen., Lucius Newton, and Jacob Hickok, a committee to solicit contributions to pay a bounty to local volunteers. The meeting was ably addressed by E. H. Prindle and B. Gage Berry, of Norwich, and T. H. Matteson and Rev. Mr. Curtis, of Sherburne. Several other gentlemen made brief but spirited remarks. Charles H. Colwell, of Sherburne, who had received authority from the Governor to raise a Company, came forward and signed the rolls, several young men following his example.

War meetings were also held in Columbus, Smyrna, and Earlville, which generally were a success. Among the speakers were Isaac S. Newton, Esq., Hon. T. H. Matteson, and the Rev. Mr. Brooks, and Rev. Mr. Fletcher and Captain Tucker of Hamilton. Captain Colwell obtained fifty-seven recruits, a larger part from Sherburne, the towns adjacent furnishing a few of the men.

On the 13th, Captain Colwell's men assembled in Sherburne, and were briefly addressed by Rev. Mr. Curtis, after which a prayer was offered, when they started for Norwich.

Adrian Foote, of New Berlin, received authority to enroll volunteers, in special orders from A. G. O. State of New York, dated the 1st day of August. It only required the leadership of some responsible person, to induce the first young men of that town and vicinity to volunteer. Lieutenant Adrian Foote was the chosen man. Among others, William D. Thurber, J. C. Tallman and Charles L. Brown, came to him saying: "If you will go, I'll go." Quietly he went to work, and by the assistance of influential citizens, and the volunteers themselves, recruited fifty-two men in the course of a few days. So rapidly was the Regiment filling up, that neither Captain Colwell nor Lieutenant Foote could fill a Company in time to be admitted. The two, consequently, united in organizing a Company, which was mustered on the 13th day of August, Lieutenant Foote taking into the organization the whole number recruited by him, and Captain Colwell forty-six men. The balance of those enlisted, were transferred to the Madison County Regiment.

HAMILTON AND BROOKFIELD COMPANY, "G."

Permission having been granted by Governor Morgan to Charles E. Tucker and Charles W Underhill, of Madison University, to recruit a Company for the Regiment to be raised in the District, the work was commenced by the enrollment of the above names, together with Henry P Corbin and Albert A. Nichols of Hamilton, on the 22d of July. Other enlistments soon followed, and the work of obtaining the requisite number of men was prosecuted in Brookfield, Hamilton, and Stockbridge.

War meetings were held in important localities; at Hamilton, Clarksville, Leonardsville, North Brookfield and Hubbardsville, which were addressed by Captain Tucker and Lieutenant Underhill. Rev. Mr. Fletcher, E. B. Hulbert, Colonel P P Brown, and numerous citizens of Hamilton, with Messrs. Green, Brownell, and Dunbar, of East Hamilton, assisted in the meetings and in various other ways. The people generally, of the several towns, co-operated, every effort being put forth which at that early day was deemed necessary.

From July 30th, Homer W Searle, of Leonardsville, was also engaged in recruiting, principally in Brookfield, going about from house to house, and talking with the inhabitants upon the subject. Seconded in his efforts by Hon. William. H. Brand and other prominent citizens of that place, he succeeded in obtaining forty-three recruits from the town of Brookfield. Hamilton furnished nearly the same number, and Stockbridge some twelve men. The Company was full on the 13th of August, though some changes and substitutions were made after that date, so that eventually it contained a few men who were enlisted at Norwich.

On the 18th, the volunteers from Brookfield and that section, assembled with their friends at Leonardsville for a final leave-taking. The occasion was one of deep interest, and brought together several thousand persons, from an extended region of country. Words of encouragement were spoken, while hearts were overwhelmed with sadness. Many little gifts were offered. A befitting address was delivered by Hon. W H. Brand, earnest, eloquent and patriotic, which fully brought the assembly in sympathy with the events of the hour. Mr. Brand

closed his address, which throughout was replete with instruction, as follows:

SOLDIERS: Respected at home, as townsmen, neighbors, and associates, and connected to us by the ties of kindred; you who have left your daily avocations, the scythe in the swath, the hammer upon the anvil, and the plane on the bench, and have exchanged the endearments of home for the exposures, dangers and casualties of the tented field and its scenes of battle; you have this day voluntarily assumed at your country's call, a most honorable position. No class of men, whatever their birth or nativity, are more justly entitled to the unqualified gratitude and admiration of the country, than the dignified, honest-hearted, loyal American soldiery. Many of you leave lucrative employments, to nobly risk your lives for an imperiled country. A magnanimous people will ever accord to you honesty of purpose. Nor, when the sacrifices you make, or the pittance you receive as pay, are considered, will it behoove any to say that your motives are otherwise than purely patriotic.

If ill betide you, your misfortunes will be our misfortunes. We shall think of you at morning, noon, and evening. We are proud of you to-day, we expect to feel proud of you hereafter. We look forward to the day, and that day will surely come, when rebels will be compelled to lay down their arms, and an honorable peace shall have been conquered, and then, let us hope, covered with laurels won nobly striving for a noble cause, you will return to your homes, your families and your firesides, to receive the just acknowledgements of a grateful people, and to enjoy that peace, prosperity, happiness and good government, that your valor shall have contributed so much to perpetuate. And ever after, even when time shall have furrowed your cheeks, and covered your heads with the silvery hairs of age, as you totter along the rude declivity of a useful life, a population of thirty, yes, perhaps an hundred millions of (let us hope) freemen will hail you as veterans of 1862.

It will be an insignia of honor, more enviable than titles of nobility, to have it said of you, that you were of the million of nature's noblemen, who, without conscription, of your own free will and accord, stood forth, to do or to die, for the perpetuation of the Union. In conclusion, defenders of your country, benefactors of the human race, with feelings of mingled joy and sadness—joy that so many are

willing and ready to respond to the country's need, and sadness that such a necessity exists—conscious of the rectitude of your cause, invoking the benediction of Heaven upon you, we confide you to the care of Him "who doeth all things well."

SECOND OXFORD COMPANY, "H."

Such was the enthusiasm manifested, and so thoroughly had Captain Curtis and his friends aroused the people, that recruiting for the Regiment continued without abatement. Under the direction of Dyer D. Bullock, of Bainbridge, and Edwin M. Osborn, of Oxford, about seventy men were recruited for the Second Oxford Company, better known, perhaps, as the Oxford, Bainbridge and De Ruyter Company.

Meetings were held in the town of Bainbridge, and other places, and the people of the southern tier of towns kept in motion. Among the speakers, were Hon. Henry A. Clarke, Chairman of the District Committee, and S. Bundy, Esq. Captain Bullock, and Lieutenant Osborn, fearing they would not be able to obtain a place in the Regiment, so briskly was volunteering going forward throughout the District, on the 14th of August the Company was filled at once, and the organization completed, by consolidating with Lieutenant R. P. York, of De Ruyter, who had recruited upwards of thirty men for Company D.

This Company, aside from those recruited in Oxford and Bainbridge, which towns furnished a larger part from Chenango County, contained men from Guilford, McDonough, Smithville, Norwich, Preston, German, Lincklaen and Pharsalia. Lieutenant York brought into it, thirty-four men, enlisted in De Ruyter and vicinity. Company H, in fact, contained men from four or five counties, and as many as fifteen towns. Their birth-

places were even more numerous and diversified. The Empire State claims as the places of their nativity, no less than eighteen counties,* and upwards of forty towns. Two were born in England, two in Ireland, one in Germany and one in Philadelphia.

Although representing foreign countries, and containing men from localities more widely separated than any other Company, subsequent events proved that neither nationality nor accident of birth has to do with the elements of character of the true soldier. In the field, and in the fight, in every emergency, and in every duty, Company H was a unit.

OTSELIC COMPANY, "I."

On the 4th day of August, J. Floyd Thompson, of Otselic, received authorization papers to recruit a Company for the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment. He immediately opened a recruiting office in South Otselic, and, aided by Hiram S. Wheeler, Nelson W. Schermerhorn, Dennis Thompson, and others who early volunteered, and by leading citizens, commenced to prosecute his work. At first, recruiting was dull, but soon the sturdy men of Otselic and adjacent country, cheerfully came forward and enrolled their names, willing to share the perils and hardships of a soldier's life. On the 11th of the month, an enthusiastic meeting was held at South Otselic, over which Hon. David B. Parce presided. Spirited addresses were made by B. Gage Berry of Norwich, Rev. F Fletcher of Hamilton, and other gentlemen. That day, fifty-four recruits were added, nearly fifty of whom passed the Surgeon's examination.

* Chenango, Madison, Cortland, Otsego, Wayne, Albany, Saratoga, Delaware, Broome, Tompkins, Tioga, Onondaga, Columbia, Schoharie, Steuben, Greene, Franklin and Jefferson.

Other meetings were held in Lincklaen and Pitcher, and on the 13th, there was a large gathering at East Otselic. At this date the Company was filled, the whole being raised in nine days.

On the 14th, the recruits, their friends, and the citizens *en masse* for miles aronnd, assembled at South Otselic to participate in an important and solemn event. the like of which, in a single community, occurs but once in a life-time. The people met to cheer and encourage the volunteers, about to depart, and speak the unwelcome words, good bye.

Never was there such an assemblage in Otselic before. It is estimated that between three and four thousand persons were present. Parting addresses were made by Hon. D. B. Parce, of Otselic, and Rev. Mr. Selah, of Pitcher. Before leaving, Mr. Parce, on his own account, presented each recruit from Otselic a dollar in silver, as a testimonial of his personal regard. An ample number of teams being provided, the men left in wagons for Norwich, many to return no more. The same day they were mustered by Adjutant Per Lee.

On the 27th of August, a beautiful silk flag* was presented to the Company, in front of the Court House, by the ladies of Otselic. The presentation was made by Hon. D. B. Parce in an affecting speech, the large assemblage who had come together to witness the ceremony, as well as the members of the Company, being deeply impressed. Hon. H. G. Prindle, in behalf of the Company, responded in an appropriate address.

* This flag was stored with camp and garrison equipage and officers' baggage. at Brashear city, and captured with the place by the enemy, June 23d, 1863.

CAZENOVIA COMPANY, "K."

The first movement that contributed towards the raising of the Cazenovia Company, was the publication of a call, signed by the leading men of the place, for a war meeting to be held on the night of the 26th of July, in the Free Church, for the purpose of providing a suitable bounty, and fill the quota of men from that town. The meeting was held at the appointed time, and the church was filled with people of all classes and interests, while the ladies were equally engaged in assisting to further the good cause.

The meeting was called to order by Rev. E. G. Andrews, who briefly stated its object, when Henry Ten Eyck Esq., was appointed President; Oliver Jewell, J. C. Comstock, Oliver Whipple, Albert Card, Orville Daniels, Alanson Annas, W A. Crandall, Andrew Dardis, Leroy Atwell and E. D. Loomis, Vice Presidents. Seneca Lake and A. S. Burdick were chosen Secretaries. Rev. E. G. Andrews, T. P Bishop and B. R. Wendell were appointed a committee on resolutions, and B. F. Jervis, S. L. Loomis, C. H. Beckwith, J. C. Tillotson, R. W Richmond, W M. Burr, Jr., G. L. Rouse, Marcus L. Underwood and L. Raynor, a committee to collect subscriptions for the bounty fund. Patriotic addresses were made by Hon. Thomas G. Alvord, and L. W Hall, Esq., of Syracuse. Among others, a resolution was adopted to raise eighty recruits in the town, and if possible a full Company. Sufficient funds were subscribed to furnish a bounty of twenty-five dollars to each recruit. The opinion was freely expressed that this sum could be raised to fifty dollars per man.

"Before the close of the meeting an opportunity was given for volunteers to come forward, when eleven names

were enrolled, each receiving three rousing cheers from the audience." This roll of eleven names was the nucleus upon which Company K was formed. The first that publicly signed their names that evening, were Seneca Lake and Daniel C. Knowlton. On the following day Mr. Lake opened a recruiting office, and sent to Albany for authorization papers.

On Friday evening, August 1st, a meeting was held in Woodstock, of which Colonel Ralph Bell was Chairman. Prof. E. G. Andrews, gave an eloquent and patriotic address. Several hundred dollars were added to the bounty fund.

The work went slowly on, until, on the 11th day of August, so large a number enlisted, that the roll had more names than was necessary to organize a Company; still there was room for more, and several afterwards enlisted in Norwich, which made the maximum number. It was a question for some time, what Regiment they could, or would prefer to join. It was represented to Captain Lake, that the proper place in the army for the Cazenovia men was in the Regiment representing the Twenty-third Senatorial District. Accordingly, Daniel C. Knowlton was sent to Norwich, to consult with the Senatorial Committee, and Colonel Smith, relative to the admission of the Cazenovia Company into said Regiment. Mr. Knowlton returned and reported favorably, bestowing high praise upon Colonel Smith and his men, and saying that he was informed that the Regiment lacked one Company for completion, and that the Colonel would be pleased to have the Cazenovia men fill this vacancy. He was told too, that it was necessary to come to Norwich immediately, as other Companies were anxious to gain the place, and the Company that came first

should have the prior claim. Captain Lake hurried to get his men together from shops and fields, and on the morning of the 14th of August, they left Cazenovia in wagons for Norwich. The *Cazenovia Republican* of August 20th, contains the following account of their leaving:

"Last Thursday morning, the Company formed at this place under Captain Lake, took its departure for Norwich, the Regimental rendezvous for this Senatorial District. The occasion was one of great interest to our citizens generally, and more especially to those whose husbands, sons, or brothers were on the list of volunteers. At about eight o'clock, the Company was formed into line, when they were addressed by Rev. E. G. Andrews, who exhorted them to faithfulness in the discharge of their duties as soldiers, and commended them to the kind care and guidance of the Great Ruler of Nations, through whose merciful goodness they might derive strength to endure the toils and privations of field and camp, work out the final deliverance of our land from the hands of its enemies, and return in due time to their friends at home. After prayer by Rev. Wm. Reddy, an opportunity was given for the congratulation and leave-taking of friends. This over, cheers were given for Captain Lake and the Company, and at five minutes before nine the procession moved off, while guns were fired and bells rung in honor of the occasion.

The Company arrived at Norwich at an early hour in the evening, and on Friday were mustered into the United States service.

Cazenovia may well be proud of the men who have thus nobly volunteered to represent her in the National army, and we predict for the entire Company a career of usefulness in the cause to which they have devoted their lives and their honor."

The future history of this Company was identified with that of the Regiment.

CHAPTER IV.

Come, let us make a muster speedily.
KING HENRY VI.

After the several Companies were filled and had assembled at the rendezvous, "Camp Doty" assumed quite a military air and presented a lively appearance.

Common or "A" tents being furnished only in insufficient numbers, in order to accommodate all, two large *marquees* were provided, and vacant buildings fitted up for the use of the men. The Court House, the hotels and private dwellings, were appropriated as places for shelter and sleep. All who could, however, preferred to occupy the tents because of the novelty of sleeping under canvas. A large eating barrack was erected on the camp ground, in which the men partook of their rations, five Companies, or half of the Regiment at a time. The fare provided by the contractor, was substantially as follows:

Breakfast—Hash, cold meat, bread and coffee.

Dinner—Fresh beef, potatoes, bread.

Supper—Bread, butter, tea and cookies.

Beans, pickles, cheese, and some other articles, were occasionally furnished.

The boys fancied they were enjoying a huge pic nic, and seemed wonderfully delighted, amusing themselves in making each others acquaintance, and in various sports.

Drilling for the duties of the field was practiced but to a limited extent. Now and then a squad or a Company of men was exercised in the elementary principles of the "school of the soldier."

So large a camp, in the heart of a rural district, was a great curiosity, and was thronged with visitors from far and near.

Colonel Smith declined to recommend for commissions any not preferred by the men; consequently meetings were held from time to time by the different Companies, for the purpose of electing Company officers. Those, however, who recruited the Companies, or in whose name the men were enlisted, were usually, if not invariably, selected for Captains. In the course of a few days, during which time there was a free interchange of opinion, the claims of favorite candidates for the various offices being discussed, application was made for commissions for the field, staff, and line officers, constituting the original roster of the Regiment, as follows:

FIELD OFFICERS.

Colonel—ELISHA B. SMITH. *Lieut. Colonel*—SAMUEL R. PER LEE.
Major—HENRY B. MORSE.

STAFF OFFICERS.

Adjutant—JAMES F. FITTS.
Qr. Master—J. FLOYD THOMPSON.
Surgeon—LEVI P. WAGNER.
Ass't Surgeons {H. G. BEARDSLEY, HARRIS H. BEECHER.
Chaplain—HENRY CALLAHAN.

LINE OFFICERS.

COMPANY A.

Captain—Oscar H. Curtis.
1*st Lieut.*—Samuel S. Stafford.
2*d Lieut.*—James E. Gilbert.

COMPANY B.

Captain—Jacob S. Bockee.
1*st Lieut.*—Lauren M. Nichols.
2*d Lieut.*—Edwin O. Gibson.

COMPANY C.

Captain—Platt Titus.
1*st Lieut.*—Shubael A. Brooks.
2*d Lieut.*—William H. Longwell.

COMPANY D.

Captain—Willie P. Rexford.
1*st Lieut.*—James E. Wedge.
2*d Lieut.*—Smith H. Case.

COMPANY E.

Captain—Ransom Macdonald.
1*st Lieut.*—Nicholas A. Dederer.
2*d Lieut.*—George G. Donnelly.

COMPANY F.

Captain—Charles H. Colwell.
1*st Lieut.*—Adrian Foote.
2*d Lieut.*—John F. Buell.

COMPANY G.

Captain—Charles E. Tucker.
1*st Lieut.*—Charles W. Underhill.
2*d Lieut.*—Homer W. Searles.

COMPANY H.

Captain—Dyer D. Bullock.
1*st Lieut.*—Robert P. York.
2*d Lieut.*—Edward M. Osborn.

COMPANY I.

Captain—Hiram S. Wheeler.
1st Lieut.—Nelson W. Schermerhorn.
2d Lieut.—E. Porter Pellet.

COMPANY K.

Captain—Seneca Lake.
1st Lieut.—Daniel C. Knowlton.
2d Lieut.—Erastus S. Carpenter.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major—Elijah St. John.
Qr. Master's Sergeant—Aug. P. Clark.
Commissary Sergeant—George E. Hawley.
Hospital Steward—Ebenezer McClintock.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

Company A—Austin S. Southworth.
Company B—George Ballou.
Company C—Norman Lewis.
Company D—James S. Stewart
Company E—John G. Reynolds.
Company F—William D. Thurber.
Company G—Charles F. Sunny.
Company H—Orlando J. Aylesworth.
Company I—Dennis Thompson.
Company K—Robert N. Eddy.

A few cases of sickness occurring in the Regiment, a hospital was opened in Weeden's building, South Main street, which was kindly cared for and supplied with comforts and delicacies by the ladies of the Volunteer Aid Association, of Norwich.

On Monday afternoon, the 25th of August, the ladies of this Association, presented a copy of the New Testament to each of the members of the Companies of Captains Titus and Boekee. The presentation exercises took place in front of the Court House, and were of exceeding interest. The Rev. Mr. Scoville, of the Congregational Church, made the opening prayer; the Rev. Mr. Searls, of the Methodist Church, made a graceful and patriotic presentation speech in behalf of the ladies. The Rev. Mr. Benedict, of the Baptist Church, closed the exercises.

On Wednesday, the 27th, Colonel Bliss, State Paymaster, visited camp and paid to the soldiers the State bounty of fifty dollars each. He was accompanied by Theodore Roosvelt and Theodore B. Bronson, U. S. Allotment Commissioners, whose business it was to induce soldiers to set apart a portion of their pay for the benefit of their families. The ten Companies allotted the following amounts monthly:

Company A, Captain Curtis, by 94 men	$1,022
Company B, Captain Boekee, by 97 men	945
Company C, Captain Titus, by 95 men	917
Company D, Captain Morse, by 88 men	865
Company E, Captain Macdonald, by 87 men	954
Company F, Captain Colwell, by 80 men	780
Company G, Captain Tucker, by 76 men	718
Company H, Captain Bullock, by 84 men	859
Company I, Captain Thompson, by 89 men	890
Company K, Captain Lake, by 96 men	981
	$8,931

The Commissioners stated that this was the largest amount allotted by any Regiment in the United States. Nearly every man who signed at all, allotted ten dollars, and some gave twelve, per month.

On Sunday morning, the 31st of August, the volunteers to the number of about six hundred, under Lieutenant Colonel Per Lee, assembled at the Baptist Church, and listened to a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Benedict, the pastor. The discourse was an earnest appeal to every man, urging the necessity of being strong in the work for which they had enlisted, as well as combating manfully with every kind of error which is incident to camp life. The remarks were listened to with profound attention, and the speaker's words seemed to impress every heart.

About to leave the quiet scenes of home, the business of a life-time, the delights of social intercourse, the sacred communionship of the family circle and of the Church, for the untried realities of a sterner life, that holy Sabbath morning, dawning in the mellow sun-light of opening autumn, was the last time many of that noble band ever entered the sanctuary of God.

On the 3d of September, the Regiment was moved

from its encampment to the public square, and mustered into the U. S. service by David Ireland, Captain of the Fifteenth Infantry, and Commissary of Musters, assisted by Captain Clay, of Kentucky.*

As the Companies, one after another, were drawn up in line, each looked like a battalion or regiment of itself. The green, from the piano buildings of Messrs. Hayes & Rider, to near the steps of the Court House, was covered with the forms of sturdy men. As fast as mustered, the different Companies filed through the spacious hall of the Court House, and received, man by man, from the hands of Majors Lee and Reese, his welcome greenbacks.

Every recruit received one month's advance pay, twenty-five dollars Government bounty, fifty dollars State, and fifty dollars County bounty, making with the premium of two dollars for enlistment, an aggregate of One Hundred and Forty dollars. The sum total paid the Regiment, exclusive of the County bounty, which was received by most of the officers of the line, was about One Hundred and Thirty-seven Thousand Five Hundred dollars.†

* The previous muster of the Regiment by Adjutant Per Lee, proved to be valid only so far as it related to the State service.

† The subjoined abstract shows the pay of men and officers when the One Hundred and Fourteenth entered the service, with the increase. Officers' pay is made up in part of rations for themselves and servants. Forage in addition is furnished for horses, for which, in time of war, there is no commutation. Captains or commanding officers of Companies receive ten dollars additional pay for responsibility of arms. Adjutants and Quartermasters receive ten dollars in addition to First Lieutenant's pay. The entire sum each officer received per month was as follows:

Colonel	$194 00	Second Lieutenant	$103 50
Lieutenant Colonel	170 00	Surgeon	163 50
Major	151 00	Assistant Surgeon	112 83
Captain	118 50	Chaplain	118 00
First Lieutenant	108 50		

Quartermaster's Sergeant, Commissary Sergeant, and Sergeant Major, each $21; Hospital Steward, $30; First Sergeants, $20; Sergeants, $17; Corporals and Pri-

After this payment, with well lined pockets, all who desired were permitted a short visit to their homes. It should be recorded, as a remarkable fact, for it speaks volumes as to the character of the men, that at the appointed day, almost at the very hour, they assembled again at the rendezvous. Scattered forty or fifty miles in every direction, it was found that not a single man had deserted. The State and the Nation are challenged for another such an instance. Is not this in pleasing contrast to the conduct of many of those who subsequently were called upon to fill the quotas of Chenango and Madison?

Saturday, the 6th of September, was a day of intense interest and of unusual solemnity. The transactions of weeks culminated in the events of this day. But few occasions, in the history of any people, occur of more thrilling interest, or touch more keenly the sensibilities of the heart.

About 12. meridian, the Regiment was drawn up by Companies, in front of the Court House, to witness the presentation of numerous swords, sashes, belts and pistols, that were made to various officers by their friends. The public square was again covered with an immense throng, and the streets were crowded with anxious people. There has been witnessed in Norwich, except on one or two occasions, no other assemblage like it.

The Rev. Mr. Searls, in behalf of many citizens, presented Lieutenant Colonel Per Lee with a beautiful horse-equipage, sword, sash and belt, with appropriate remarks. Lieutenant Colonel Per Lee, with much feeling, replied in a proper and becoming manner. Colonel Smith

vates, $13; Musicians, $12. In the spring of 1864, the pay of Sergeants was increased to $16; Corporals to $18; Sergeants to $20; First Sergeants to $24; Hospital Steward, according to grade, from $32 to $35. In the spring of 1865, the money value of officers' rations was increased from thirty to fifty cents each.

was also presented with a very superior sword, sash and belt; but the crowning feature of the occasion was the presentation of a splendid war-horse, fully equipped, to the Commanding officer. The horse—a beautiful chestnut—was led through the crowd to the steps of the Court House, and presented in behalf of many citizens of Chenango, by Isaac S. Newton, Esq., in the following words:

COLONEL E. B. SMITH: A number of your fellow citizens have charged me with the pleasant duty of presenting to you this fine animal. In their name I ask you to aeecpt him. It is, sir, no sporting animal, nor a fancy horse fitted only for pleasure excursions. The events of the day and this occasion forbid such a gift. It is a war-horse, destined, we trust, to snuff the battle, with head ereet and nostrils distended, but fearless, to hear martial music, the clangor of arms, the roar of artillery; yes, more, to hear his rider's voice in the thickest fight, as he shall shout to his band from Chenango and Madison the welcome order to charge, and then lead them in the onset.

This horse is to you, sir, a two-fold pledge—a pledge of our friendship in by-gone days, and a pledge of our earnest wish that you excel in your untried character as a soldier. To your care we commit a thousand brothers, and close following them are the hopes and prayers of ten thousand watching kindred, left on these hills and in these valleys; and remember, sir, when the battle rages, that thousands of eyes will drop tears of joy at their success and yours—of sorrow at the fall of any, the least of these.

Lead them to victory. Ride this horse manfully before them, giving to each, as you will, an example of sobriety, obedience, courage, heroism, patriotism.

We ask only that they have a history under your leadership, of which Chenango and Madison shall never be ashamed. Give them a name written high on the annals of time. We wish this—we expeet it.

But it is no time sir, for words. DEEDS mark the man. Liberty is stabbed in the land of her birth. Bloody treason lurks no longer, but stalks abroad with power. Our fathers' land is red with the blood of her sons. Our fathers' legacy—a free government—obedience to the

expressed will of the people, is that for which we fight. It is worth a struggle. It is worth blood, and it will survive.

Take this gift, then, and go. Go; remembering the teachings of your youth, that not in the horse nor in the rider is safety, only as you trust in the God of battles; thus trusting, lead our brave men to brave deeds. Let them work—not rust—and when our flag shall float again in peace over these States, come back here, with his trappings dusty and worn, and your honors upon you; come back here with these our brothers—to the greeting.

Colonel Smith, much overcome with feeling, in reply said:

I accept this gift from the donors. Carry to them, sir, my thanks. I will strive in no manner to dishonor their gift. I go forth and take these brave men, gathered from the homes of Chenango and Madison, to untried scenes. I go not in my own strength. I remember in this hour of trial the teachings of my childhood here. I do not forget the lessons nor the prayers of yonder mother—the mother I leave for the bloody field of strife.

Trusting in the God of battles, who will never see this Government perish, I go forth. I, in common with you all, have another mother—this free land of liberty. She has been smitten by her own sons. They say she shall perish, but we go to add our strength, little though it be, to stay the arm that treason has lifted.

We may not, probably shall not all come back, but I feel to-day that he that falleth by the way will have fallen in a noble cause. I believe, sir, that we go with God's blessing upon us.

When asked by a Committee of citizens to take this command, I *then*, if never before, offered a prayer to God, that I might be guided by His wisdom. Trusting in His guidance I accepted. In the same faith I go.

I bespeak for myself, and for all my command, the hearty support, the earnest sympathy of the many, many friends we leave in these homes. Again let me thank the kind donors for this noble animal.

Testaments were then presented to every member of the Regiment, who had not previously been supplied with one, by the Rev. William Searls, pastor of the First M.

E., Church, of Norwich, in behalf of the Ladies' Aid Association in that place, after which the Reverend gentleman delivered the following

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

SOLDIERS OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH REGIMENT: The citizens of this town and surrounding community, could not suffer you to leave this place, where you have been organized for the field, without invoking the blessings of the God of battles to rest upon you, as you go forth to dangers, and perhaps, to death.

These thousands who stand around, with tearful eyes, tell you in language too plain to be misunderstood, how deeply they feel the great sacrifices you have made, and are about to make, for the weal of your country. Their hearts entwine around you, and they whisper earnest prayers to heaven for your success and protection.

You are paying no small price for the life of your country. But you are patriots—you love your fatherland. Many have gone, in response to the call of our President, who will never return; and it would not be in keeping with the facts already submitted for us to expect you all to return. We shall never meet as we are here convened. One will fall here, and others there—some on the field of battle, some at their quiet homes; but he who falls for his country dies well—he dies that Liberty may live. As McDonald said to his comrades, as he fell in battle: "I die, but Liberty lives!" And here I must say that I religiously believe that the work you are about to perform is a work on which every christian can safely ask the blessing of God. Why not? The great idea your country represents is a religious one, and you are about to assist in solving the grandest problem ever given to any nation or people to demonstrate; and you will give an answer that can be understood by the nations of the earth, the world around.

If the glory of the foundation of our Government was the establishment of a principle, the glory of our mission is to develop that principle; for all the social splendor, and the swelling civil power of the nation, are only signs of its failure, if any great principle to which the land was baptized is lost sight of.

Form, in your minds, as you go forth, a vivid conception of what your country would be, if the designs of God in its formation were accomplished.

The grand idea of the Declaration of Independence was the right of man to himself. It was this that dignified the Revolution from the first, and raised it above a mere rebellion. It was this that invested the roar of musketry on Bunker Hill with a moral grandeur and ideal music.

It was a remark of the illustrious Washington, that the "value of Liberty, was enhanced by the difficulties we encounter in attaining it, and the worth of character appreciated by the trial of adversity."

The struggle of to-day involves the fate of Liberty. The effort is to break up this glorious Union, the work of Washington, Franklin and Jefferson.

We are asked to let the Palmetto, the Pelican and the Rattlesnake supersede the Stars and Stripes. But the memories of our fatherland are too sacred.

It is said of Lord Byron, that when a boy he prevented his comrades from demolishing his school room, by showing them their fathers' names written upon the walls. Can you fail to defend the Temple of Freedom, so long as you can read the names of your fathers upon its walls? Never! You go with blade and bayonet to point the South to the names of their fathers written upon the walls of our Government.

* * * * * * *

The blessings of liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, cost too much to waste them now. They cost more than great poems, or the splendid work of art. The human race has waded through dark centuries, and groped down the dreary pathway of ages to bring these blessings to our door. Influences that began before the fields of Marathon, that were strengthened by the short career and splendid literature of Greece, by the early courage and virtue of Rome, by the burning energy of Christianity, by the labors of the Swiss mountaineers, by the rugged zeal of Cromwell, by the pen of suffering Milton, by the sublimer work of our fathers, and their triumph in the Revolution—all, all, have helped to roll these blessings down the stream of time, and lay them as an offering of love at our feet.

Traitors now ask you to give up this legacy, but you go to say to them with the mouth of the cannon, "Never." You may die for your country, but you will be able to say as you fall, as did Epaminondas

at the battle of Mantinea, who with the javelin in his noble breast, enquired the fate of the battle, and fell exclaiming, "I have lived long enough." We will write above your grave, "He died for his country." And yet you will live, though you fall.

"Like some proud cliff that rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway cuts the storm,
When round your form the clouds of death are spread,
Eternal sunshine will settle on your head."

When the call of our President, for "more men," came flashing up the wire-veins that cross our land, you at once rushed to arms. Solid men of business pushed aside their ledgers, farmers left their plows, mechanics dropped their tools, and the student left the halls of learning, to take up the sword, and here you are, to proffer your services to your country. Your offer has been accepted, and to-day you start for the field of strife, danger, and perhaps, death. Should you fall, and be left in unmarked graves, and your dear ones look in vain for the spot where you shall rest from strife, then be assured that God's angels will watch over you. Clouds hovering like angels' wings in air, will drop refreshing tears upon thy tomb. The unblushing stars shall look on thy grave, and even night, like a nun in sable weeds, shall watch thy resting place. Thy memory shall be a sacred trust; the young shall emulate thy devotion to thy country, while the aged and infirm will link thy fame with the history of the land that gave thee birth. Genius will string her best lyre, to sing of thee for years to come; and art will select the finest marble for thy bust in the gallery of coming time.

Remember as you go, that swords and guns are not the only equipment with which you are armed. You go laden with the blessings, prayers and tears of those who love you. You go not alone, though you leave home with all its dear ones behind. A thousand eyes shall follow you, a thousand hearts go with you; the spirits of thy fathers shall guard you, while the whole Christian world shall bless you.

"Good bye! a word so often said,
The heedless world forgets its meaning,
'Tis only when some form lies dead,
On which our heart was leaning,
We hear in maddening music roll
That last good bye along the soul.

"Good bye! 'twill mock us from the grave,
'Twill overleap that strange world's bounds,
From whence there flows no backward wave,
'Twill call from out the ground
On every side, around, above,
Good bye, good bye, to those we love."

But let me assure you that those who stand around you to-day to take the parting hand, will make your home interests their own. Your mothers, your sisters, your wives and your children, shall have our care during your absence. And should you not return—should you be left in a bloody grave, and the "foe and the stranger tread o'er your head"—we will still be faithful to our promise this day made.

The men you have chosen to lead you, are men in whom you can confide. Their hearts beat in sympathy with your greatest good. Go where they lead, and do as they say, and all will be well. The God of battles who rides above the storm will give you the victory, and our country shall live.

But I will not detain you—the country calls you—the uncircumcised rebels are reveling on sacred ground. They blaspheme the name of God, and desecrate the old flag of our fathers. They exultingly cry "Ha! ha!" in anticipation of the fall of our country. Haste away, then, the battle is raging, and may the God of all truth go with you.

Officers of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, to you we commit these men. If necessary, you may bring them back covered with scars and wounds, but do not bring them back disgraced. Come back as noble as you leave us brave.

And now may the blessing of God be upon you all forever—*Farewell.*

CHAPTER V.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom;
Advance our standards; set upon our foes!
KING RICHARD III.

At length, after all the delays and annoyances necessarily attendant upon the organization of the Regiment, the time came when the men must bid adieu to their northern homes, and enter upon the more exciting and active duties of their new profession.

Upon the evening of Saturday, the 6th of September, a thousand stalwart men, inspirited with noble purposes and hopes, marched down the Main street of Norwich, while the walks and cross streets were filled with weeping relatives and sorrowing friends. Alas! how many a smiling boy stepped from the ranks that evening, and grasped the hands, and spoke a parting word to father and sister, and told mother, while brushing a tear from his eye, that he would soon be home again, who is now a martyr to human liberty, and sleeps beneath the southern soil.

Sad are the parting scenes; hearty are the cheers; joyfully flutter handkerchiefs from fair fingers, proudly the men march in their new uniforms; until they arrive at the banks of the Canal, when each Company proceeds aboard its designated boat.

Just as the sun is setting behind the high hill west of Norwich, the long line of boats commence to move. Slowly they pass under the bridge of South Main street, covered with dark blue forms, while a thousand blue caps

are thrown into the air, and a thousand throats send forth a deafening cheer.

"The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
* * * * and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts."

The parting scene is over.

Owing to the want of railroad communication, and other difficulties in the way of transportation from Norwich, it was believed for some time that the Regiment would be compelled to march some thirty miles to the nearest railroad depot, at Chenango Forks, which at this time would have told severely upon the future health, discipline and efficiency of the Regiment; as young soldiers must acquire by slow degrees the method of packing, fitting, and carrying their knapsacks and other equipments, so as to derive therefrom the smallest amount of fatigue. It also takes time for the men to learn the advantages of keeping well in their places while marching, as well as the many little arts whereby they can save their feet from blistering, their limbs from chafing, and can retain their general strength and health. Thanks to the foresight and energy of Colonel Smith, he had secured for the Regiment canal transportation as far as Binghamton.

Now, many of the men are sleeping upon the clean straw on the bottom of the boats, while others are arranged about the decks admiring the moonlight scenery of the Chenango Valley.

Many are the jokes perpetrated upon the "raging canawl," and songs are sung about "a home on the bounding deep," and orders are given to "cut away the mast,"

until they arrive at Oxford, at midnight, when nearly every one had subsided into slumber.

At day break of Sunday morning, the men were suddenly aroused by the report of cannon, which the good people of Greene were firing as a parting salute. A short delay at this village, long enough for the "Greene boys" to bid good-bye to their friends and homes, and then onward again to an unknown destination and destiny.

All the day of Sunday, September 7th, the boats were slowly winding around the hills, and across the fertile plains of Chenango and Broome counties. Frequent crowds of inhabitants upon the banks and bridges were cheering on the adventurous soldiers with words of kindness, patriotic songs, and many little presents. One party of young ladies, in particular, standing near a lock, sang this air:

"So let the rebels fight as they will,
We will have a Union still"—

with so much taste and spirit, that it elicited from the men hearty demonstrations of applause.

As the sun was throwing its last rays upon the roofs and spires of Binghamton, the Regiment arrived at the end of canal navigation. As it was quite late and dark, the Colonel wisely decided to keep his command on the boats during the night, and in the meantime, he could make provision for the next day's journey.

A quiet night's rest prepared the men to fully appreciate the generous reception which the patriotic people of Binghamton had in store for the departing volunteers.

The *Binghamton Republican* contained the following account of the entertainment:

"Colonel E. B. Smith's Regiment arrived in Binghamton on Sunday evening last, in canal boats, from Norwich—the soldiers remaining on the boats. On Monday morning, by invitation of Colonel Ireland, of the 137th, they marched over to the barracks for breakfast. After breakfast, they marched back to the depot, where they deposited in the cars awaiting them, their knapsacks, &c., and awaited the arrival of Colonel Ireland's Regiment, which escorted them in front of the Court House, when an address of welcome was made by Hon. D. S. Dickinson, which was responded to by Colonel Smith. The speech and response were eloquent and patriotic. Mr. Dickinson welcomed his old friends and fellow-citizens from his native County of Chenango, in the name of all classes, in the name of patriotism and of their country, and expressed the belief and hope, that a good account would be heard from the Regiment.

"Colonel Smith in his remarks alluded handsomely to Colonel Ireland, and expressed the hope that the Regiments would be brigaded together, and that Broome and Chenango would stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of their country's flag.

"Colonel Smith is a fine looking officer, and has a clear, ringing voice of command. We expect to hear a good account of him.

"Clark, the war vocalist, favored the vast crowd with the Sword of Bunker Hill, and the Death of Warren. Three cheers were given for Mr. Dickinson, Colonel Ireland, Colonel Smith, Clark, and the boys generally. The sight of two Regiments in uniform, and the large concourse of our citizens, ladies and gentlemen, in carriages and on foot, presented a military pageant never before witnessed in Binghamton. The Regiment got off about 10 o'clock, in good order, in ample cars, amid the shouts and cheers of the people."

How singular are the fortunes of war! The hopes here expressed by Colonel Smith were never realized. These two Regiments, who, here, by acts of mutual kindness, became warm friends, were never destined to see each other again, until the war was closed. After the great review in Washington, in May, 1865, they were encamped near together for a few days.

Good-bye, One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh! You

followed soon after, and covered yourself with glory at Gettysburgh, and in Sherman's grand march.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth was rattling rapidly along the Erie Railroad, toward Elmira, at 11 o'clock, in twenty-seven well furnished cars. Numerous delays occurred from meeting several regular trains, when, at 6 o'clock, they arrived at the junction of the Northern Central Railroad, about a mile from town. A train was here in waiting, so the Regiment was not delayed at Elmira, as some anticipated.

In the midst of a violent rain storm, the men ran from one train to another, carrying in every imaginable way their "traps," as they facetiously called their equipments. The transfer of baggage was soon effected, and the train moved off toward Washington, which was then supposed to be their destination. There was but little sleep that night aboard the train, for dirty box cars are very inconvenient for repose, and withal, they were very crowded.

At a dangerous speed they were jarred, and jolted, and jammed together, all the livelong night. Stopping a few minutes at midnight, in Williamsport, for rations—as the men were very hungry—they found themselves near Harrisburgh at day break.

"By George, what splendid bridges they have down this way," one of the boy's remarks, as he sits perched on the top of a car, and every one is attracted at these evidences of engineering skill. Many had never seen before bridges so long and large, so durable and handsome, as here frequently span the Susquehanna.

On, past Harrisburgh, through York, where so many pretty dames threw kisses at the boys, by Hanover Junction, where a man gave the interesting information that the rebels had torn up the track between there and Balti-

more, they whirled along. With an imagination heated by the excitement of the past few days, this last story was credited by some of the men.

"I think it is a blamed shame," says one, that we are shut up in these cars without a single gun to defend ourselves."

"I believe the report is true," says another, "for they would'nt have all these soldiers we see guarding the track, if there was'nt secesh about somewhere."

"That's why they are going so fast with us," says yet another, "so as to get us through if they can, before the rebels stop us."

Thus they talked and argued, till the evening sun threw their shadows upon the pavements of Baltimore.

Drawn up in line beside the cars, with their knapsacks strapped upon their backs, they awaited the order to march.

Now it came; *Right*—FACE! *Forward*—MARCH! and they were tramping through the busy streets. The people stopped upon the walks to ask the oft-repeated question, "What Regiment is this"? The men took turn in answering, "The One Hundred and Fourteenth New York."

Cheers were given by the citizens; flags and kerchiefs were waved; encouraging words uttered, such as "God help you, boys"—"Give the rebels fits"—"Bully for you"—and like expressions, until the men began to say to each other—"Why, this is not such a secesh place, after all."

A life of several months in this city subsequently, convinced every one that there are no more loyal and kind-hearted people in the world, than the citizens of Baltimore.

For a long distance through the heart of this great city, they kept marching until their heavy knapsacks

began to overpower them, and some fell out by the way, when, joy to all, they arrived at Camden Station, where it was expected a train would soon be ready to take them on to Washington.

The Colonel informed the officers that arrangements could not be effected to proceed further that night, and that they must be contented to sleep in the depot with their men. A fire had lately burned out the interior of the building, and down among the ashes, and cinders, and charred timbers, the men spread their blankets, and laid down and slept, while a guard around them kept away hordes of hucksters, pilferers and abandoned characters.

Nothing occurred to disturb the slumber of the weary men, so that on the morning of the 20th of September, they were sufficiently rested to begin to feel quite sensibly the effects of hunger. This difficulty was soon met by the loyal people of Baltimore. The Union Relief Association had their rooms only across the street from the depot, and their tables were spread with breakfast for the Regiment. Several Companies at a time were marched up to the table, to partake of what might truthfully be called indifferent fare; but "one must not look a gift horse in the mouth," was the general sentiment. "What's the hodds," said an officer, "as long as your 'appy, for all that I want just now is *victuals*."

That morning, Colonel Smith received definite orders from General Wool, Commander of the Middle Department, which very materially affected the future history of the Regiment.

CHAPTER VI.

All the secrets of our camp I'll show.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"The One Hundred and Fourteenth must remain in Baltimore." "Strap on your knapsacks, boys." "*Fall in.*" "*Foward*—MARCH," were orders generally repeated, and promptly executed. The Regiment was again marching through the streets of Baltimore, to their new camp ground. A walk of a mile and a half up Eutaw street, and to the head of Madison Avenue, brought our heroes to "CAMP BELGER," their future home for nearly two months. Passing through the entrance, under an arch painted with the name of the camp, and the number of the Regiment which had lately vacated the ground, (the Thirty-Eighth Mass.,) the One Hundred and Fourteenth broke ranks, and the boys began to look about their new quarters.

In front, was a wide and level parade ground, backed by a gentle gravelly slope, upon which was a fine grove of oak and hickory trees, furnishing abundant shade from the heat of the sun, and protection from the cold winds of autumn. Suitable buildings were already erected from rough boards. Near the entrance was a two-story guard house. Standing here, and looking towards the right of the camp, could be seen a commodious sutler's shop. A little further back was the Quartermaster's building, for the purpose of storing and issuing the rations and clothing, with a wing for a post-office. Running along the whole rear of the camp was a low shed called the cook

house, divided into compartments, one for each Company. Most of these rooms had cellars of their own. On the extreme left was the Regimental Hospital. Nearly in the centre of the camp was a well, with a large wooden pump and trough. These were conveniences which the most sanguine had never anticipated, and many were the expressions of surprise and pleasure at the good fortune of securing what seemed such excellent quarters. In the mean time, the officers were consulting the "Army Regulations," (a book they had cause for frequent study afterwards), relative to camps, and were staking out the ground accordingly. As soon as this was completed, Quartermaster Thompson was near at hand with his mule teams, and the baggage and new tents were quickly unloaded. Then, how anxious every one was to make his first attempt in pitching a tent. First, the officers' wall tents must all be put up in a row, and then the A tents of the men were arranged on each side of the Company streets, leading out from the officers' quarters, so that, before night, things really began to assume a camp-like appearance, many of the tents being floored by the lumber left upon the ground by its late occupants.

There were not accommodations enough for all the men, so they were obliged to sleep some six or seven in a tent for several nights, until the energy of the Quartermaster had procured a sufficient number of tents; and then all were as pleasantly situated as one could wish.

After dark, fatigue closed the eyes of the men, and the tired soldier slept, while prayers at home went up for his safety.

But little was done for the next two days, except to clean up the ground, and make more extended preparations for a permanent camp. Crowds of itinerant venders

of fruits, ice cream and pastry, seriously annoyed the men, until the camp-guard was established, when, by proper orders, they were cut off from the outside world, with nothing to employ their minds but their own legitimate duties.

On the second day—a very rainy one—the arms and accoutrements were distributed: Springfield rifles, of the pattern of 1862, new and bright.

The 13th of September, the Regiment for the first time entered into every detail of camp life. The daily duties were as follows: At 5:30, A. M., the bugle sounded the reveille, which was the signal for every man to arise and report himself at roll-call. After this, the streets were swept, and the men in camp underwent a cleansing operation of the most general character. At 6 o'clock, the call was made for breakfast, which was met by immense enthusiasm by the troops, and obeyed with astonishing rapidity. Each Company was obliged to provide its own cooks, which were usually detailed enlisted men, but some Companies employed "culled gemmen" for that purpose. Their larder was supplied with the following variety of eatables: beef, salt pork, potatoes, beans, rice, vinegar, bread, coffee, sugar and molasses. Some of these articles, however, were furnished only occasionally, and then in limited quantities. When in campaigns of after years, hungry men have thought of the bountiful supplies of provisions issued at Camp Belger, they have often wished themselves back again.

At 7:30 A. M., was the Surgeon's call, when the Orderly or First Sergeant of each Company presented his own sick at the Hospital.

At 8:30 was the Guard-Mounting, which is the ceremony of relieving the old guard, and placing on duty a new

party. From 9:30 they were engaged in drill for an hour and a half. At 12, M., dinner; at 1:30 P. M., another drill; at 4:30, dress parade, which was the central point around which revolved the events of the whole day. Dress parade is the grand daily turn-out of the whole Regiment; every man in his best clothes, buttons brightened and muskets polished, the orders of the day are read, certain honors are given to the colors and the Colonel, and the whole enlivened by martial music. At 6 P. M., retreat roll-call; at 8 P. M., tattoo, when roll-call is repeated. At 9 P. M., taps, the signal for lights to be extinguished when all are supposed to be fast asleep.

This same programme, carried out every day, soon renders camp life tedious, which is by no means relieved by orders usually issued, that no soldier can leave camp without permission.

So, here they were, isolated from the world, not knowing that there was any thing else in existence, than Camp Belger, except the few intimations they received from the noise of car whistles and cannon, which would come over the lines, in spite of guards.

September 14th. The men could hardly realize that this was the Sabbath, for every duty of camp life, except drills, was enforced with as much minuteness as upon week days. Chaplain Callahan preached a short sermon in the morning, to a small audience, under the shade of the old oaks, upon the sin of profanity. Church service served to remind them of their former home habits. The Chaplain's duties, however, were mostly divided between attending to the sick in hospital, and acting as post master for the Regiment.

The men were even now discussing and predicting upon the probabilities of early active service. They

were happy then, and it was well they knew not their subsequent history.

The whole of the subsequent week was spent in nothing but drill and exercises. How many tedious hours the officers spent in conning over their "tactics"; how many references were had to the "regulations" to settle a disputed point; how many arms ached under the weight of those heavy guns; how many healthy men considered themselves mortally sick, to avoid the dreaded drills; let the recollections of all serve for an answer.

Captain Rexford, and Lieutenants Longwell and Wedge, soon arrived to participate in these duties, and Dwight Parce had opened his "sutler's shanty," and was dealing out his little commodities, as well as keeping a boarding tent for the use of the officers.

Another Sunday brought with it the weekly inspection, as also an order from General Wool, to send One Hundred and Thirteen men to report for duty in the city.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 22d, a detail of eleven or twelve men was taken from each Company, and some sixty of them placed under command of Lieutenant Longwell, of Company C, who marched them off the ground, and through the streets of the city, to West Warehouse Hospital, and reported according to instructions, to the Surgeon-in-charge.

This Hospital was a large brick edifice, (formerly used as a store house), close by the docks of the harbor, and was filled with hundreds of Union and rebel patients. The Lieutenant found comfortable quarters for his command, as a large room on the ground floor of the building had been set aside for this purpose, and spacious bunks were constructed around the walls, with numerous other conveniences. His duties were to keep constantly a chain

of guards around the building, to prevent outsiders from encroaching upon the business and quiet of the Hospital, and to keep convalescent inmates from wandering into the city. This position these men kept most of the time while the Regiment remained in Baltimore. So we leave them, and return to Camp Belger.

There was a prospect that the Regiment would be cut up, to do guard duty about the city. Thus it eventually proved. Soon after this first detatchment had gone, another squad of some twenty men, under charge of a Corporal of Company B, packed up, and jumped aboard the street cars, which conducted them to Fayette street, where they reported to the Medical Purveyor, Middle Department, and were assigned to duty as guard over the building and stores. We leave them, also, in comfortable quarters.

The 24th of September, Company I marched from the camp, and proceeded to the Camden Street Hospital, where they found they had to guard two whole squares of the most crowded and filthy part of the city. This Hospital consisted of two large brick buildings, constructed for hotels, in one of which a suite of rooms was set apart for the especial use of the guard.

The 25th found Company F in the direction of Stewart's Mansion Hospital, to which place they soon arrived, and were placed upon light duty, the same as the other detachments. Company F was even more happily and comfortably located than any of the others; their rooms were clean and airy, their duty light, and the society was agreeable. Stewart's Mansion was a confiscated residence, built of stone, and placed upon a commanding elevation, near the outskirts of the city.

Upon the same day that saw the departure of Company

F, Company E was ordered off on similar duty. They went to the Camden Station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Here they found quarters in a vacant building opposite the depot, so large that probably every man could have had a separate room, had he desired it. Their duties were to guard railroad cars, and government property stored in the depot, and to be in readiness to take charge of all rebel prisoners who might come over the railroad.

Upon the 29th of September, Lieutenant R. P York, with fifty men from Company H, was ordered to Upper Marlborough, Prince George Co., Md., to aid in enforcing the enrollment in that rebellious district.

These men proceeded in cars as far as Bladensburgh, near Washington, and then marched some eighteen miles, to within half a mile of Upper Marlborough, when they went into camp, having brought their tents with them. The weather proved so stormy, that they subsequently moved into town, and took up quarters in a Methodist Church.

Immediately upon their arrival, Lieutenant York was taken dangerously ill, so that his companions despaired of his life, and it was found necessary to send Captain Bullock from Baltimore to command this detachment. Here, Captain Bullock, by his shrewdness and energy, did excellent service for the Government, in arresting rebel spies and secession editors.

The 7th day of October, Company K was sent to McKim's Mansion Hospital, another confiscated mansion upon a high elevation, in the north-west part of the city.

The mansion, though, was not the entire Hospital, for long rows of temporary structures had been built adjacent, constituting the largest establishment of the kind in Bal-

timore. The duty here was rather arduous, and the men of Company K were obliged to camp out in their tents, upon a bleak and barren hill, where they suffered considerably from the cold winds of autumn. Thus, more than half of the Regiment was scattered about the city, and only parts of five Companies remained on the old camp ground with the Head-quarters.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth was never fully united again, except for a few days, till March, of the following year.

Those who remained at Camp Belger, assiduously kept up their studies and drills, so that day by day they learned something new of military. The One Hundred and Sixteenth N. Y., a Regiment that afterwards became their intimate companions in arms, encamping near by, held daily battalion drills in full view of the camp, and our men watching them, and observing how fast they were improving in the promptness and precision of their movements, began to take an interest in such things, and wished that they, too, might learn to execute those beautiful evolutions.

Regimental drill then became the order of the day, and every pleasant morning the visitors at Druid Hill Park, heard the shout of command, saw the glisten of bayonets and the ever changing columns of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment.

The men also became very keen and skillful in the performance of their guard duties. The Grand Rounds were what conduced to this acquirement, for they were *around* every night, adopting every means, however improbable or ridiculous, to discover some fault, or catch some careless soldier in a neglect of duty. Every one had an absolute horror of being detailed for guard.

One night when it was dark as Hades, and as windy as the Isle of Æolus, a Grand Rounds, (composed of the Officer of the Day, a Sergeant, and two or three privates) approached a sentinel on his post, and the following colloquy occurred:

Sentinel—"Who comes there?"

Sergeant—"Grand Rounds!"

Sentinel—(Feebly and fearfully)—"Halt, grand rounds! Advance, Sergeant, with the countersign."

The countersign was given, and acknowledged as "correct." The officer stepped up and remarked: "Is that the proper way to hold your gun when you are challenging? Don't you know any better than that? Give me that gun and I will show you how to hold it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." (It was so dark that neither one could see a gun laid across his nose.) The poor soldier protested that he did not mean to do anything wrong; that he always tried to do his duty, and willingly handed over his piece. As soon as the musket was out of his hands, the sentinel was in a sad predicament; without any means of defense, he was easily driven off his post at the point of the bayonet, and for the first time appreciated that he had committed a guard house offence. He implored for his gun; the officer returned his piece with a gentle reminder never to be caught in that way again.

Colonel Smith had instituted a system of granting passes, whereby every worthy soldier had an opportunity occasionally of visiting the town. It was not long before every one had seen all the "lions" of the "Monumental City."

Washington monument, with its marble shaft looming up far above the surrounding spires and domes, and surmounted with a colossal statue of the "Father of his

country," was the chief point of attraction, on account of the splendid view obtained from its summit. Fort McHenry, dear with revolutionary memories, was also an object of frequent visits. Others, of less cultivated tastes, spent their time in the city, in attending theatres and other places of amusement.

Nothing, but of passing interest, happened now for several weeks.

On the 13th of September, the first death occurred in the Regiment. Richard Snell, of Company A, was an early martyr to the cause of liberty.

The One Hundred and Fifty-Seventh—the Madison County Regiment—passed through the city on the 29th of September. Passes were freely given the men to go down and see their friends and neighbors. The Hamilton Band, which had accompanied this Regiment as far as Baltimore, now came up to Camp Belger, and remained several days, enlivening the Regiment with their excellent music.

On the 9th of October, the Regiment was brigaded under Brigadier General Emory, with the One Hundred and Tenth, One Hundred and Sixteenth, and One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth New York, Thirty-Eighth Massachusetts Infantry, and Sixth New York Artillery.

The 25th of October brought a change in the disposition of the Companies. For the most part, the Companies who had remained in camp, relieved those on duty in the city, and the latter returned to their old quarters, to continue their neglected drills. Company A relieved Company K, at McKim's Mansion Hospital; Company B relieved Company F, at Stewart's Mansion Hospital; Company C relieved Company E, at Camden Station; Company D relieved Company I, at Camden Street

Hospital; Lieutenant Underhill, Company G, relieved Lieutenant Longwell at West Ware-House Hospital, and Captain Tucker, with the balance of his Company, relieved the men at the Medical Purveyor's Office.

The most arduous and vexatious part of military, is what is commonly designated "*red tape-ism.*" By the last of October, a number of reports must be written, the most important of which are the bi-monthly muster rolls. These large blanks have to be filled out with so much exactness, that not a blot, or an erasure, or error in figures, or the most trifling violation of technical rules could be discovered, otherwise the papers would be invalid, and the men would suffer thereby.

For days and days, the officers were busy in writing, correcting and re-writing their rolls, until by the appointed day, the 31st of the month, everything was completed for the muster. The men were out in the morning in their best clothes; their guns and accoutrements had received an extra polish, and the tents and streets had been newly swept, when Colonel Cowles, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth New York, rode upon the ground and proceeded with the ceremony of muster. First, there was a formal review, next, a minute inspection, and lastly, the muster, which consisted in calling over the rolls, to see if the number and names of the men agreed with those upon the papers. Before noon the muster was over, with satisfaction to all concerned. The balance of the day was spent in rest, and in sports. It was amusing to see the way the soldiers employed their leisure moments. Boxing, wrestling, singing, dancing and pantomimic performances constituted most of their diversions. Every evening, there was a prayer meeting at the Chaplain's tent, which was the source of consider-

able attraction. It was sometimes rather astonishing, to sit at the door of a tent, of an evening, and hear the sounds of prayer and praise strangly blended with the incongruous music of violins, and the calls of "All promenade," and "ladies to the right."

For some time the men collected in squads about their tents and cook rooms, and poured forth their mutual complaints, at their present state of inactivity. The familiar expression of Northern people and papers, "why don't the army of the Potomac move?" was here altered into "why don't the One Hundred and Fourteenth move?" They began to say that they "enlisted for the *war*, and came south for the purpose of *fighting*, and do not want to be kept as guard over a city that could be demolished by the guns of the forts that surround it."

Whether it was the grumbling of the soldiers, or some other influence that caused the publication of the following order, is unknown:

1. The following Regiments, having been designated, will hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice, on distant service: 110th N. Y. V., Colonel D. C. Littlejohn; 114th N. Y. V., Colonel E. B. Smith; 116th N. Y. V., Colonel E. P. Chapin; 128th N. Y. V., Colonel D. S. Cowles; 38th Mass., Colonel S. Ingraham.

2. The Commanders of Regiments will see that the arms and equipments of each man are complete, and that he has in his knapsack one pair of shoes, and a complete change of underclothes, i. e. shirts, stockings and drawers.

This order was from General Emory, and was read at the dress parade of Sunday evening, November 2d. It produced a decided sensation in camp, and was the theme of much conversation. The words, "for distant service," were met with curious interpretations, and various were the speculations concerning their probable destination.

Some said they were going to Texas; others insisted that Charleston would be their winter quarters, and still others were positive that Richmond was about to be captured. It was a day of bustle, excitement and toil, for the Companies out in the city, one at a time, were coming back, and pitching their tents over again, until at night the Regiment was once more united.

On Monday afternoon, orders were published directing the men in squads, or Companies, or under individual instruction, to employ themselves as much as possible in target exercise, a quantity of ammunition being furnished for that purpose. But the *shooting*, commenced with such apparent delight and animation, was of short duration.

CHAPTER VII.

Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd foot-men.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

About 12 o'clock on Tuesday night, November 4th, an order came for three Companies to march to the wharves in the morning. Companies A, B, and C, were up very early packing their knapsacks, cooking rations, and disposing of their superfluous fixings. A soldier in camp is forever accumulating in his tent, a collection of books and bottles, ropes, old clothes, tools, and extemporized furniture, which, when he comes to march, he is obliged to give or throw away.

In the midst of such confusion, the Companies marched off in fine style, headed by martial music. At noon, the whole Regiment, rather unexpectedly, received marching orders. There was some rejoicing, and a great deal of secret sorrow, in parting from the comforts—luxuries even—and pleasant associations of Camp Belger, for distant and active service.

Such a scrabbling, and flurry, and excitement, were never before witnessed. Before 4 o'clock, nearly all the officers and men, with "bag and baggage," had left the encampment, which, as they were departing, looked desolate indeed. The floors of tents, loose boards, old stoves, and crude furniture of various kinds, were scattered

in wild profusion around; while contrabands, washwomen, and urchins, white, yellow and black, were gathering up the rags and cast-away garments—the odds and ends of the One Hundred and Fourteenth.

The sick, of which there were some fifteen in Hospital, and others in quarters unable to march, were removed to the General Hospital at Stewart's Mansion. A fatiguing march of several miles, and the Regiment filed out of a narrow street upon the docks, and stacked arms, to await further developments.

"Well, any how," said a young fellow, lighting his pipe, "We're going to take a voyage on old briny, for there goes our other Companies, on that big ship, out there." He was right, for away out in the bay, Companies A, B, and C, could be seen, clambering out of a lighter, up the huge sides of the steamer *Arago*, and disappearing from sight, within her capacious hold.

"I'll bet my old hat, that they are going to put us on this *tub*, tied up to the dock here," somebody said, in the crowd. It was a safe wager, for in a few moments, the men, in single file, were walking over the planks, and through the open port, into the vacant hold of the little propeller *Thames*. THAMES! How many a sad and bitter recollection the name recalls! How many brave hearts now shudder, at the bare mention of the word!

Those who arrived first, moved off to the farthest corner of the lower deck, and deposited their knapsacks and equipments upon the dirty floor. The line of men kept coming on, until there was only standing room allowed for each man. The crowd, and heat, and suffocation were intolerable. Seven hundred beings, within a room eighty by thirty feet! To take a voyage in this condition, was unendurable. Colonel Smith, after superhuman labors,

with the Chief-Quartermaster, (the name of Colonel Belger is now disgraced, for he has since been cashiered the service,) secured the transfer of a part of his command to another vessel. Companies D, F, and G marched off and went aboard the steamer *Atlantic*. So that there remained, eventually upon the *Thames*, Companies E, H, I, and K, with the Regimental Head-quarters. The press was somewhat relieved, but still there were too many men on board for comfort or health.

While joking, to forget their unpleasant situation, the boys spread their blankets and laid down to seek for rest. And what a sight! Imagine four hundred men in such a contracted place; men in every conceivable posture; men with lank bodies describing the letter Z; men squatting, so as to occupy about a foot of space; men sleeping, with enormous pairs of government shoes under their noses; men vociferously snoring, with somebody's elbows planted in their mouths; men, with legs perpendicularly placed against the beams overhead—a sight beyond description. And what vehement ejaculations disturbed their repose!

"Oh! my corns!"

"Take your hands out of my hair!"

"There, you have lain on me long enough; try another man!"

"What an almighty long fellow you are, any how!"

Sundry amusing remarks, like these, mingled with not very gentle curses, served to keep their spirits up during the night. It seems that one man, in particular, was disgusted with this condition of things, for in the darkness of the night he deserted from the Regiment, and sought in Canada a peaceful abode. His name was Robert Allen. He was the first deserter from the Regi-

ment. The most of the night was spent in loading the already overloaded vessel, with rations, clothing, coal, baggage and camp equipage.

Early in the morning of the following day, November 6th, the *Thames* was under way, but to the great chagrin and disappointment of all aboard, they had proceeded but a short way from the docks, before they found themselves fairly stuck on a sand bar. Here was a dilemma they had hardly expected. For two whole days and nights, during severe cold weather and a snow storm, they were fastened in the mud; but "misery likes company," and they contented themselves with the thought that they were in no worse condition than the *Atlantic* and *Arago*, which laid near by, in the same predicament.

On the morning of the 8th, the cheering news went through the vessel, that the tide had carried them afloat, and when a few more stores had been loaded, they bade farewell to Baltimore.

It was a damp and chilly day that they steamed down the Chesapeake; yet most of the officers and men spent their time upon the deck, too absorbed in the novel scenery to notice the unfavorable weather. The spires and domes of the "Monumental City" slowly sank behind the waves, and when the last glimpse of the flag of Fort McHenry was obtained, they turned their eyes from the city that had become almost as familiar to them as their native villages. The vessel swiftly ploughed the bright green sea water, turning up deep furrows on either side, leaving astern a long line of foam. In a little while they passed the *Baltic* going to Baltimore for more troops. On all sides were craft of every grade and description. Annapolis, and the mouth of the Potomac successively appeared in view. Darkness coming on, they went below

to try to sleep, and to repeat the scenes of preceding nights.

Towards morning, the sea became more rough, and the vessel began to rock. Some few gave very marked symptoms of stomachic troubles, while others increased their affliction by stories of fat pork and castor oil.

When they had devoured a breakfast of hard tack and raw meat, they mounted the deck, and found themselves anchored off Fortress Monroe.

Here was scenery of great historic interest. On the north, heavy granite walls and wide ditches filled with sea water, and the deep bastions of the Fortress; the enormous cannon peeping through its sides and over its top; the sentinel slowly pacing its parapets; the little man with telescope and flags, telegraphing to distant points; the big guns "Union" and "Lincoln" in earth-works near the water—were all subjects of considerable remark.

Towards the south was seen, dimly in the distance, Sewall's Point, and nearer by, the Rip Raps, where are kept refractory soldiers. On the east, the sea stretched out apparently without limit. On the west was Hampton Roads, constantly full of vessels at anchor, and the place where occurred the memorable battle between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*.

The *Arago* arrived at Hampton Roads during the day of the 9th, and dropped anchor near at hand. Our men upon these vessels had more comfortable accommodations. They had rations cooked, were not so miserably crowded, and the officers were supplied with state rooms, all of which cannot be said for the *Thames*.

Upon the *Arago*, our boys were associated with the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth New York; upon the

Atlantic with the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York. The men upon the *Atlantic* had a serious time in getting off the bar some nine miles from Baltimore. They were compelled not only to discharge the large ship of nearly all its freight upon a schooner, but were obliged to transfer themselves to other boats, in order to lighten the vessel.

The night before, they slept upon the deck of a small steamer, while several tugs were assisting the unfortunate *Atlantic*, in getting off the bar. She arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 13th, being detained on the bar for five days.

The 10th of November was a calm and beautiful day. The men were all out upon the decks, chatting, playing cards, washing clothes, and enjoying the scenery. In the morning the little *Monitor* went up the harbor, while every eye was turned to obtain a good view of the "cheese box on a raft." Two English men-of-war at anchor, displayed a profusion of flags, and fired a salute in honor of some British event. In the afternoon, the *Thames* weighed anchor, and steamed to the dock, when the men went ashore, and drilled until sun-down, upon the sandy beach in front of the Fortress. It was not a profitable drill, for the men could not march well, by reason of the depth and looseness of the sand.

On the following day, the men were landed again, and marched around to the rear of the Fortress. They remained upon the shore all day, doing but little drilling, but spending their time in fishing for delicious oysters, and examining the wonders of the stupendous Fortress. Many sought and secured permits to visit the interior of the fortification. They came away completely overwhelmed with the magnitude of the work.

They dreamed that night of long rows of monstrous

cannon, and audacious looking mortars, with upturned and gaping mouths, and piles of balls and shells, and files of secesh prisoners. It was only a reproduction of the real.

Tuesday, the 11th, the *Thames* and *Arago* steamed seven miles to Newport News, where they anchored within a few rods of the wrecked vessel *Cumberland.* Her masts protruding about half their length above the water, presented a dreadful spectacle of the effects of war. Within her hulk were the bodies of over a hundred men, who, refusing to surrender the ship, or save their own lives when every chance offered, perished with her. Some of the boys obtained bits of her flag and rigging to send home as curiosities.

For ten days afterwards, the men went ashore at Newport News, every pleasant day, for drill and exercise, and proceeded aboard every evening for sleep. For a few nights, though, they were quartered in log barracks. These buildings had been occupied by soldiers a long time, and were abominably filthy, but they were an agreeable change from the closeness of a ship's hold.

Newport News was indeed a miserable appearing village, composed mostly of Sutler's shops and negro shanties. There were thousands of "contrabands" in it, and what poor, degraded creatures they were! It will take many years of education, and the enlightening effects of freedom, to bring them up to the proper standard of intelligence. On the 18th of November, within the barracks, the men signed their rolls, and received two months' pay.

Corcoran's Legion were arriving every day on transports, from New York, until the buildings and fields around Newport News were filled with men and camps. There was no more room for drilling on the plain back of

the town, so on the 21st, the *Thames* sailed back to Fortress Monroe, followed on the 23d by the *Arago*. All of this time the *Atlantic* lay opposite the Rip Raps.

Colonel Littlejohn about this time took command of the brigade, and General Emory of all the troops *in transitu* at this point.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, the 23d, after an impressive sermon upon the deck, by the Chaplain, the *Thames*, weighed anchor, steamed across the harbor, and entered the mouth of the Elizabeth river. No one on that vessel will ever forget the pleasure they experienced on that evening ride. The mildness of the weather, and the beauty and novelty of the scenery, served to captivate the men, till the city of Norfolk appeared in view. Passing the wreck of the *Merrimac*, the fort, and crowds of vessels coming and going, the *Thames* was made fast to the dock, a little after sunset.

For four days the men alternated between ship and shore. The first day, they marched for exercise, through the city, to Fort Norfolk, which is a stone fortification, used for the double purpose of arsenal and jail for prisoners. On the second and third days, they went to the rear of the city to drill. The fourth day was Thanksgiving in New York State. How many good dinners were ate at home, while the soldier boy was munching his hard tack, on the *Atlantic*, the *Arago* and *Thames!* On that day the detachment crossed over a long bridge towards the town of Portsmouth, and drilled in a ploughed field, when the men had an excellent opportunity of testing the character of Virginia mud. During a breathing spell, they "confiscated" a garden of turnips, for the avowed purpose of having something extra for a thanksgiving dinner. On their return to Norfolk, in the evening, they found the interior of the *Thames* fitted up with rough

bunks, and a temporary cook-galley was built upon the deck. Their discomforts upon this ship were thus partially relieved.

In the evening, quite a number secured permits to visit the theatre, a very inferior place of amusement.

Norfolk is one of the oldest, if not the oldest city in Virginia, and was once a place of much commercial importance; but owing to the paralyzing effects of the rebellion, it became a deserted, decayed, and filthy city. Nearly two-thirds of the dwellings and places of business were closed, and almost every female in the streets was clothed in the habiliments of mourning. Portsmouth, opposite, is a pleasant town.

The morning of the 28th, our boys were again on their way to the Fortress. During that day, and the one following, they drilled among the ruins of Hampton, two miles in the rear of the Fortress.

This place, before its destruction by the rebels, was one of the finest villages of the State. Here was erected the first Church ever built upon American soil. It was used as a hospital in the time of the Revolution; but, notwithstanding its claim to antiquity—its sacredness, and the hallowed associations which have clustered around it for so many generations—it could not be spared the fate of the town, at the hands of the ruthless Magruder.

The next day—a pleasant Sabbath—the Regiment marched in the morning from the landing, and worshipped amid the ruins of this demolished sanctuary, consecrated over two hundred years ago, to the service of the living God. From its broken walls and shattered pinnacles, many a soldier took relics, to send to friends at home, or preserve as objects of curiosity—as mementoes of bygone and distant generations. Conspicuous among the ruins of Hampton was the former residence of Ex-Presi-

dent Tyler. It was once, indeed, an elegant residence, in a delightful spot. The whole was appropriated by the lineal descendants of Ham. Oh! Virginia, *poor* Virginia, how hast thon fallen from thy high estate!

On the 30th of November, the Companies aboard the *Arago* and *Atlantic* went on shore, near the Fortress, and pitched their tents. One day of camp life was all they eonld enjoy, for they were ordered back within twenty-four hours.

Appearances seemed to indieate that the long looked for voyage was abont to take place. The men were kept aboard for the next two days, while provisions, coal and water were being loaded.

A sad feeling of despondency and irritation existed among the whole command; while on the *Thames*, grave apprehensions of the safety of their craft added to their depression.

One hundred and thirty men and four offieers were sent to the hospitals at this plaee. Many of them never joined the Regiment again. Had our Regiment been allowed to remain in camp at Baltimore, or gone into camp here, till the fleet was ready, or nearly ready to go to sea, the "sick list" would have been at least one hundred per cent. better than it was. What is trne of one Regiment, is true of others. Like causes produce like results. It is proved by all experience that the first three or four months try the constitution and stamina of the soldier. Sickness decimates an army more than bullets. If men stand it through the initiatory period, and become inured to the changes, exposures and hardships of the camp and the field, they have a sort of immunity which, other things being equal, renders them comparatively secure.

CHAPTER VIII

"I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest—"

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

It was beginning to be a very serious matter, this being confined for such a length of time within a narrow ship's hold, without ventilation, and the air reeking with the stench of bilge-water, and the exhalations of the men. Great numbers were taken sick, while the wonder is, that an epidemic did not carry off the whole command.

Upon the morning of December 4th, the welcome order arrived, to proceed to sea at 10 o'clock, A. M. A little after the appointed time, the "Union jack" went up the main-mast of the flag-ship *Baltic*. Immediately, all over the harbor could be heard the clanking of anchor chains, and the songs of sailors, "heaving away," mingled with the hissing of steam from escape pipes. One by one, the vessels took their places in line, and rapidly sailed out to sea, while their decks were covered with cheering men.

Telegraphs and reporters announced to the country that "Banks' Expedition" had sailed.

The fleet rounded Cape Henry, and stopped some ten miles from the Fortress. The whole of that afternoon

the vessels lay rolling upon the heavy swells, awaiting the arrival of the flag-ship, to lead the way, which from some unknown cause had been detained.

The men beguiled the tedium of the long hours by observing some of the curiosities of the deep. Porpoises, tumbling and rolling in the water; flying fish, jumping out the sea, like grasshoppers in a meadow; little nautili, or Portuguese men-of-war, paddling and sailing around the ships in their pearly shell boats; occasionally a shark; and last, but not least, a huge whale; were all objects of intense interest.

About 8 o'clock in the evening, colored lights flashed across the waters the signal "go ahead." After all the delays, there was no doubt now, but that they had finally started. For the present, let us follow the fortunes of the *Thames*.

All went well, except with the unlucky sea-sick ones, until the afternoon of the 5th, when a severe gale began to blow from the west, while passing the stormy Cape Hatteras. The fleet, which had been in sight, and moving in regular order up to this time, commenced to separate, and pass out of sight. A heavy sea was running, and the *Thames* rocked violently, now ploughing through the waves, and now rolling from side to side, like an unmanageable log. Still they held on their course with patience, through the driving rain, for three or four hours, until they had nearly passed the Cape, when, all of a sudden, the engine stopped with a jarring crash. In a few minutes, the dismal news went from mouth to mouth that the engine was hopelessly broken, and had left them powerless to the mercy of the storm.

Immediately the ship swung around into the trough of the sea, and was wallowing and floundering in the waves.

This accident cast a gloom through the hold, for it was a foregone conclusion, that if assistance did not soon arrive, darkness would forever close upon the *Thames*. Every one felt she could not long endure the awful pounding of the waters upon her frail sides. The gale was increasing every moment, to add to their misery.

The signal of distress was immediately run up, though with little hopes, for but one vesssl was in sight, far ahead, and a thick fog was rapidly closing in. Oh! how anxiously those unhappy men were hoping that their signal had been discovered in time. Calmly the soldiers discussed their chances of life, while the sailors gave up all for lost, and went below to get beastly drunk, upon the floor of the forecastle. The mate, a rough, but kind-hearted old tar, came below and called for volunteers to assist in saving the vessel. Captain Lake, with several soldiers, among them Duncan McKeller and Jack Chidester, Company E, who had formerly been sailors, offered their services, and commenced by heaving overboard a part of the cargo. In half an hour, the fog parted a little, and suddenly revealed the indistinct form of a steamer coming towards them.

Who can describe the happiness of that moment? The few men who had dared to come on deck, and were clinging to the masts and rigging, raised a shout that could be heard far above the roar of the winds and waves; while below, the boys were fairly crazy with joy.

"I told ye, we was'nt going to sink out here."

"Those are bully men on the *Ericsson*, (for such the vessel proved to be) for coming back to save us."

These were common remarks. By the merest accident, the signal had been discovered. Colonel Littlejohn, of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, on board the

Ericsson, was standing at the stern, sweeping the horizon with his glass, when he saw the flag run up, "Union down," and immediately the fog closed in. He quickly spoke to the Captain of the *Ericsson*, who was inclined to doubt it, but the Colonel was so positive, that the ship was put about and came to the rescue. The *Ericsson* came within a quarter of a mile, her decks all covered with men, while her Captain, standing upon the wheel-house, with a trumpet, endeavored to make himself heard by the *Thames*. With great difficulty the two Captains carried on the following dialogue:

Captain of Ericsson—"What's the matter?" No answer.

Captain of Ericsson—"*What's the matter?*"

Captain of Thames—"Can't hear you."

Captain of Ericsson—"WHAT'S—THE—MATTER?"

Captain of Thames—"Broke down."

Captain of Ericsson—"Throw out a hawser."

Captain of Thames—"Ha'nt got any."

Captain of Ericsson—"*Go to h—ll, then, with your cracker box*," and away went the *Ericsson*, as the boys thought, leaving them to their fate. But, taking a wide circuit, she came up to windward, and stopped her wheels. The men who had recklessly climbed upon the deck of the *Thames* could discover through the spray, at times, when their vessel rose on the peak of a wave, how the crew of the friendly steamer were trying every means to get a communication between the two vessels. A life-boat was lowered, which was soon swamped, and her crew were pulled up on deck with ropes. Casks, with lines attached, were thrown overboard, but they failed to float away from the ship.

Finally, as the night was closing in, the Captain of the

Ericsson resolved to attempt the bold and perilous plan of running close enough to the *Thames* to throw a line from one deck to the other, as a last and desperate effort to rescue the lives of four hundred men. The large vessel turned around, and under a full head of steam, with the sea boiling and foaming under her wheels, came directly towards the foundering *Thames*. Nearer and nearer she came, until her hugh hulk nearly overtopped the little propeller, and every man involuntarily turned his back, and shuddered at the expected crash. It was an instant of dreadful suspense. The *Ericsson* had glided safely past, and a score of hands grasped for the little rope that was thrown over the railing of the *Thames*. It was secured, and a heavy hawser was hauled between the vessels. Every one congratulated themselves on their hair-breadth escape. Not every one, though, for the Captain of the *Thames* lay prostrate upon the deck, with a broken leg.

It seems that as the *Ericsson* had nearly passed, a large wave swung the vessels so near together, that a life-boat hanging over the stern of the large ship was crushed like an egg shell, and the spanker boom of the propeller, carried away, which, as it fell, struck the Captain, knocking him down, and injuring him severely.

The hawser was firmly fastened, and then the *Ericsson* pulled the unfortunate "cracker box" out of the trough of the sea.

During all this time they were drifting back, and when they were again under weigh, the storm increased with redoubled fury. Night found them tossing and pitching in a worse sea than ever before. The tempest became more and more violent, until at midnight, it had reached its height. The waves rolled terribly, and the old vessel

creaked and groaned as though on the point of dissolution. All watched the hawser with an intense anxiety, for the old mate said that, "should that hawser break, there would be no one left to tell the story of the *Thames*."

Below decks, the bunks were crashing and falling. The sick men were rolling around on a deck a thousand times filthier than the dirtiest hog pen, each sea-sick one adding his quota, until the stench was unendurable. Many preferred to run the risk of being washed overboard on deck, than to stay below. Three times, during that night, the Captain of the *Ericsson* called for an axe to cut the hawser, believing that the *Thames* had swamped, for he could not even discover the tips of her masts. Three times Providence stayed his hand long enough for him to see that she was still afloat.

Who upon that ship, will ever forget the awful grandeur and sublimity of the scenes of that night? "God rides upon the storm," and in no part of nature does He exhibit His existence and power so forcibly, and grandly, as in a storm at sea. Mingled feelings of awe and terror were impressed upon the minds of all, and impelled every one to exert himself to his utmost, to save his life and that of his comrades. Those who were not too sick, tied themselves to the rigging, and worked with a will in bailing, and throwing overboard freight and coal. The waves swept over the deck, and washed off everything, even to the galley, and poured immense streams of water down the hatches.

"The night is long that never finds the day."

Thus passed the night of the 5th of December. The first rays of the sun brought comfort to the miserable men, for in daylight they thought they had more security.

It was a consolation, too, to look off on the water and see the large and beautiful form of the *Ericsson*, so close by, ready to assist in every emergency, while towing them rapidly on to their destination. It was also pleasant to observe the crowds of men upon her decks, apparently sympathizing with them.

The whole of the forenoon, December 6th, was but a repetition of the scenes of the preceding night, although the gale had partially subsided. About 1 o'clock, the sad news went through the vessel that the hawser had parted. In a few moments after the accident had occurred, the *Ericsson* had altered her course, and was coming directly towards the *Thames*, with the intention of repeating the dangerous operation of throwing a line to that vessel. It was another critical moment, but the attempt was successful, though not without the loss of another boat, and a terrible fracture of all the bow timbers of the *Thames*. They held together, though, and that was all that was needed. During the remainder of the day and night the gale continued to abate.

On the morning of the 7th, the men were busy at work in cleaning out the hold, rebuilding their bunks, and assisting to repair as much as possible the shattered vessel. The afternoon of the same day, the *Ericsson* stopped her wheels, and a small boat containing two men put out from her side, and boarded the *Thames*. These men proved to be Colonel Littlejohn, commanding Brigade, and Captain Loper, the master of the *Ericsson*. They went below into the officers' cabin, and after some severe words had been passed, relative to "going to sea without a hawser," and "trying to run a steamer with a second-hand and condemned engine," it was finally agreed, that owing to the scarcity of water and provis-

ions on the *Thames*, as well as her wrecked condition, the *Ericsson* hasten to tow her into Port Royal. They also gave the information that Ship Island was the destination of the fleet. So the mystery was revealed to the men for the first time. As the visitors were going over the side, into their boat, the men gave them three hearty cheers, to show them their regard and gratitude. Sunday night the wind went down, the sky cleared up, and the moon shone out its brightest.

Monday, December 8th, was a warm, spring-like day, and the men enjoyed it much, breathing the pure air upon the deck, after the sickness, and filth, and peril of the three previous days.

At 2 o'clock, the cry was repeated from mouth to mouth, "land ho!" Away across the water, as far as the eye could reach, could be dimly seen what appeared to be a long row of umbrellas; but as the land came more fully in view, they proved to be palmetto trees. A little after sundown, the *Thames* slipped the hawser that connected her with the *Ericsson*, and dropped anchor, in the harbor of Port Royal.

The morning of the 9th broke, and revealed the beauties of a southern landscape. The men feasted their eyes upon the rich colors of the trees and grass, which was a great enjoyment, after being so long upon the barren sea. They gazed with delight upon the palmetto forests, the orange orchards, the snug little cabins, the symmetrical forts, with the grand old stars and stripes floating over them, the smooth waters of the bay, dotted here and there with white sails and vessels at anchor, the village of Hilton Head, with its long docks running far out into the water, and covered with the dark forms of a multi-

tude of busy people. It was a novel sight, and fraught with interest.

Colonel Smith went ashore early in the morning, and with the assistanee of Colonel Littlejohn and Captain Loper, secured the appointment, by the Post Commandant, of a Board of Survey, to examine and decide upon the sea-worthiness of the *Thames*. This Board came to the vessel during the day, and made a eareful inspection of every part of the ship. They reported themselves perfectly astounded at the facts they discovered.

It should be published to the world, that four hundred human beings were sent to sea in a vessel whose rotten sides could be punctured through with one thrust of a jaek-knife; that four hundred preeious lives had but *one inch of pine planking* between themselves and a watery grave; that four hundred defenders of the Union were jeopardized in a eraft without a hawser, ehronometer, log-book, or steam pump, with but one small and imperfeet compass, and only a few useless eharts. It is a difficult matter to navigate the Gulf of Mexieo, with a chart of the New England coast.

The *Thames* was aceordingly condemned, and ordered back to her owners, Messrs. Hubbell and Sturgess, of New York, as soon as another ship eould be procured.

When this news came to the cars of the injured boys, they were overwhelmed with joy, and made the old vessel ring with the violence of their cheers.

"They prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong."

CHAPTER IX.

Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

WINTER'S TALE.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea.

TEMPEST.

December 10th, the *Ericsson* sailed in the morning for her destination. The boys were sorry to see their old friend disappear behind the water. Going ashore at the docks, the men were marched up the smooth and hard beach, and went in bathing. It was excellent sport to ride on the surf, and to run and jump on *terra firma* again. The rest of the day was spent in washing and repairing clothes, writing, and walking around to see the sights. The Zouaves, on duty in the fort, made friends with the boys, and showed them the curiosities of the town.

Hilton Head is a little village, entirely constructed since the war began. Its stores, shops, houses and government buildings, were made of rough lumber, unpainted, and thrown around promiscuously, without any regard to the formation of the streets. Fort Walker is in its very midst. The men having lived so long upon wormy crackers and raw pork, distributed themselves among the restaurants, and consumed quantities of fresh meat, vegetables and exeellent oysters. Many laid in little supplies of butter, cheese and cookies.

For three days, the Companies were landed on the

beach for exercise every morning, and returned to the *Thames* at night. Upon going aboard the third night, they found a barque tied along side of her. With this sailing vessel they were destined to finish their voyage. Three days were spent in transferring the cargo from the *Thames* to the barque, and in constructing bunks within her capacious hold. Upon this vessel the men found a new state of things. The U. S. barque *Voltigeur* was a staunch sea-going vessel, thoroughly equipped and manned. Her master, old Captain Blye, was an accomplished seaman, and was assiduous in providing every comfort for the men.

The *Thames* departed on the evening of the 16th. Adieu, old "cracker-box;" nobody regrets your departure.

Bright and early on the morning of the next day, a steamer came and towed the *Voltigeur* out of the bay. Then a cloud of canvas was spread, and the barque was soon out of sight of land.

If one really wishes to enjoy the real poetry of a sea voyage, as well as to learn the art of navigation, he must go upon a sailing vessel. It is beautiful, to look around and above, and see nothing but white sails filled by the breeze in every direction. It is wonderful, to observe the skill and agility with which the sailors run over the rigging, and manipulate the sails. Upon the *Voltigeur*, the men were never tired of looking at these things, even at times when the weather was stormy.

The voyage to Ship Island was one of such monotony as to require the noting of but a few incidents. After crossing the Gulf stream, with its warm water and floating weeds, they came in sight of Eleuthera and Abaco. These islands, of the Bahama group, are low, with little appearance of vegetation. December 22d, they run on

what are called the Bahama Banks. Here the water was of a light green color, and so shallow as to require frequent sounding. At night, they lay at anchor, for fear of running aground. On the following morning, with the aid of a good breeze, they came in sight of the island of Cuba, where they could distinctly see trees and rocks upon the mountain ranges. From here they sighted, respectively, the light-houses of Key West and Tortugas, and hailed the ship *Southard*, ten days from New York.

Christmas day upon the waters. How differently situated are the men from what they were a year ago! Then, they enjoyed the society and comforts of home, feasting and visiting upon this holiday. Now, they are thousands of miles away from their native places, with only a half a pint of beans and a few hard tack for dinner, and afraid to accost a comrade with, "I wish you a merry Christmas," for fear of injuring his feelings.

December 27th, the *Voltigeur* came in sight of Ship Island, but owing to head winds was obliged to tack back and forth during the day and night, without making much headway. The next day, in the morning, the vessel arrived within half a mile of the sandy and desolate shore. Before they had time to cast anchor, a small boat containing the Post Adjutant of the island came out, and directed Captain Blye to proceed forthwith to New Orleans, whither Banks' expedition had gone. Notwithstanding the men were anxious to get off the crowded ship, yet this order was received with silent satisfaction and approval; for one look upon that bleak and barren island, had struck a horror to every breast, of living upon such a desert. Immediately the ship put about, but had gone but a short distance, when, to their great annoyance, "the wind lost its breath," and they

were in a dead calm. The waters became placid, and presented one vast mirror; not a wave or a ripple to disturb its peaceful breast. In the quiet of that evening, Thomas Dolan, a member of Company H, died of fever.

An officer of his Company, in writing of this sad event, said:

"He was buried at sea at the midnight hour. It was one of the most solemn burials I ever witnessed: he was buried with military honors. The moon and stars were shining with more than their usual brilliancy, and at twelve o'clock the solemn cortege moved from the bow of our vessel to the after-deck, where lay our deceased brother soldier, to bear his body amidships, where the last rites and ceremonies were to be performed by our Chaplain. The sound of muffled drums and the music was very impressive; it was a scene that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it; the exercises consisted of reading the scriptures, prayer, remarks, singing, &c. The following hymn was sung, commencing thus:

'Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust.'

After singing the first verse, the body was given to the great deep, and then the balance of the hymn was sung by the choir; after which there were three volleys fired by the guard, then followed the benediction, which closed the mournful scene."

On the morning of the next day the wind breezed up a little, and the vessel passed out of sight of Ship Island. December 30th and 31st, continued the voyage with strong head winds, until at ten o'clock of the latter day, the streaks of muddy water in the sea, disclosed the fact that they were near the mouth of the Mississippi river, and very soon they sighted the light-house off South West Pass. The vessel hove to and raised a signal for a pilot, which was soon answered by the appearance of a spruce little yacht. She came rapidly bounding over the billows until she had arrived opposite the barque,

when a small boat was dropped from her stern and rowed towards the ship.

For days before, the boys had been indulging in bets upon the color of hair and eyes, and height of the pilot who should take charge of the vessel from the Passes to New Orleans. So a crowd of interested soldiers were hanging over the rails of the *Voltigeur*, staring at the man who came up the ladder on the deck, for then their wagers were to be decided. In a moment, orders rang out sharp and quick, from under the oil-cloth cap of the pilot, and the vessel was surging towards the Pass. When but a short distance out from the marshy land, the vessel was anchored and all sail taken in, to await a tug-boat from the city.

The scenery here was not particularly inviting. Two long and narrow tongues of swampy land, between which was the river, stretched far out into the sea, rendering it difficult to distinguish, except from the bright green color of the rushes, which was land and which was water. On the extremity of one of these was a light-house and telegraph office; on the other point was a settlement of some half a dozen dwellings, called Pilot Town. These houses were built on piles, about ten feet above the marsh. That afternoon the Companies were mustered for payment, on the deck, by Colonel Smith.

New Year's was another unpleasant holiday. Death was in their midst, and another funeral was held. The body of Martin Skillman, Company E, was taken in a boat to a small mud island at the mouth of the river, and buried. To add to the despondency of the men, the pilot brought the sad news of a defeat to General Burnside, at Fredericksburgh, and the rupture of the President's Cabinet. Their unpleasant and weary situation, contributed to the sum of human misery

A tug-boat came on the morning of January 2d, and in company with three other vessels, they started up the river. Close alongside the *Voltigeur* was fastened a schooner from Matanzas, with the most nondescript cargo of men, beasts, birds and fruits that could ever have been collected. Oranges, turtles, bananas, roosters, limes, parrots, babies, cabbages and pigs, were scattered over the decks in astonishing confusion.

"How are *you*, Noah's Ark?"

"Say, is that Uncle Abe's menagerie?"

"Where did you get all them calamities?"

Such were the jokes which the men flung over to them, but failed to elicit any reply from the swarthy and dirty Spaniards.

Slowly the powerful tow-boat pulled the vessels against the rapid, muddy current, while her tall pipes were belching clouds of dense black smoke, which overshadowed the surrounding country; and her escape tubes puffed out columns of white steam, at monotonous intervals. Flocks of sea gulls hovered around the vessels, making the air discordant with their screams. In a few hours they were out of the regions of cane brake, and then could be seen an occasional cabin built of rushes or slabs, and a few scrubby trees. As the afternoon wore away, the scenery became more attractive. Cypress and magnolia forests lined the shores, filled with all the luxuriance and variety of southern vegetation. Alligators were frequently seen wallowing in the mud of the swamps. At sundown—the heavy boom of a cannon revealed the vicinity of Fort Jackson, while the steamer stopped to permit an officer to examine whether the character of the vessels was peaceful or belligerent. This ceremony was soon over, and a few miles more had been passed, when another stoppage was made at Quarantine, for a Surgeon

to come aboard and enquire into the sanitary condition of the troops. The ordeal was safely passed, and they escaped the dread necessity of being confined at Quarantine.

The men were up bright and early in the morning, to again enjoy the novelty of southern scenery. During the night, they had passed into a rich cultivated region. Broad and level fields of sugar cane and corn stretched back a mile from the levees to the cypress swamps, their green surfaces interspersed with gangs of negroes—a queer sight for January. Now and then a brick sugar mill, with its tall smoke stacks, reminded one of a Northern foundry; square two-story mansions, with verandas running all around them, surrounded with vines, tropical shrubbery, and orange orchards, laden with golden fruit. Such were the inviting features of a Louisiana landscape.

At nine o'clock, the spires and domes of New Orleans were in view. A short distance below the city, the *Voltigeur* cast her anchor. In a little while, the barque was surrounded by aquatic hucksters. Pies, oranges, cigars and cakes, were quickly exchanged for Yankee shinplasters, while the men believed they never had enjoyed such luxuries before. The Colonel went to the city, and did not return till evening, and then he came with a tug to convey them above the city seven miles, to the village of Carrollton.

The decks and rigging of the *Voltigeur* were covered with blue coats, as she passed the "Crescent City." A thousand items of interest were commented upon by the men. The levees, crowded for miles with steamboats—the river, filled with gunboats and ships-of-war—the French market—the Cathedral, with its tall steeples—La-

Fayette square, with its equestrian statue of Jackson—the dark granite walls of the Custom House—the docks, lined with ware-houses and cotton presses—were all successively passed, and New Orleans was far behind them in the horizon.

After sundown, the *Voltigeur* tied up to the bank at Carrollton. Here, for the first time, they heard of the whereabouts of the balance of the Regiment, who had sailed upon the other vessels. The three Companies that had sailed upon the *Atlantic*, were encamped near this place. Many of the men of Companies D, G and F, came down from their camps, upon hearing of the arrival of their Colonel with four Companies, and had a joyful meeting with their old comrades.

The next day, January 4th, with bag and baggage they left the *Voltigeur*, marched through the town, and pitched their tents, with those who had previously arrrived, in Camp Mansfield.

CHAPTER X.

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have curs'd them without cause.

TEMPEST.

And for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again.

IBID.

Leaving the men that left Fortress Monroe on the *Thames*, in a pleasant camp, and in comfortable quarters at Carrollton, let us go back and learn of the fortunes of their comrades, who left on the *Atlantic* and *Arago*, at the commencement of the voyage. These vesssls were large and powerful, and could not so easily be made playthings for the storm. Their sea-worthiness was fully tested, yet they safely rode the gale.

During the violence of the tempest, the fleet became separated, and on the morning of the 6th, the only vessels in sight of each other, out of the fifteen transports, were the flag ship, and the two vessels containing our men.

The fleet sailed in two columns, one led by the *Baltic*, the other by the *Atlantic*. The storm having abated, though the surges were running fearfully high, Captain Eldridge, master of the *Atlantic*, and Colonel Chapin, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, were signaled to go on board the flag ship, between half and a quarter of a mile distant. The signal was obeyed. A life boat was lowered, and the task of propelling it over the surging waters entrusted to the strong arms and determined wills of four sturdy tars. Their own lives and the lives of the gallant Colonel and Captain were placed in their

hands. A swell brought the little boat almost to the top of the great ship, when Colonel Chapin and Captain Eldridge stepped into the stern, the latter instantly grasping the helm. Stout men with well plied oars moved her with difficulty along.

As the little boat struggled with fierce Neptune in his wrath, the spectacle was amazingly fearful and grand. As oft as she perched, for an instant, upon the top-most surge, and then was buried beneath the waves, subdued voices from the almost breathless crowd tremblingly uttered, "Oh! there she goes." "She is lost." "She is lost." Destiny willed her mission success; and like the dove, sent forth on an errand of mercy, upon the waters of the Deluge, she at length returned to the Ark. Immediately the *Atlantic* turned back for a few miles, in search of the scattered fleet, when presently all moved slowly on. The *Arago* and *Atlantic*, up to this time, kept well together.

A greater portion of the remainder of the voyage, the weather was fine, warm even as a northern summer—the sea comparatively smooth—the winds mostly favorable, enabling them to make seven to ten knots per hour.

On Tuesday, the 9th, the *Arago* sighted land off Florida coast. Farther than the eye could reach, or unaided vision extend, was presented one unbroken forest, not apparently heavy timbered, but more like the scrubs and smaller growth of trees, such as are found in the marshes and low lands of the North. Numerous light-houses, beacons to the weary mariner upon the bosom of the deep, viewed with spy-glasses in the dim distance, piercing, with towering summits, the very clouds, were objects of interest. On the 10th, they made Cape Sable and Key West, and the day following were fairly in the Gulf.

At sunrise on the morning of the 12th, a soldier of the

One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth New York, was buried at sea, with impressive ceremony. The next day brought them to Ship Island. A detention of a couple of hours, during which time another soldier of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth was buried—being taken to the shore—and the noble craft was steaming for the Delta of the mighty Mississippi.

On the 14th, they anchored at Quarantine, nearly midway between New Orleans and the mouth of the river. Here an officer of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth New York, a young Lieutenant, who was dangerously sick on leaving the Fortress, and who died on the passage, was taken off. His body was embalmed by Surgeon Andrews, of his Regiment, and sent from Quarantine to his friends in Poughkeepsie, New York.

The *Atlantic*, making also a pleasant trip after leaving Hatteras, and with no incident of special interest, reached Ship Island on the 16th of December. Here the men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, with the One Hundred and Sixteenth, went into camp. Many parts of the little island, which is narrow, and but a few miles long, were covered with tents, scarcely whiter than the sand.

This island is entirely unique in appearance. Upon it, one walks in sand, sleeps in sand, eats sand: has sand in his shoes, in his clothes, in his bed: sand in his coffee, his bread and his meat: sand within and sand without. A few small trees, on the north eastern part of the island, are the only green or living things, of native growth, to be seen.

After drilling for a few days, and much rolling in the sand, the steamer *Pocahontas* took them off this desolate and God-forsaken island.

On Christmas day, they entered the South-West-Pass, the innermost passage of the mouths of the great river,

which with their spoils of alluvial deposit, stretch, something in the shape of a bird's claw, into the Gulf. Here novel objects attracted their view. At first, on entering the river, they saw only light muddy water, and long sedgy banks, mere beds of tall rushes. Then, long low shores, beyond which lies an immense and monotonous prospect of alternate land and water. After rushes and long low shores, come trees, drift-wood, perhaps a stray alligator, his body submerged, his head resting on the trunk of a tree moored by accident in the mud of the bank. Then, little lonely houses, built of rushes or of wood, in shape like those drawn by the slate pencils of childhood. In front of them, occasional black and white humanity, the latter invariably offering welcome by waving hands or handkerchiefs, the former sometimes emulating their example, but in most instances sullen and stolid. Presently appeared little houses, little groves of orange trees laden with fruit, fields of sugar cane, presses, manufactories and tall chimneys, negroes at work in the field and at the presses. Pilot Town, the quandam rebel Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, are passed, bringing to mind one of the best naval fights and victories of the war.

The dreaded ordeal of Quarantine is over. Anchoring a few hours in the stream opposite New Orleans, our men upon the *Arago* landed at Carrollton, on the 26th of December.

The three weeks stay of Companies A, B and C at Quarantine, was anything but agreeable. Infectious diseases upon the ship made their detention, by Quarantine regulations, absolutely unavoidable. Several of the Regiment died in the Hospital, of ship fever contracted on the passage.

The country about Quarantine is a dead level—a

perfect swamp—with only here and there a spot sufficiently elevated to be suitable for a dwelling. The tedium was somewhat relieved by various sports, among which "bee hunting" appeared to be the most exciting. The most delicious fruits of this tropical climate were in perfection, exceedingly luscious, and tempting to behold.

The quiet of a dull camp, upon a lonely and uninviting spot, was by no means relieved by the unpleasant reflections and dismal forebodings of the men, concerning the safety of Colonel Smith and the six Companies upon the *Thames*. The last that had been seen of that vessel, she was lying helpless in the gale. Since then, not a word had been heard concerning her, and as day after day passed away, the men began to give up to the sad conclusion that their Colonel and most of the Regiment, had met a watery grave. One of the New Orleans papers even announced that the propeller *Thames* was undoubtedly lost at sea.

On the evening of January 2d, an incident occurred which very much quieted their fearful apprehensions, and enlivened the monotony of their gloomy abode. A tug boat, coming up the river with several ships in tow, stopped, as was the custom, opposite the Quarantine station, to permit the health officer to examine the vessels. Although it was quite dark, yet one of our men discovered that one vessel was laden with troops. A man, shaping his hands in the form of a trumpet, shouted out:

"Hallo! what troops are those?"

Instantly the reply came back:

"A part of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York."

The joyful news flew among the barracks, and out the men rushed and indulged in the most vociferous cheers,

opening at the same time a running conversation between ship and shore.

"Where in the d——l is the *Thames*?" they inquired.

"Played out."

"Where have you been all this time?"

"Port Royal harbor."

They asked for the safety of this, that, and the other, until their voices died away in the distance.

On the 3d of January, the boys at Quarantine were ordered to pack up, and at 11 o'clock in the evening went on board the steamer *Laurel Hill*. A little past 12 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, she steamed up the the river, reaching before noon the battle ground, some six miles below New Orleans. Remaining on board for the night, on the following morning, with the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth New York, they went into camp.

They now rested upon historic ground, upon the identical spot where the hero of New Orleans fought the British under Pakenham, on the 8th of January, 1815. Traces of the low earthworks which supported the cotton bales behind which Jackson fought, and the old canal which he caused to be dug from the river, for a mile to the rear, turning a stream of water from the Mississippi into the swamp, still remain. A number of trees, with limbs cut off by British shot; "the old Spanish house, deeply enveloped in shrubbery, occupied as Head-quarters by General Jackson," who with glass in hand, from the upper window, "witnessed the approach of the enemy," the spot where Pakenham fell, were all of more or less interest to the men.

The battle-field is marked by a plain, unfinished shaft of Missouri lime-stone, upon a brick foundation.

An old Ethiop exhibited for sale bullets and other relics "picked up" by himself, as he avowed, upon the battle-ground.

Another ancient African, to a crowd of interested listeners, gave an amusing account of the appearance of the first gunboat up the river, when General Butler took possession of New Orleans.

"Yo' see," said he, "ole Gen'l Lovel, wid eight tousand troops, was camped on dis yere bery spot. One mornin' I went down troo de camps to de levee, and as I stood dar lookin', I seed a boat comin' round de bend. My! dat boat made de orfullest 'citement in dat crowd you eber see. It kept comin' along, puffin' away, and made ebery body in camp run ebery which way. De rebs dey commenced firin' dere guns, but de gumboat jist paid no 'tention to dem 'tall, but come 'long mindin' her own biz'ness. When de gumboat got near de camp, she drop't tree or four shell among 'em, jest as easy. Whew, bang! Whew, bang! and den yer orter seed dem fellers run to de swamps. Dis nigger jest lays down on de ground, and rolls, and larfs, to see how dose rebs did skedaddle.

"De gumboat nebber stops, but went up to de city, and putty soon come back agin, and met de rest ob de boats, when de men went 'shore, looked ober de tings dey left; took all de money and watches out ob de officers' trunks, and den commenced to smash de big guns, and burn up de camp. Dis ole nigger toted off some of dose traps, you'd better b'leve."

The men here did picket duty along the river, and on the road leading from the city. They were required to examine passes upon all sail boats, or luggers, which came from below with oysters and fruit, and returned

with groceries and stores, to see that there was nothing contraband on board the little crafts.

Many nice suppers of fresh oysters, and fine oranges for dessert after dinner, were had on sundry picket posts.

A sergeant, with a squad of men, was sent across the river a number of miles, to keep a gang of refractory blacks upon a sugar plantation from strolling about the city, and from going outside the lines.

The boys were paid at this camp, and facilities afforded for obtaining every luxury that heart could wish.

Notwithstanding the lightness of the duty, the comfortable quarters, and good fare, it was found that two of the men, David Porter, of Company B, and Delos Leonard, of Company C, when a new guard was sent to their relief, had unceremoniously relieved themselves, and taken their departure for parts unknown.

At 3 o'clock of Tuesday, January 20th, the three Companies left Camp Chalmette, to enter upon new duties, as described in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

Hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
KING RICHARD III.

Carrollton is a place of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, situated on the east bank of the Mississippi river, seven miles above New Orleans. It has all the quiet, cozy, neat appearance of one of our northern country villages, yet, as seen through northern eyes, the style of architecture, and the habits and dress of the people, seem queer and foreign.

The most observable thing in all Louisiana, is the almost universal use of the French language, combined with the French peculiarities of rapid gesticulation, and courteous manners. The descendants of the early colonists are called *creoles*, and are the most numerous and wealthy part of the population of the State. They retain with great tenacity their native language and customs, against all Yankee innovation; and thus it is, that strangers can not avoid the impression that they are in a foreign country. Creole citizens and American soldiers look upon each other as natural enemies. Our men soon found that they were treated by the people with a great deal of external politeness, yet with a certain expression of tone and manner, which went to say in so many plain words, "we despise you." The men regarded them as treacherous and deceitful, and were more bold and uncivil in exhibiting reciprocal sentiments. This knowledge of their character was soon obtained by the One

Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, among the inhabitants of Carrollton, and was of service to them afterwards.

Every day curiosity impelled numbers of our men to walk to the village, a mile from the camp, and on street corners, and in the shops, observe the peculiarities of the people. Such was their relaxation, after the tedium and *ennui* of a sea voyage.

On the morning of the 6th of January, it was currently reported that General Banks, the new commander of the Gulf Department, was to visit, that day, the troops encamped at Carrollton. In order to meet him with suitable evidences of their respect, the Regiment was drawn up in line near the camp, in its best dress, to await his coming. The afternoon passed, but General Banks did not pass. So the men passed to their quarters. Evidently somebody had perpetrated a wretched joke.

Everything seemed to indicate that Carrollton was to be a permanent camp for some time, so they commenced their drills, and parades, and labored to make a comfortable camp of the low and swampy grounds. The adage that "appearances are often deceptive" is as true, perhaps, in military, as in any other calling in life.

The lumber had just been drawn and piled up, to be distributed to the Companies for tent floors, when an order was read to "be ready to march at a moment's notice." This order was received with shouts of laughter, and cries of "sold again." Tents went down, wagons were loaded, knapsacks packed, when the men, sitting around camp fires, story-telling and smoking their pipes, awaited further instructions. The weary watching and wakefulness of chilly night at length became tedious. The hands of their watches were pointing to the first few

minutes of the 7th of January, when the Regiment was tramping towards the river.

To those who had never before seen a Mississippi steamboat, it was a source of great wonderment that such an ugly piece of architecture could be made serviceable for any purpose. The lower decks are but little elevated from the water, and are entirely open, so that the boilers are exposed to view. The cabins are up stairs, and are sustained by props below. Above these is another story, and still higher, at a dizzy elevation, is the pilot house. Two slim and tall smoke-stacks rise out of the decks, well in front. The wheels are very large and out of proportion to the boat. The huge bell, and filigree decorations, serve to make up the picture of a western steamboat. The *Sallie Robinson* was an exaggerated specimen of this class of vessels, and when, in the bright moonlight, the men gazed upon her marvelous proportions, they expressed surprise that "the poor thing did not tip over." But when her high pressure engines began to move, accompanied with puffs, wheezes, and snorts, they were still more astounded at the "antics of the blasted craft."

On such a vessel the Regiment was moving rapidly down the river. In a short half hour, the steamboat tied up at the docks at Algiers, which is a town directly opposite New Orleans, bearing the same relation to that city, that Brooklyn does to New York.

Amid the bustle and hurry of moving off and unloading the boat, it was made known to the Regiment that it was detailed to guard a rail road running out from Algiers, known as the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Rail Road. Brashear City was its western terminus. A few hours more, and the long train of cars,

standing upon the track near the levee, was loaded and slowly passing through the town to the country beyond.

The road was conducted by the military authorities, and the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment was directed to guard its whole length of eighty miles. Here was a novel and interesting duty to perform, and the men were highly pleased with their new employment. As the train whirled forward, on the morning of January 7th, the Companies were dropped at the stations in the following order:

Company F, at Jefferson, a little place of some three or four houses and a small church, nine miles from New Orleans, on the Mississippi river. The Company pitched tents in an orange orchard, between the depot and an old dwelling house, which last the officers appropriated for their Head-quarters.

Nine miles further on, Company K was left, at St. Charles, at which station there was not a solitary building. It was simply a halting place for trains, on the border of a dense swamp. A small patch of comparatively dry ground near the track was the only available camping place in the vicinity.

Six miles further on, Company E stopped at *Boutte*, (pronounced by Creoles, Bootay), and pitched their tents along side the track. One small dwelling, of two or three rough houses that composed the station, was designated for the use of the officers. This place was but a little clearing in the midst of a cypress swamp.

At *Bayou des Allemands*, (pronounced Biu day Ollemon), Company H went into camp, near the burnt ruins of the station house, upon the picturesque banks of a stream of the above name.

Raceland was a halting place for trains, upon dry

cultivated grounds. Here, in the open cane fields, Company I established their camp.

The next place, *La Fourche*, (pronounced Lah Foorsh), being the central and most important depot on the road, was selected as the Head-quarters of the Regiment. The rail road at this point crosses a wide and navigable bayou of the same name, in the midst of a rich and populous country. This little settlement is the outlet by rail road, of business and travel for the larger and more prosperous town of *Thibodeauxville*, (pronounced Tibodoville), which is but three miles removed up the bayou. Part of Company D here encamped in front of a neat white house, which was used as Head-quarters.

Parce, the sutler, also opened his goods for sale in a vacant ware-house, and a Regimental Hospital was established in another building near by.

Three miles from La Fourche, was the station of *Terrebonne*, (pronounced Terbone). The balance of Company D here pitched their tents, in the door-yard of the only planter's house in the vicinity.

From this place the rail road passes through a dense swamp, until it suddenly emerges at the handsome little village of Tigerville, upon the borders of Bayou Black. Company G was here as pleasantly encamped as the others.

There were several other stations between Tigerville and the terminus of the road, which were not guarded for several weeks afterwards. Along this whole line of rail road, the Regiment had picket posts at about one mile apart, and at all the curves and bridges. In doing this duty, each Company was directed to guard the road in its neighborhood, and half way to the adjoining station, thereby forming a continuous chain of pickets throughout

the line. The Regiment was so widely separated, that to a certain extent each Company became an independent organization. They were governed by their own details of duty, besides being the supreme arbiters of all law among the citizens and negroes in their respective communities.

Silent leges inter arma. The Company commanders found themselves suddenly endowed, by force of circumstances, with all the extraordinary prerogatives of referee, judge and sheriff, at the same time.

The recollections of serving "Uncle Sam" upon the rail road are among the pleasantest reminiscences in the history of the Regiment. The fishing and hunting were delightful, while the men satiated their appetites with cat-fish, pheasants, rabbits, oranges, figs and pecan nuts.

It was a source of pleasure to visit the plantations, when off duty, and observe the manner of cultivating cane, and manufacturing sugar. They also became acquainted, by actual observation, with many of those incidents of southern life, that had before, by reading such books as Uncle Tom's Cabin, been rendered so interesting and romantic. They had a fine opportunity to study the character of the negro, and the phases of southern society, to learn of the degrading nature of slavery, and of its baneful influence upon all classes, especially upon the masters. Some of the most revolting spectacles connected with the "divine institution" were often brought before their eyes.

One of the chief sources of amusement, among the soldiers, was in visiting negro dances, and prayer meetings. These last are the most singular and impressive sights imaginable, consisting of weird songs, incoherent, irreverent shouts, mingled with violent contortions, wails

and moans, quaint prayers and responses. It was observable, that the most zealous in these devotions, were often the most reckless and immoral.

The planters, endeavoring to conciliate the Yankee soldiers, invited them to their houses, and bestowed upon them many little favors. Thus, between duty and pleasure, the men passed their time upon the rail road.

At this time, orders were received, announcing the organization of the new army of General Banks. It was designated as the Nineteenth Army Corps, and was divided into four Divisions, each composed of three Brigades. That portion of the army to which the One Hundred and Fourteenth was assigned, was the Second Brigade, First Division. Afterwards this same Brigade became an independent organization, and was designated the "Reserve Brigade."

The different commands were under the following Generals: First Division, General William H. Emory; Second Division, General Cuvier Grover; Third Division, General C. C. Augur; Fourth Division, General T. W Sherman.

The independent Brigade was commanded by General Weitzel. This Brigade was composed of the following Regiments: Seventy-Fifth, One Hundred and Fourteenth, and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, Eighth Vermont, and Twelfth Connecticut, in addition to a Battery of First Maine Artillery and two Companies of First Louisiana Cavalry.

This composed the "Old Brigade," of whom afterwards, when tried in battle, General Weitzel said he was proud to command; and whose members learned to love and respect their commander.

On the afternoon of January 20th, Companies A, B and

C, left their camp at Battle Ground, and steamed up the river, on the *Iberville*, to Algiers. That night they slept on the floor of the depot. The following morning they jumped aboard the cars and were taken to their designated stations. Company C was left at La Fourche crossing, relieving Company D, which joined the detachment, at Terrebonne. Company B was taken still further up the road to *Bayou Boeuf*, (pronounced Biu Bef), and camped on the banks of that stream. Company A was carried to the end of the road at Brashear City, where they remained but a short time, when they returned four miles to Bayou Ramos, and encamped in front of an old sugar mill.

On the 26th of this month, the Captains all went to New Orleans, to receive two months' pay for their Companies. The 30th they returned, and issued the welcome greenbacks to the men.

The sound of distant cannonading, on the 17th of the month, was heard at nearly every station on the rail road.

It told of the battle of the "Cotton," which was fought by General Weitzel, with the other Regiments of his Brigade, and the gunboats.

It reminded our men, that they too, probably, would soon be called upon to enter upon more perilous duties.

On the 7th of February, orders came to be ready to move within two days.

The evening of the 8th, a train loaded with troops came from Algiers, leaving at every station a Company of the Twenty-Third Connecticut, and taking up the different Companies of the One Hundred and Fourteenth. Before morning the change had been entirely effected, the Regiment arriving at Brashear City. Their camp was a

low spot of ground near the rail road, in the rear of the town.

For the first time since leaving Camp Belger, the Regiment was again united. The occurrence, insignificant as it may seem, was the occasion of much joy

"Soldiers assimilate more closely, probably, than any other class of people. Officers and men become as it were one family, united by ties more firm, more enduring, and perhaps more affectionate, than are most families in the quiet pursuits of peaceful life. Those at home, who have never been severed from all that they love, all that they toil for, can not appreciate the feelings of dependence upon one another that soldiers have. Kind words become necessary to mutual comfort, and mutual needs demand mutual accommodations. Selfishness among strangers is mean enough any way, but amongst soldiers it is nothing more nor less than actual sin."

CHAPTER XII.

Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that —
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

KING RICHARD III.

Battalion drills, parades, and inspections again became the order of the day, and the scenes of Camp Belger were re-enacted. The town of Brashear has been dignified with the title of city, but it is in fact, a poor specimen of a squalid southern village, containing not more than three hundred people in time of peace. It is situated on the banks of Berwick Bay, which is here about three-fourths of a mile wide. Upon the opposite shore is another little settlement called Berwick City. Numerous bayous enter the bay at this point. The water courses of Louisiana are the most remarkable features of the geography of the State.

"If one has moral courage enough to examine any detailed hydrographical map of Southern Louisiana, he will lose himself among the labyrinthian intersections of the countless lakes and bayous there represented, resembling more the plan of a spider's web, than any other portion of the habitable globe. For the benefit of those who may not know anything about these extraordinary bayous, it may be well here to state, that, although when compared to the mighty Mississippi, they sink to the insignificance of mere streamlets, many of them far exceed in volume the river Thames, a short distance above London, and the smallest of them, in some countries, would be considered a very respectable river."

Throughout the whole extent of this low alluvial country, deep and stagnant bayous intersect each other in every direction. They are the safety valves of the Mississippi, drawing all of their water from that immense source, and from their vast capacity, prevent, at times, the whole country from inundation.

When the width is sufficient, their depth and easy curves will admit the passage of the largest class of steamboats, so that nearly every town and hamlet has the advantage of water transportation to New Orleans, the great mart of the South. It is curious to see large and elegant steamboats pass rapidly along over what, at a little distance, appears to be dry ground, but which in fact is a bayou so narrow that the vessel brushes against the weeds of the bank. It is noticeable, too, that the only inhabitable land, particularly in the lower part of the state, is formed by nature in narrow strips of open country, bordering some bayou or river, the intervening portion, which is by far the larger, being covered with impenetrable forests and swamps. The highest, and therefore the dryest soil, is nearest the banks of a stream; yet the closest observer, whichever way he may travel, cannot discover any variation from the monotonous dead level of the country. The natives of Louisiana know not the beauties of mountain scenery, of babbling brooks, of rocks, and variety of soil and productions. Not a spring or swift-running stream can be found; only in cisterns is transparent water to be seen. A stone, or a pebble, is a curiosity, and the tillable soil is merely dried mud.

Soon after the arrival of the One Hundred and Fourteenth at Brashear City, Colonel Smith, as ranking officer, was placed in command of the post, and Lieutenant Colonel Per Lee, of the Regiment. In the mean time, the

authorities were not idle in watching and harrassing the enemy. Across the bay, the rebels had their picket posts, and our cavalry frequently went over to skirmish, and ascertain their position and strength.

A fleet of gunboats were constantly patrolling the lakes and bayous, and often had sharp and decisive engagements. Now and then, a Company from the Regiment would be sent off as sharpshooters, upon a gunboat, for a twenty-four hours' cruise.

It was on one of these trips that a part of Company B met with an accident, which came near being attended with serious loss of life. They were returning, on the evening of February 23d, from a sail up in Grand Lake, on board the gunboat *Kinsman*,* when the vessel, striking a snag, sprung a leak. In attempting to reach the dock at Brashear City, the boat suddenly sank, about fifty feet from the shore, and entirely disappeared. Seven poor sailors were drowned, but by a singular good fortune, every one of the Company saved his life, by clinging to some floating material, or swimming ashore. Lieutenant Nichols was in command of the detail, and conducted himself with remarkable coolness and courage, as did every man. Company C, also, had a little experience on a similar adventure on the gunboat *Calhoun*, at a time when she had a severe contest with some rebel artillery.

Each day in the army, quite as much as out of it, has its ups and downs, its cares and duties, its joys and sorrows, its depressions and excitements. These, too, are as blended as the colors of the kaleidoscope, or the ever changing scenes of a drama.

Wherever the men might be, or whatever their duties, whether pleasing or painful, death stared them in the

* Formerly the transport *Grey Cloud*.

face, and frequently had been noted upon the muster rolls one or more names less. Now a feeling of sadness pervades the Regiment, and all hearts alike partake of sorrow. Boisterous shouts and songs of mirth are hushed, tearful eyes and choked utterances commingle in the camp. Another victim is offered up — another and a Christian soldier dies. Lieutenant Gilbert,* of Company A, was the first among the commissioned officers of the Regiment, to yield to relentless disease and death, and the blow was unusually severe. He died in Regimental Hospital, of fever, at 5 o'clock of Monday, the 16th of the month. He had been sick for some time before the Regiment went up to Brashear City, and never rallied after his removal from La Fourche.

Concerning the sad event, the following order was read upon dress parade of the Regiment, on the evening of the 18th:

HEADQUARTERS 114TH REGIMENT N. Y. S. VOLS.,
BRASHEAR CITY, La., Feb. 18th, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 11.

The commanding officer is deeply pained to announce to the Regiment, the decease of 2d Lieutenant James E. Gilbert, of Co. A, who died at this Post of typhoid fever, on the 16th instant. In his death, the Regiment has lost a faithful and valuable officer, and one whose memory will long be cherished by the command.

As an appropriate tribute of respect, the commissioned officers of the Regiment will wear the prescribed badge of military mourning—crape on the left arm and sword hilt, for thirty days from the promulgation of this order.

By command of SAMUEL R. PER LEE,
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.

JAMES F. FITTS, Adjutant.

On the one hundred and thirty-first birth-day of Washington a salute was fired by one of the batteries of the

* See Biographical Sketch of Lieutenant Gilbert.

post; and the men, in honor of the event, indulged in such luxuries as could be procured. The principal public house of the place was now kept by Dwight Parce, adjoining his sutler's store, under the imposing title of "Brashear City Hotel." The many comforts, and, at times, even delicacies, provided by Mr. Parce, have never been forgotten by the officers or men.

The Regimental Hospital, which soon became filled, was established in a comfortable building near the railroad, that was formerly used as a store.

The winter rains had fallen so incessantly for a number of days, rendering the ground so horribly muddy, that Colonel Smith deemed it advisable for health and comfort to remove the camp. Accordingly, on the 20th, the men moved out about a mile, and established their quarters upon a beautiful grass plot, overlooking the waters of the bay. An open shed, near by, offered excellent stabling for horses, and an adjoining sugar mill served for commissary stores.

Notwithstanding the uniform mildness of the climate, several objections were found against soldiering in Louisiana. The most serious annoyance was the great number and voracity of the musquitoes. As soon as the sun had gone down, these insects would swarm from their hiding places in the swamps, and make "night hideous" with their humming, driving away all sleep with their stings. Perpetually thirsting for Yankee blood, so large and so greedy were they, that their victims looked like small-pox patients, so pock-marked and pitted they became.

The men here learned a new "manual of arms," which consisted in certain movements of slapping and brushing the ears, face, and hands. They kept in good practice in

these movements, and performed them with great precision. As a defense against this fearful enemy, the government issued musquito bars to the troops of this Department, which became a necessary part of a soldier's equipment. Another cause of complaint was the lack of wholesome water. Wells and springs were unknown in that region, and the bayous alone supplied this want. From this source they could only dip up a brackish and warm fluid, thick with mud and slime. To protect the men as much as possible against the injurious effects of water and climate, whisky rations, sometimes mixed with quinine as a prophylactic, were here for the first time issued to the troops. This last remedy was so universally used by the doctors, that it became a subject of much amusement, and many jests. At surgeon's call in the morning, hundreds of voices would simultaneously strike up, as an accompaniment to the fife and the drum, the song—

"Come and get your quinine, quinine, quinine,
Come and get your quinine, quinine — nine."

As a general thing, the boys enjoyed themselves while they stayed in "Camp Reno." They bathed and fished in the bayous, they visited the neighboring camps, and watched the drills of artillery and cavalry men. They walked up to Fort Buchanan, and examined the method of constructing earth-works; they studied the habits and dress of the enemy's pickets across the bay, being the first "wild rebels" they had ever seen. Those endowed with powerful lungs and stentorian voices, would often carry on a bantering conversation with the Johnnies, in the clear air of evening. Occasionally a force of the enemy's cavalry would appear in sight, but a few well-directed shells, from the artillery camp, would drive them

away in confusion. Often a little white flag of truce would be displayed upon the opposite bank, when a gunboat would sail over to reply to some frivolous request. Abundance of fuel and lumber was confiscated by traversing the bayous around, by a little steamer called the *Southern Merchant*, which the boys averred could sail any where, where there was a heavy dew.

Various individuals living across the bay, evidently thoroughly tinctured with secession proclivities, though making strong pretensions to loyalty, made frequent complaints that their rights had been invaded, and that their property had not been properly protected. H. S. Carey, Henry Watkins, and others, of Berwick City, addressed a communication to Captain Cooke, Commanding U. S. fleet, and Colonel Smith, Commander of the post, upon the subject. Union pickets, it appears, had frequently been fired upon from the Berwick side, by rebels secreted behind buildings, and some miscellaneous firing had taken place from the Union lines, not authorized by the authorities, or the rules of civilized warfare.

The following manifesto of Colonel Smith, in reply to the Berwick committee, is highly commendable for its tone and spirit, and had the desired effect.

HEAD-QUARTERS U. S. FORCES, BRASHEAR CITY,
February 19th, 1863.

H. S. Carey, Henry Watkins and others, Citizens of Berwick City:

GENTLEMEN:—Your communication addressed to Captain Cooke, commanding U. S. fleet, and myself, was duly received. I have in reply only to say, that I consider firing upon pickets, or upon women and children, pusillanimous and cowardly, and that I will be the last to inaugurate such a course of warfare.

Our pickets have been constantly fired upon. I rode out on Sunday and witnessed it—the balls striking about and beyond me. Sunday night the enemy attacked us with shot and shell under cover of the

buildings on your side of the bay; and they have been constantly in the habit of reconnoitering from them. All the protection we can vouchsafe to you, is inside of our lines.

I wish to give notice that the women and children can be removed: and that notice I give *now*—for, by the living God, if there is any more firing from your side, we will make it the hottest place in all rebeldom. It is a little singular that no complaint or information comes to *us* of their whereabouts, or of firing from that side, unless we return it. This won't do, gentlemen; the slope is the wrong way. Come within the lines or hold yourselves liable to get hurt. Every species of private property I intend to respect, and, as far as in my power, keep inviolate.

Pieces have been discharged into the water, the balls of which must rieochet across the bay. There is a peremptory order against miscellaneous firing, and you shall have no further cause of complaint unless we are first fired upon.

Respectfully. ELISHA B. SMITH.
Colonel Commanding Post.

JAMES F. FITTS, Adjutant.

The communication of Colonel Smith was endorsed by General Weitzel, as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, HEAD-QUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, CAMP STEVENS, February 20, 1863.

Colonel E. B. Smith, Commanding forces in Brashear City:

SIR:—I am directed by the Commanding General to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 19th inst., and to state that your reply is approved of. Return the fire of the enemy as you see fit, and if they take shelter behind the buildings, shell the buildings. Your notice for the removal of women and children is sufficient and proper. There is no law by which the enemy can dictate how or when the fire shall be returned; or, when attempting your life, or that of your soldiers, cry out from the door or window of a house, "Don't fire back: I'm protected by *private property*."

Very Respectfully,
By command of BRIG. GEN. WEITZEL.

J. B. HUBBARD, Capt. A. A. Gen'l.

At length, General Weitzel removed his Head-quarters from Thibodeaux to Brashear City, and here concentrated his command. One morning, while the Regiment was being exercised in battalion drill, by Major Curtis, an officer riding by, stopped his horse to observe the evolutions. Presently he dismounted, and approaching the Major, conversed with him a few moments, when, taking the Major's sword, he commenced to drill the Regiment, explaining each movement with much precision and clearness. Under his management, the drill passed off with interest and satisfaction to all. When the re-call sounded, the modest and handsome young officer, returning the sword, mounted his horse, and rode slowly away. That man was Brigadier General Godfrey Weitzel. It was a well-remembered day, the event of which, became the theme of many a camp-fire conversation.

Rebel deserters and runaway slaves brought in frequent information concerning the operations of the enemy in that vicinity, and they were unanimous in describing the enemy's fortifications, a few miles distant, as very formidable, and that they had, but a short way off, a large army, commanded by Dick Taylor. It was also stated that the captured iron-clads, *Queen of the West* and *Indianola*, were preparing for an attack upon Brashear City. Precautions were therefore taken against surprise, and the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, with the other troops at the post, were ordered to stand in line of battle every morning from 3 o'clock till after daylight. One night, the men were suddenly called out into line, by the long-roll. It proved to be only a *ruse* of the General, to accustom the men to promptness in such movements. In the meantime, the Regiment was daily drilled by one of General Weitzel's aids—Lieuten-

ant Harmount, of the Twelfth Connecticut. They were greatly indebted to that acccomplished officer, for the clear and practical knowledge of battalion manœuvres, which they derived from him. Up to this time, officers and men blundered alike in their interpretation of the simplest rules of tactics.

Days and weeks passed by with great rapidity, while the Regiment was lying in Camp Reno, until, at length, the season of ease and enjoyment was brought to a close.

CHAPTER XIII

Only we want a little personal strength,
And pause, until these Rebels now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of Government.

KING HENRY IV.

For some reason or another, it appeared, General Weitzel had found it necessary to fall back from Brashear City. Accordingly, on the night of the 20th of March, preparations were made for a big "skedaddle," as the boys called it. First, the sick from the artillery camps and the various Regimental Hospitals, of which there were several hundred, and half as many more in quarters unfit for active duty, were sent off in a hospital train about 12 o'clock at night, under charge of Assistant Surgeon Beecher, to New Orleans.

Silently the army wagons carried off tents and baggage—not a fire or candle gave token of the general movement. Through the darkness and mist, long rows of mules could be seen dragging the heavy cannon from the fort. The artillery wagons noiselessly trundled over the soft turf. The clinking of sabres and noise of hoofs gave notice of the passing of a troop of horse. The heavy monotonous tramp of marching infantry, and the low gruff orders, all conspired to make the scene one of peculiar interest. By daylight the whole brigade was rattling along the iron road towards New Orleans. When the rebel pickets fairly came to their senses the next morning, and rubbing their sleepy eyes peered over the bay toward the Union camps, they were astonished at

seeing not a Yankee soldier. Not a tent, or flag, gave evidence that the "invader" had ever pressed his foot upon the sacred soil of Brashear City.

In the meantime, our men had no intimation where they were going, until after a ride of eight or ten miles they found themselves encamping upon a newly ploughed cane field, in the vicinity of Bayou Boeuf. This place was but a clearing in the forest, and presented but few attractions. All around the horizon, were seen the tall cypress of Louisiana swamps, every branch and limb of which drooped with the weight of a silver gray moss, that hung in heavy festoons to the ground. The only permanent marks of civilization, in sight, were a few shanties around the rail road station, and a couple of dilapidated sugar mills. The swampy nature of the country, and the severe rains, conspired to make their camp at this place, a very disagreeable one.

A correspondent upon the spot thus graphically describes the camp and the mud:

"Such mud has existed nowhere else since the ark stuck on Ararat. The boys are emphatically stuck in the mud on all sides. Mud in their boots, mud in their tents, mud in their water, mud in their food; even the brains of the most astute are decidedly muddled. They eat and drink and sleep in mud, and believe if they should die in this mud hole, they will become mud—slimy, oozy mud, the favorite resort of cat-fish and alligators. Think of it! Think of it! The dust of heroes dead and turned into mud 'might stop a hole to keep the wind away.' Even, believing firmly in future destiny, they may, at last, be baked into perfect bricks, to build a house for some northern squatter in confiscated rebeldom. What a heroic fate!

"The camp is situated in a sugar field, furrowed like corn rows, the stubble from ten to twelve inches high, the mud ankle deep in all directions, and beautiful little puddles shining on all sides, like stars in a chocolate colored sky. Looking through Company streets, one beholds boxes of hard tack, soaked to perfection, barrels resembling

small hillocks of Louisiana bottom, pairs of legs in blue breeches sticking out of mud heaps, with soldiers on top of them, salt horse washed into fresh beef, tents, dilapidated commissary stores, with mud hither and thither by way of never ending variety. Verily,

> 'The rose is red, the grass is green,
> But mud like this I've never seen.'"

They were tormented, too, with alligators of immense dimensions and familiar habits; moccasin snakes of domestic tendencies, crawling into the tents for shelter, and frequently monopolizing the blankets of the men.

Accommodating themselves in a remarkable manner to circumstances, they early commenced to level down the cane rows, and dig ditches to drain the water from the intolerable marsh. They also brought shells from a neighboring bank, and made excellent walks through the streets. By such labor, Camp Mansfield soon began to present a neat and comfortable appearance.

The dirty waters of the bayous furnished to the fishermen an abundance of fish and soft crabs.

While lying here, the unwelcome news came of the loss of one of the best gunboats in these waters. The *Diana* was disabled and captured, with her men and guns, by a masked battery of the rebels on the Atchafalaya river, (pronounced A-shaf-a-li.)

For some time, Company C was detailed for special duty on this boat, but, fortunately, was relieved, on the morning of the day she was lost.

One morning every one was alarmed by the rapid firing of artillery near the depot. The excitement was quickly allayed by the announcement that the commanding General of the Department had arrived at the post, and a salute of fifteen guns fired for him, according to his rank. But few had an opportunity of seeing

General Banks, as he remained secluded, and but a short time. This visit gave rise to the general impression that active field duty was near at hand.

Wherever the army went, flocks and droves of contrabands would leave the plantations and unite their fortunes with the Lincoln soldiers. It was an amusing sight to see a party of runaway negroes come into camp. Old men with canes, bare-headed and bare-footed children, women in short dresses, with bandanas wrapped over woolly pates, and carrying infants in their arms. Big and little, black and yellow, old and young, crippled and infirm, all with bundles and all kinds of traps, came pouring in from every quarter, at every hour of the day. Many secured employment in the camps, as cooks and waiters, and washer-women, and teamsters; but by far the greater part were sent to New Orleans, and put to work on fortifications and in hospitals.

By day and by night the rumbling roar of passing trains, the whistling of engines, gave notice of fresh arrival of troops. New camps were springing up all over the open plain, until finally, as far as the eye could reach, one could see nothing but white tents and floating flags and blue forms. From every point was heard the clarion sounds of the bugle, the brazen music of bands, the shrill and inspiriting notes of the fife, and the rattling of drums.

On a bright and beautiful morning, the alarming and exciting intelligence was received, that the enemy with gunboats was near by. In an instant, every thing was in a state of agitation. The men were ordered into line, and marched to a good place for defense. There they stood for hours, anxiously awaiting the bloody onslaught of the enemy. Anxiety was replaced by weariness,

when finally some one thought he could explain the difficulty. It was whispered from one to another, until every man heard it, and told it. There was evidently a sensation in the ranks, which eventually burst forth in loud and continuous cheering and laughter. *It was the the first day of April!* The men were dismissed and went to their quarters, without the least formality, amid shouts of "April fool," "April fool."

Under date of April 1st, the officers of the New York Regiments, attached to the Second Brigade, published an appeal to the people of the State. The paper was signed by most of the officers of the Regiments in camp at that time.

At a meeting held pursuant to call, in the depot building, Brashear City, March 17th, a committee was appointed to prepare the address. Colonel Smith presided, Captain Cray, of the Seventy-fifth New York, acting as Secretary.*

The retreat from Brashear City, undoubtedly was designed to throw the enemy off his guard, while troops could be collected, and preparations made for a spring campaign. It was intended as evidence of weakness, to conceal the accumulation of real strength. The ostensible cause, was the fear of an attack in the rear, and the consequent destruction of bridges and rail road communication at Bayou Boeuf.

If reports were true, the confederates were completely deceived, and ceased to work upon their fortifications, yet, they dare not pass over the bay, and occupy Brashear City. The culminating point arrived on the 2d of

* The address, which has been widely published throughout the State, and which was very ably written, was prepared by Captain J. F. Fitts, who was delegated by the committee for that purpose.

March, and the army was thrown forward into Brashear again. The One Hundred and Fourteenth were called upon to make their first march of importance. The tents and baggage were deposited by the side of the track for transportation, and with knapsacks on their backs, and guns on their shoulders, they crossed the bridge, and tramped up the rail road towards the bay.

At Bayou Ramos, they left the track, and moved on a road that ran along the banks of Yellow Bayou. At midnight they spread their blankets upon a vacant field, in Brashear City. The following day, the tents arrived, and were pitched upon a new camping ground.

From the many changes and exposures, incident to camp life, and the effects of a southern climate, sickness at this time was largely on the increase. An active campaign was about to open, and many must be left behind. At this juncture, a Brigade Hospital was established. It was located on what is known as "Cow-pen Island," across the Atchafalaya, about a mile below Brashear City. A deserted mansion, with beautiful grounds, ornamented with shrubbery and flowers, was appropriated for this use. The proprietor, it is said, was a Union man, but his wife having secession proclivities, seduced him from his splendid home, as was the case with many others, to follow the delusions of women. Hospital tents were added, and extensive preparations made, to accommodate wounded, as well as sick. Surgeon Powers, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, was placed in charge, aided by an efficient corps of assistants.

At this Hospital the mortality was truly alarming. There were from eight to ten, and as many as twelve deaths per day, for weeks together, out of a list of patients varying from three to five hundred, independent of the wounded, which were subsequently added.

Here many a generous hearted boy of the Regiment, nobly offered up his life—here fought life's last battle, and now rests in a peaceful grave, fragrant with precious memories, on the banks of the Atchafalaya.

In a few days, it was estimated that thirty thousand troops were encamped at this point, besides a large fleet of gunboats and transports. On every hand the busy note of preparation was heard. Day and night, ringing anvils told of wagons repaired, and the shoeing of mules and horses. At the depot, gangs of workmen were constantly employed in unloading army supplies from the cars, and filling up the wagons. Even the knapsacks were inspected, and with surplus baggage, stowed away in ware-houses, leaving each soldier but one change of under clothing, to be carried in a rubber blanket. The haversacks were loaded with three days rations, and cartridge boxes filled with ammunition.

On the 9th of April, the fleet began to convey the army across the bay. The One Hundred and Fourteenth, leaving their tents standing behind them, marched to the dock, and crowded aboard the gunboat *Clifton*. A few minutes sail brought them to Berwick City, where they landed. Proceeding to the large plain in the rear of the town, they halted and stacked arms. The men were somewhat excited by the prospect before them, which was in no wise allayed by the sound of rapid musket firing, toward the front, where those who had arrived early in the morning were engaging the pickets of the enemy. All the day and night, and the day following, the boats were bringing the army across the bay.

An ancient Indian mound upon the plain, served a good purpose, and was used for a signal station. Flags by day, and lights by night, were conversing with another signal party upon a scaffolding, from the roof of the de-

pot at Brashear. There is a mystery in the fluttering of these little flags. Back and forth, to the right and to the left, they rapidly make new combinations of movements, till one becomes bewildered in attempting to study their hidden meaning. Wherever a soldier may go, he can always see those black and white flags, waving from tree-tops, and roofs, and steeples.

This was the first time in the history of the Regiment, when the men fully realized that they were called upon to fight, to suffer wounds, and perhaps meet death.

On the evening of the 10th, the slow and faint firing in front, which had been heard for several days, became louder and more rapid, and was approaching nearer. The men were aroused at the expected attack, and were moved out a little way, behind a corn field. It proved to be only a little skirmish, and they found that the long looked for, and dreaded hour of battle had not yet come.

Here the Regiment bivouaced for the first time. Some slept on the ground, only wrapped in their blankets; others built little structures from fence rails and bushes; but the more general custom was to construct small tents from their rubber blankets.

If one examines an accurate map of Louisiana, he will observe that Berwick City is on the point of a narrow peninsula of some sixty miles in length. Bayou Teche, running south-easterly, and emptying into Berwick Bay, is followed in all its course by a narrow strip of arable land, bounded on the north by the swamps of Grand Lake, on the south by the salt water marsh of the Gulf of Mexico. The only way to reach the rich plains of Western Louisiana is by moving along the banks of the Teche; and when once in the Teche country, the only exit is by the two extremities.

Some twelve miles from Berwick Bay, the enemy, taking advantage of the singular formation of country, had constructed a formidable fort extending entirely across the peninsula, reaching from the Teche to the swamps on either side. To flank or invest such a position was entirely out of the question.

General Banks attempted to master the situation by executing a plan of attack, which proved as creditable to his skill, as an officer, as any of his subsequent strategic movements.

The plan was for General Grover with his Division to proceed on transports from Brashear City through Grand Lake, to a point or landing called "Shell Bank," where a road, but little known, led to the Teche, some twenty miles in the rear. Generals Emory and Weitzel were to move their commands up the Teche, and attack the enemy's works in front.

The intention of General Grover's expedition, as will be readily understood, in getting into the enemy's rear, was, if possible, to cut off their line of retreat in case they should be forced to evacuate in front; and in the event of his not evacuating, to attack him in the rear, and thus, under two fires, compel him to surrender. With this well devised plan, the campaign was inaugurated.

CHAPTER XIV

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
JULIUS CÆSAR.

Upon Saturday, the 11th day of April, the "Teche Campaign" fairly opened. Early in the morning, General Grover's Division left Brashear City, on the gunboats *Clifton*, *Estrella*, *Arizona* and *Calhoun*, and the transports *Laurel Hill*, *Quinnebaug* and *St. Mary's*. Two small tug-boats had in tow rafts, loaded with artillery and munitions of war. The whole proceeded in line, up the waters of the Atchafalaya, the *Clifton* taking the lead. As the loaded vessels steamed up the river, one after another, passing the army marching along the road, which moved out from Berwick the same day, hearty cheers were given, hands and handkerchiefs waved, and the joy which shone on the faces of all, could not have been exceeded if the parties had met after a long and dangerous campaign, instead of the few hours which passed since they were together.

The advance of the land force was made by General Weitzel's command, in the following order: Eighth Vermont, Colonel Thomas, extreme right; Seventy-Fifth New York, Lieutenant Colonel Babcock, right centre; One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, Colonel Smith, centre; One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, Lieutenant Colonel Van Patten, left centre; Twelfth Connecticut, Lieutenant Colonel Peck, left wing. Williamson's First Louisiana cavalry was in the extreme advance, closely followed by skirmishers from the different Regi-

ments. One Company of the First United States Artillery, Captain Bainbridge, and the Sixth Massachusetts Battery, Captain Carruth, accompanied them.

Cheerily the men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth marched out of bivouac at Berwick, and sang and chatted as they tramped along the dusty road, by the banks of the Bay They did not know where they were going, nor did they care to know. The music of bands, for a time, quickened their steps, increasing the jest and merriment of song. Going a little distance, they turned to the left, upon the banks of the Atchafalaya. The army had not proceeded far, before the scattering fire of the skirmishers was heard, giving notice of the presence of the enemy. Occasionally there could be distinctly seen, across the broad plains, a line of blue-coated cavalry, driving before them horsemen in gray. At times a piece of artillery would explode a few shells among small squads of the enemy, hurrying them away. Yet there was need of much caution in the advance, and the infantry were moved slowly while the cavalry felt the way.

After advancing some few miles, the enemy opened with a battery of six and twelve pound light pieces, posted near a large sugar house on the right. Bainbridge's Artillery was quickly in position, and so effective were the shells, that the rebels soon ceased firing, limbered up their guns, and hurriedly left. By order of General Weitzel, Colonel Smith from this point placed a guard over the houses and plantations. The sugar houses and out-buildings were mostly filled with sugar, cane and molasses.

Pattersonville, nine miles distant from Berwick City, was reached between five and six P. M. The Atchafalaya runs to the right, and parallel with it. Here the army

rested for the night. The One Hundred and Fourteenth filed off from the road, and prepared their bivouac—Colonel Smith, and a portion of the Regimental field and staff, making their quarters in a house near by.

No sooner were the arms stacked, and ranks broken, than the adjoining fences were torn down, and piled up for camp fires. The banks of the river, were lined for miles, with men bathing, watering horses, and filling their canteens. By 9 o'clock they had cleaned themselves from dust, partaken of their suppers, and were lying over the ground, rolled up in their blankets, fast asleep.

Here it was, it will be remembered, that the *Diana* was captured by the rebels, on the 28th of March, just thirteen day before, her commander, Captain Peterson, and Master's Mate, Mr. Dolliver, being almost instantly killed.

Our boys were assigned a camping place, where lay scattered the decaying mules and horses of the enemy, killed by the well directed guns of the *Diana*. Their rest, that night, was considerably disturbed by the stench; and from bundles of blankets would now and then proceed a curse, or a call upon the commissary to "remove those rations of meat."

Very early on the morning of the 12th, reveille was sounded, but the army was not put in motion till 10 o'clock. They left the Atchafalaya and moved along the banks of the Teche, (pronounced Tash.) The negroes, scattered along the road, gave interesting and truthful accounts of the enemy, and his defenses. They described the works as but a few miles distant, running in a zig-zag course, two miles across the plain, behind a natural ditch, and composed of an embankment of earth five feet high, sustained by piles. Behind this work, they reported

twenty-five guns mounted, and a garrison of from fifteen to eighteen thousand men.

The rebels showed themselves in considerable numbers, while the cavalry was having lively times in driving them. After proceeding a short distance, the location was supposed to be near enough to require the formation of the army in line of battle. The One Hundred and Fourteenth was placed near the left of the advance line, upon the border of the forest, while the right of Weitzel's Brigade rested upon the bayou. A similar formation was made upon the opposite side of the bayou, by other troops of the Division, by means of a pontoon bridge.

The army thus disposed of, or arranged, again commenced to move, although but very slowly. The fields through which it marched, were covered with a growth of sugar cane, so high that the lines were almost concealed, and so dense that it required the most fatiguing labor for the men to push their way through. Jumping from cane row to cane row, leaping over ditches, crowding between stiff cane stalks, wading through mud-holes. beneath a scalding sun, the boys toiled on, stopping every few minutes to re-form the line, which necessarily became broken, for it was impossible for one man to see more than half-a-dozen of his comrades at a time.

At 5 o'clock in the evening, having made but four miles, with great exhaustion to the men—the skirmishers still failing to discover any considerable body of the enemy—suddenly, without the least warning, a couple of cannon exploded in front, and two hissing, shrieking missiles passed over the heads of the men, killing instantly a pair of horses attached to a battery following close behind.

Thus opened the battle of BISLAND.

Before the men had time to recover from their astonishment, the simultaneous discharge of artillery all along the front, hurled shot and shell in great profusion among the cane, and far to the rear.

It was a critical moment for untried troops. They had unconsciously approached too near the enemy's works, and were thus unexpectedly and violently attacked. Even veterans could not calmly endure the appalling situation. A deep, dry ditch was near at hand, running parallel to the line, and the men were ordered to fall into it. In an instant, the Regiment was out of sight, while the batteries, but a few rods back, unlimbered, and were answering the rebels shot for shot. All over the field, the thunder of artillery blended into one continuous roll. For an hour and a half, while lying in the ditch, the men were subjected to the deafening roar of one of the severest and most remarkable artillery duels of the war. A thousand Fourth of July celebrations were concentrated into a second of time. The air was rent with solid shot and grape. A haze filled the atmosphere, from the smoke of discharged guns and bursting shells. The latter, exploding in the air, resembled fire-flies at night, while the falling missiles cut down the cane and threw up showers of dirt. The whole horizon in front appeared to shoot out a sudden jet of yellow fire, which disappearing, was instantly followed by a circle of white, fleecy smoke, which grew less and less, and finally vanished. Pandemonium was let loose. The variety of unheard-of sounds, and whizzes, and screams, are as indescribable as they were innumerable.

> "O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
> To make an earthquake!"

During this fight, General Weitzel confirmed his reputation for bravery. Through all the cannonading he did not dismount, but sat patting his horse, to allay the animal's fears.

A staff officer of General Weitzel at length directed Colonel Smith to march his command to the rear. Steadily, and slowly, the Regiment endured the ordeal of retreating under the enemy's fire, while the captured gunboat *Diana* paid the Brigade particular attention in the way of shells.

The rebels could be seen on their works, and cheering was heard at the supposed discomfiture of the patriot army. After marching back in line of battle about half a mile, out of range of the enemy's guns, the Regiment, about sundown, was ordered to bivouac, while a picket force was kept well to the front.

A mail from Brashear City was here distributed to the troops. Many letters from peaceful homes and loving hearts, were that night read by the light of burning buildings, surrounded by the carnage and desolation of war. Some, alas! came too late. Others, never more replied to the expressions of endearment from father or mother, brother or sister.

As fires were not permitted along the lines, for prudential reasons, as soon as it was dark the men laid themselves down between the cane rows, rolled themselves up in their blankets, and went to sleep. They went to bed supperless, for their haversacks were empty.

Early on the morning of April 13th, the *Diana* appeared some three miles up the Teche, and commenced, at long range, to hurl shells among the Union camps. A few well directed shots from a section of the Twenty-First Indiana Artillery, inflicted some serious damage upon her, for she

could be seen slowly moving away, with her flag gone, and her upper decks torn into fragments. Men who were spectators to this scene, applauded with cheers the extraordinary precision of the firing.

Rations were delivered to the command, and then they all moved up again to the attack, in the same order as that of the day before. Going past the position they had occupied the previous night, they laid down among the cane while the artillery opened the battle.

Again the earth shook, and the air vibrated with the concussion of the cannonading. The battle of Bisland was fought almost entirely by artillery, the infantry having but little else to do than to support the batteries.

The most trying position for a soldier is to place him where he is compelled to receive the shots of the enemy, without being able to return his fire.

Hour after hour, shot and shell went plunging into the rebel breast-works, or burst over the fort. The skirmishers had crawled up near enough to pick off the enemy's gunners, so that they were more reticent than the day before, only occasionally responding.

Some bullets came whizzing out of the woods at the left of the Regiment, indicating the presence of the enemy at that point. The men were ordered up, and discharged a volley into the thicket. At this time, Lieutenant Colonel Babcock, of the Seventy-Fifth New York, rode up to Colonel Smith, and informed him that he had been ordered by General Weitzel to move his Regiment into the woods, and drive the enemy out. He, at the same time, remarked he was "going to see what was in there," and advised Colonel Smith, to cause his men to lie down, as they would be in line of the enemy's fire. This judicious order was accordingly given, and the

boys hugged the ground between the rows, or screened themselves behind a few scattering trees or stumps. In a short time after the Seventy-Fifth had disappeared, the rapid rattle of musketry in the forest was terrific, while a shower of hissing, singing bullets poured over the One Hundred and Fourteenth. It was at this time that most of those in the Regiment, killed or wounded at the battle of Bisland, were struck—while lying defenseless upon the ground. Among others was George Ballou, First Sergeant of Company B, whose knee was shattered by a minnie ball, and who died at Brigade Hospital at Brashear City, after a struggle of several weeks. The Seventy-Fifth did their work thoroughly, and after driving the enemy away, came back bringing many wounded, and a few prisoners.

In the mean time, the batteries and skirmishers kept up a deafening din, the low works of the enemy being clearly indicated by flashes and smoke. The faint noise of battle, across the bayou, added to the confusion of sounds. As soon as a battery had expended its ammunition, it would limber up and gallop to the rear to receive a new supply, and as quickly plunge into the fight again. As soon as one Company of skirmishers had exhausted its cartridges, it would be replaced by another.

The men soon lost that nervous, anxious look and manner, so characteristic of recruits, and became accustomed to the sight of carnage, and the fray of battle. Cool and unconcerned, they picked blue-berries under their feet, lighted their pipes, cracked their jokes, and standing up in exposed places, watched with interest the progress of the fight. Shouts and cheers would go up, when a lucky shot made sad havoc among the rebels, disabled their horses or dismounted a gun.

"There, take that, will you?"

"A splendid shot; hit 'em again."

"Duck down, boys; they are shooting this way."

"Hurra! we've set some of those houses on fire."

"Take another gunboat, will you?"

Such were the remarks freely made, as different pleasing incidents occurred. They were particularly delighted upon seeing a party of rebel officers, who had been examining the Federal position, from the peak of a sugar mill, suddenly dislodged, by a shell exploding under the roof, which sent shingles, rafters and men into the air. Thus passed the afternoon, until darkness stopped the firing, and lulled the excitement of battle.

A body of troops moved up in advance of the Brigade, and some changes were made in the formation of the lines—the One Hundred and Fourteenth moving off to the right, some half a mile.

By the light of burning buildings the boys again spread their blankets among the cane rows, and laid down "to sleep, perchance to dream"—to dream of quiet homes, and loving parents—to dream of comforts and happiness, around family hearth-stones—lost to them, perhaps, forever. Sleep drove away the forebodings and anxieties which pervaded the breasts of all, relative to the charge which was to take place by daylight of the morrow.

At 5 o'clock on the 14th, the men were called up and began to prepare themselves for the expected assault. After a little time, there seemed to be an unaccountable delay and quietness in the movement of troops. It was soon explained by hearing hearty, long-drawn and distinct Yankee cheers towards the front, when looking in that direction, a blue column of infantry was seen passing over the breast-works into the fort, without opposition.

The enemy had evacuated in the night. General Grover had settled the question, for in their rear, he threatened to capture their whole army, if they remained at Fort Bisland. Cheers were taken up by every regiment and branch of the service, while all commenced to move forward. As they jumped the ditches, clambered the breast works, and entered the fort, they saw the terrible effects of the battle, and evidences of the hasty retreat of the enemy. They passed long rows of dead, laid out for burial, and a few wounded left behind. The ground was strewed with carcasses of horses, ammunition, broken cannon and carriages. Several guns were left uninjured in the works. The troops never stopped to examine the fort and captured material, but pushed on at a rapid gait, after the flying enemy. Straggling rebels were captured in considerable numbers, along the road. They passed the deserted camp of the rebel army, which was composed of huts neatly constructed from palmetto leaves, presenting to military men, a novel and interesting appearance. The rebel hospital, a little distance further on, was an institution of interest, and especially to the medical officers of the Union army, by many of whom it was visited. Its inmates were principally sick men, and these in a deplorable condition, the wounded mostly, or those that could be got away, having been taken by water to Franklin. It contained not a single Confederate Surgeon—the sick having been left to the tender mercies of the despised Yankee.

A star fort, close by the bayou, was also passed, which looked as if made with considerable labor and expense.

At Bisland, the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York fully established its valor. While it would be hardly just to close the narrative of the battle without some special notice of the gallant spirits that engaged

in the fight, yet while all acted so bravely and so well, it would be wrong to discriminate. The names of all became a part of the record. Every thing was done with good judgment, and perfect coolness, and when moved about from point to point, as duty called, it was done without reluctance, or the first indication of fear.

The following is a list of casualties the Regiment sustained in this battle: George Ballou, First Sergeant. Company B, knee. Isaac Odell, Company D, thumb. W H. Roberts, Company D, head, from the effects of which he died within a few days. A. N. Wheelock, Company H, neck, slightly. George Peck, Company A. head, slightly. William F Weston, Company B, chest and side C. Tyler, Company B, side. Franklin W Fish, Company B, shoulder. W Ernesworth, Company A, hand.

Some estimate can be formed of the character of the men and officers, upon that trying occasion, from the following note received by Colonel Smith, from one who had ample opportunity to judge:

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 29th, 1863.

Colonel E. B. Smith, Commanding 114th Regt. N. Y. Volunteers—

DEAR SIR:—You will permit me to take an early opportunity to express my hearty appreciation of the unflinching bravery displayed by yourself, and your Regiment, in the battle at Camp Bisland, on the 12th and 13th inst., while in support of the battery under my command.

During the first engagement, your Regiment was subjected to as severe a test as is ever required to establish the reputation of a Corps; and during the long hours of the following day, while it was exposed to an incessant artillery fire, its coolness and steadiness were the best proofs of its bravery and determination.

Please accept my willing testimony of the fact.

I remain, my dear sir, cordially yours,

WILLIAM W CARRUTH.

Capt. Sixth Mass. Battery.

CHAPTER XV

They dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,
And ostentation of despiteful arms.
KING HENRY IV.

The Regiment was now moving through a country never before occupied by the Union army. The road winding around the curves of the bayou, presented some new scenes of interest or beauty.

The Teche has with much truth, been called "The Garden of Louisiana"—"The Paradise of the Sonth." It has indeed been doubted, whether, in the whole South —in all the boasted spots of southern rural grandeur— could be found more fertile plains, more elegant mansions, more wealthy inhabitants, a more lavish expenditure of money, in gardens, out-buildings and fences, a larger amount of slave property, than was seen by our troops upon the first occupation of the Teche country. The planters, for the most part, left their valuable acquisitions upon the advance of the patriot army, either from fear of the Yankees, or from love to the Confederacy.

The men soon learned the pernicious habit of slily leaving their places in the ranks, when opposite a planter's house, to "appropriate" a chicken, or "confiscate" a pig, or "gobble" a few turnips and radishes. Frequently in entering the well furnished rooms of some mansion, they would find a table loaded with the choicest viands and wines, which the proprietor, in his haste, had but partly used, or left untasted.

When so much wealth lay within the reach of soldiers, frequently they rendered themselves very ridiculous, and excited the merriment of their comrades by attempting to appropriate articles the most cumbersome and useless. One was seen with a large and elegant clock upon his back, while another was trudging along with a family Bible under his arm. "Confiscation," as it was mildly termed, was such a wonderful propensity, that it even induced one misguided soldier to attempt to carry off an *anvil* on his back. It is needless to say that a soldier's affection for such articles soon ceases. After he has borne them a few miles, he throws them away for others of the same or a different character, which he gathers up and admires; which, in turn, he becomes disgusted with, and leaves by the way side. Thus it is that the road in the rear of an army is often found encumbered with books, furniture, china ware, portraits, ladies' apparel, farming utensils, and every portable thing that possibly can be imagined. Oftentimes a soldier can be found with such an enormous developement of the organ of destructiveness, that the most severe punishments cannot deter him from indulging in the breaking of mirrors, and pianos, and the most costly furniture. Men of such reckless dispositions are frequently guilty of the most horrible desecrations, and have often been seen, in one of their "raids," dressed in the full robes of a Catholic priest, or ornamented with the regalia of a Free Mason, while they marched through the dust, with guns upon their backs.

The most noticeable feature of the Teche campaign, was the great number of slaves, and the amusing manifestations of welcome they gave to their Yankee liberators. At every plantation, the road would be lined, and the fences covered, with grinning black faces—men, women

and children, courtesying and bowing, singing and dancing—all attempting to express their joy at once.

"I'se so glad to see you all!"

"Glory to de Lord, he let me see dis bressed day!"

"Are you all Yankees? I tot you all had horns!"

"O! you ought ter jist see old mars'r run, when he heard you was comin'!"

These, and sundry other expressions, would call forth from the soldiers, all manner of comments and laughable replies. Most of them would have their bundles all ready to leave their homes, and fall in with the troops marching along. It required the most strenuous exertions to keep the army from being clogged with thousands of negroes. The roads were very dusty, and the rays of the sun scorching, yet the men were rapidly pushed after the flying foe.

Every hour a short stop of a few minutes would be made for rest, and then on again at a swinging pace. It was at one of these halts, while the men were reclining upon the grass by the side of the road, that their attention was attracted by hearing, a little distance ahead, what seemed to be an order to a skirmish line, to "Rally on the reserve." A little investigation proved it to be a new version of the tactics; for while a throng of men were rushing out of a plantation house, each one bringing in his hand a jar or a jug, the shout of—"*Rally on the preserves*," was taken up by every man. The order was obeyed with astonishing rapidity. They "rallied on the preserves," until every man in the Regiment had his fill of preserved oranges, and citrons, and pears, and figs, and melons, and every variety of jams and jellies. The capacity of that house for preserves was greater than that of the men. The supply was not exhausted when the column moved on.

Suddenly there was a loud report of a cannon, and a ball went ricochetting down the road. "Oh! we've at last found the scoundrels again," said General Weitzel, as he moved his Brigade at double quick off the road, into the field, and formed in line of battle. A few more shots were fired, and the advance cavalry reported that the rebel rear guard had thrown their field pieces into the bayon, and were hurrying away. The troops again resumed the road, which was beginning to be strewed with blankets, overcoats, and other luggage, which the men in their fatigue were throwing away, to lighten the march.

The little village of Centreville was passed, apparently deserted, with the exception of a few handsome, but scowling ladies standing on the piazzas, watching the dusty "mudsills" as they moved by.

As the army was approaching the town of Franklin, five miles further on, a large foundry was captured, with all its fixtures uninjured, which had been of great use to the rebels in the manufacture of cannon and shot. There appeared to be some difficulty in the occupation of Franklin, judging from the firing of the cavalry. Again was Weitzel's Brigade formed in line of battle in the cane fields, and moved on slowly towards the town.

No opposition being made to their advance, filing out of the fields, they entered the streets of one of the largest and prettiest villages in western Louisiana. As the flags were unfurled, and the bands commenced to play, the foot-sore and weary soldiers were infused with new energy. The laggards were all in their places, stepping off promptly in time to the music, and the whole patriot army presented an imposing spectacle to the astonished citizens of Franklin. Scarcely had they advanced a

few squares into the town, before a stunning, deafening crash was heard. The earth quivered with the violence of the concussion, and the air was filled with a sulphurous cloud, and flying sticks and timbers.

The gunboat *Diana* was no more. Disabled at the battle of Bisland, she had only succeeded in reaching the docks at Franklin, when the victorious army entered the place. The rebels, accordingly, set fire to her magazine, and she was blown to atoms. Her commander, Captain Semmes, son of the notorious *Alabama* Semmes, was captured by our cavalry, in endeavoring to escape from the burning vessel.

Marching beyond the town about a mile, the Regiment went into bivouac on a grassy field, having marched fifteen miles that day. There they were joined by General Grover's Division, who had fought the day before, near this place, the battle of Irish Bend, which had caused the precipitate evacuation of Fort Bisland.

Here he gained a decisive victory, but for some unaccountable reason, failed to reap the fruits of victory. Why General Grover, after driving the enemy away in confusion at the battle of Irish Bend, should content himself to quietly encamp, in the middle of the day, near the battle ground, when, by consulting the simplest map, or heeding the advice of his guides, he could have marched unchecked but a couple of miles, and easily occupied a position that would have stopped the retreat of the rebel army, thereby causing its capture—why he did not this, is one of those questions that probably never will be answered; yet the humblest private in the ranks saw the situation, and chafed under his restraint.

Within a bend of Bayou Teche he lay the night of the 13th, while across the neck of the peninsula, the rebels

retreated upon the only road leading out from the lower Teehe, which at this point passed through a swamp upon a dike.

If at that time, a few pieees of artillery had been placed to bear upon this causeway, there would have been no more oecasion for future campaigns and battles in Western Louisiana, and the disasters of the Red River Campaign would probably never have occurred. Yet, as the boys chatted by the camp fires that night, they were satisfied with the vietories achieved. The rebel army had become demoralized, and had lost over two thousand prisoners. In summing up the glorious results of the past three days, they laid themselves down and enjoyed a grateful and much needed rest.

Early on the 15th, they were again on the road up the Teehe. Shortly after sunrise, they crossed the Indian Bend prairie, where they witnessed a beautiful *mirage.* Then they proeeeded again along the banks of the Teche, reviewing the scenes of the day before. Marching some ten miles, they diseovered in the distance a long line of rebel eavalry, waiting to dispute the advanee of the army. Before the proper disposition had been effected to give them a warm greeting, the sound of a steam whistle and the sight of a gunboat caused them to break and gallop away. So the boys had nothing else to do, than to sit down in the fields and eat a hasty dinner before resuming the pursuit.

General Banks, in the meantime, had made an important discovery. In attempting to form his lines for an attack, he found that he had an almost unmanageable and demoralized army.

It seemed that a few foot-sore men in the rear, seizing upon some horses were enjoying the luxury of a ride.

The example of one man was followed by that of another, until every plantation along the road side, was rifled of its stock of horses, mules and vehicles, every one seeking some conveyance less fatiguing to body and limbs, than pedestrian locomotion. The practice became so infectious that even officers adopted it, while every hour the army became more and more scattered into deplorable confusion. Company and regimental organizations lost their identity among that mass of horses, carts and mules.

Had General Banks been vigorously attacked at that time, his army no doubt would have been utterly ruined. He resolved to put an end to such evils, by prompt and decided measures. The command was halted, and Company K, of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, was designated to move ahead, and establish themselves by a large yard by the road side, and ordered to stop every officer and man who was riding without authority, arrest him, and turn his horse or mule into the enclosure. As the army moved on again, the Company commenced its labors, which continued without interruption till sundown. General Banks sat upon his horse near by, observing the spectacle, while his face bore the evidence of mingled displeasure and chagrin.

Such sights as were seen that afternoon, baffle all attempts at description. Footmen and horsemen were mingled together. Horses without bridles or saddles were being conducted by rope halters, and loaded from ears to tails with chickens and turkeys. Oftentimes the road was blockaded by the kicking and plunging of obstinate mules and fractious horses. Huge plantation carts, drawn by diminutive donkeys, were loaded down with lazy soldiers. In one instance, some officers were

laid out at full length in a hearse, smoking their pipes, while an ugly mule and a ragged negro driver were conducting them along the road. A soldier was being drawn by a comrade, on a hand cart. Wheelbarrows even came in use. An elegant barouche, conveying some officers, with cigaretts, was drawn by a novel team composed of a cow and a mule. Skeleton buggies, family carriages, doctors' sulkeys, butchers' carts, daguerrean cars, and peddlers' wagons, were all brought into requisition to complete the amusing, but sad picture. Verily there was a perfect *mania* for riding.

It is fitting to record the fact that Weitzel's Brigade was not engaged in these demoralizing proceedings, except to a very limited extent. In the meantime, the Regiment was moved three miles further, and bivouaced in a field, near the Post Office of Jeanerets, having marched that day some sixteen miles.

Early on the 16th, they resumed the march, still continuing their course along the Teche, viewing the same monotonous yet ever delightful scenery. The experience of the past few days had accustomed the men to marching. By this time they had learned to keep their places and move more steadily, without so much lameness and fatigue as at first. In many respects, a body of marching troops is a curiosity. No where else can one see such a peculiar, swinging, shambling gait, as old soldiers always adopt. It is amusing, too, to hear the conversation carried on by different parties as they trudge along. Sometimes they get into a loud discussion; now and then they break out into a patriotic song; again, they will imitate all manner of domestic or wild animals, thereby calling forth shouts of laughter from their comrades.

Occasionally they will ask all kinds of queer questions to such persons as they observe near the road.

After proceeding in this way some nine miles, the army lost the co-operation of the navy. The gunboats were unable to accompany them any further, for they found an impassable barrier to the navigation of the Teche. The rebels had scuttled and sank the *Hart*, an unfinished iron clad, across the channel. A few miles further on, the army entered the village of New Iberia, commonly called by the inhabitants Newtown.

Near the outskirts of this place the cavalry had a severe skirmish with the rear guard of the enemy, killing quite a number and wounding more. Moving four miles beyond the village, the Regiment bivouaced upon a low, rough piece of ground, within a bend of the Teche, having made during the day about eighteen miles. This was the longest march they had performed, and considering the overpowering heat of the day, as well as the very dusty condition of the roads, the energies of the men were pretty severely taxed, and that night they laid down overcome with weariness.

During that evening, a lurid light shown against the eastern horizon, and a dark cloud of smoke overshadowed the sky. It indicated the destruction of the great rebel salt works, at Petit Anse.

At 6 o'clock the following morning, the 17th, they were again tramping the dusty road, continuing to follow the windings of the Teche, which had become, at this point, a small and narrow stream, yet still navigable for steamboats. At 9 o'clock, they passed through the village of St. Martinsville, the county seat of the Parish of St. Martins. At this place the column left the banks

of the Teche, and moved out across an open and perfectly level plain. After proceeding some five miles upon the uncultivated, grassy prairie, the army was halted several hours to await the construction of a bridge over Bayou Tortue, which had been destroyed by the retreating foe.

Immediately after crossing the extemporized log bridge, the army began to ascend a slope, which reminded the men more of a northern hill than anything they had seen before in the state. Rising this some thirty feet from the level of the plain, they emerged into what is called the Attakapas region, (pronounced A-tok-a-pah.)

The country here is similar to that of the western prairies. It possesses a light sandy soil, with an evenly rolling surface, mostly devoid of fences and cultivation. It is sparsely covered with small clusters of timber, and has but few inhabitants, who are to a large extent cattle raisers. These people live here and there upon the plains, in houses partly composed of timber and partly of mud.

As our boys came upon this table land, and looked out upon a vast extent of prairie, they were astonished in beholding thousands of cattle, grazing all around them. As they trudged along the road, unfenced upon either side, or traveled upon the grass to save the choking dust, they feasted in imagination upon fresh steaks, and livers, and choice bits, which they promised themselves as soon as they arrived in camp.

At 5 o'clock, they bivouaced by the side of a small pond, or "sink hole," as termed by western men. That night the Regiment was detailed for picket duty. They were posted in the rear of the camps, and all night long watched for the safety of the sleeping army.

At 6 o'clock, on the morning of the 18th, the pickets were called in, and the Regiment, taking its accustomed

place in the line, commenced another day's march. Proceeding some three miles, they were halted, while the cavalry was engaged in a severe skirmish with the enemy, who was strongly posted in earth works upon the opposite bank of a deep and rapid stream. Preparations were immediately made for a general engagement, but the cavalry made short work with the demoralized army, and promptly drove them away, not without preventing the destruction of a valuable bridge across Bayou Vermillion. The army, in consequence, bivouaced upon the prairie, until the engineers could construct a new passage. That day and night they remained quiet, enjoying a welcome rest.

The boys eagerly embraced the opportunity to bathe themselves, and wash their underclothes in the bayou. The heat of the past few days, which had been intense, caused the most copious prespiration, which, mingling with the flying dust, had been productive of the greatest uncleanliness. No one, however, had been taken sick, and it was learned by experience, that active campaigning conduces to the health of an army.

During the night they remained in this place, one of the most violent of southern thunder storms came up, pouring down sheets of water upon their extemporized shelters, converting the prairie into a lake. In spite of rubber blankets, the men were completely drenched, and right glad to greet the warming beams of the king of day.

At 5 o'clock on Sunday, the 19th, the army commenced to move forward, but the One Hundred and Fourteenth remained behind. Strange orders had been received by Colonel Smith, the purport of which was that the One Hundred and Fourteenth must turn back, gather up on

the way all the cattle, horses and sheep in the country, and drive them to Brashear City, for army use. These orders were not very graciously received by the Regiment. As far as was consistent with military discipline, nearly all expressed their dislike at being detailed as "cattle drivers," and their regrets at not being able to remain with the army, in its victorious career. Yet, no one hesitated in the decision to perform faithfully these new duties.

Before the army departed, our men enjoyed the satisfaction of receiving the following General order, issued at this date:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
CORTEGELE, near Vermilionville, April 19, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 28.

The morning salute celebrates the anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord in 1775, and the assault upon American troops in Baltimore in 1861. The day is consecrated to Union and Liberty. Soldiers, you have exhibited your devotion to its hallowed memories and the principles it represents. In peace you contributed in every professional and industrial pursuit to the prosperity and power which gave a world-wide renown to the American States. In war you have learned to endure fatigue, suffered deprivations, conquered difficulties and achieved victories. In three months you have become soldiers. You have defeated the enemy, dispersed his army and destroyed his navy. In twenty days you have marched 300 miles, fought four engagements, expelled him from his fortifications, driven him at the point of the bayonet from Berwick's Bay to Opelousas, captured ten guns and two thousand prisoners, including some of his best officers of all arms, and made the reorganization of his forces for the present impossible, by depriving him of all the material resources of war—destroying his foundries and demolishing his salt works, that for two years have sustained the life of the Confederacy. The navy of the Gulf shares in the honors of the campaign. It has encountered and dispersed the fleet of the enemy, and sunk the Queen of the West. To-day it will reduce the fortifications at Butte-a-la Rose, and open the

Atchafalaya to the Red river, and the Courtableau to Washington of Louisiana.

Let us be grateful to Him who giveth us the victory, and true to the cause we defend. New glories are before us. The Army of the Gulf will command the attention of the people, and every eye be fastened upon its movements. Let us honor the flag we bear, and remember that to defy danger is to drive it into the ranks of the enemy.

By command of Major General BANKS:

RICHARD B. IRWIN,
Assistant Adjutant General.

CHAPTER XVI

He turn'd me back
With joyful tidings.
KING HENRY IV.

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?
Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse.
IBID.

Presently the Regiment commenced its retrograde movement. Gradually the men stretched out in a cordon for miles across the plains, driving the herds of cattle before them. Every planter was compelled to relinquish his claims upon horses, and bridles, and saddles, as Colonel Smith had given instructions to seize every thing that could serve to mount his Regiment. The cattle proved so wild that it was found very difficult for footmen to drive them. At noon they met their old friends of Company K, who were left behind at the time the army was deprived of its horse and wagon locomotion, and had been endeavoring ever since to join the Regiment. They turned about and joined in the cattle hunt.

But a few miles had been traversed before a large part of the Regiment, were galloping about on mustang and creole ponies. It was exhilarating sport for the boys, after the fatiguing labors to which they had been subjected. They had considerable difficulty in driving their herd down the narrow slope, and across the bridge over Bayou Tortue, but finally by night fall they had collected several thousand beeves upon the plains of St. Martins. They bivouaced that night within two miles of St.

Martinsville. A part of the Regiment was detailed to guard the drove, but in spite of all precautions, large numbers escaped in the darkness. Upon the following day they busied themselves in gathering up the scattered animals, and in collecting a drove of sheep.

A provost guard, under Lieutenant Eddy, was sent to the village, who succeeded in capturing a number of prisoners, seizing a lot of quinine and other valuable property.

As the Regiment had been directed to live upon the country, corn meal and bacon were eagerly sought after, yet the boys could find but very little else to eat than fresh meat. Large quantities of villainous liquor, called "Louisiana rum," was destroyed for fear of its injurious effects upon the men. Every sugar mill in the country, was stored full of sugar and molasses, and the gin houses were packed with immense quantities of cotton. Without transportation it was impossible to carry off these rich treasures, of such benefit to the Government.

The slaves were not encouraged to leave the plantations, as the Regiment was already burdened with more than it could possibly care for, and the orders did not include the confiscation of this kind of property. The day of their liberation had not yet fully come.

On Tuesday, the 21st, the Regiment moved on through the village, and some three miles beyond, where they bivouaced on the grounds of a deserted plantation.

Good news was heard from the gunboats. After returning down the Teche, they had proceeded up Grand Lake, attacked and captured the much boasted Fort at Bute la Rose, which General Banks termed "the key of the Atchafalaya." Upon this Lake, scarcely a week before, it will be remembered, that the *Queen of the West*,

a rebel iron clad, formerly a United States gunboat, which was captured near Gordon's Landing, on Red River, in February, was set on fire and destroyed.

On the morning of the 22d, it was found that one of the prisoners, a rebel Lieutenant, had made his escape. Slowly the troops moved again, driving their cattle before them. In the afternoon they bivouaced near the place they occupied upon going up the country, some three miles from New Iberia. Here the Regiment rested another day, in the shade of a fine wood, with the exception of Company B, who having been mounted, was detailed to drive a part of the herd in advance to Brashear City. The detachment accomplished their journey in three days, saw their stock across the bay, and a portion of it on the way by rail to New Orleans, before the Regiment arrived.

Colonel Smith, for the time being, located his Headquarters in Newtown, and endeavored to establish some kind of law and order in that distracted district.

On Friday, the 24th, the Regiment moved on about ten miles, and rested at dark by the side of the road. The men were beginning to suffer much for lack of proper food, which, except fresh meat, had become insufficient in quantity and bad in quality. They managed, however, to satisfy their appetites, in part, and their desires for a little more variety, with black-berries, which grew in large quantities in the fields.

The next day they marched twelve miles, to Indian Bend, and bivouaced at night near the rebel barracks at that place. Quartermaster Foot went on to Franklin, and succeeded in drawing a few rations. Late in the evening he arrived in camp, when shouts of joy were heard.

"Hurra for the Quartermaster!"

"Hurra, boys! we 've got some hard taek!"

"How are *you*, old hard taek?"

Every one was soon busy with his delicious repast,

"And mounch'd, and mounch'd and mounch'd,"

like the sailor's wife in Macbeth, regardless of the fact that the bread was mouldy and wormy. Another wretched night was passed, between eat-naps and tormenting wakefulness, caused by myriads of fleas.

On Sunday, the 26th, they marched some twelve miles, and stopped over night in a pleasant grove about a mile below Centreville.

The following day, they passed the ruins of Fort Bisland, where a party of soldiers and negroes were at work levelling the earth works, and otherwise destroying the fort. Everything here bore evidence of the terrible effects of war. Just inside the works, the formerly elegant residence of Thomas Bisland presented the saddest picture of all. The magnificent mansion had been burned to the ground; flower gardens trampled by marching columns; marble statues were broken, and lay prostrate on the ground; bowers and summer houses were overthrown; the fountain in the front yard was dry. Over the grounds were scattered pieces of fencing, shot, and fragments of shell, and mounds of new made graves. The outbuildings, too, gave evidence of the general destruction, the brick sugar mill being riddled through and through with cannon balls, destroying the finest engines and machinery.

The Regiment passed on through Pattersonville, and encamped for the night six miles from Brashear City, upon a grassy slope, on the banks of the Atchafalaya.

At 10 o'clock on the 28th, the boys came in sight of their welcome destination. It was a beautiful and exhilarating sight to look across the smooth waters of the bay, and see the white camps and the fort, with the stars and stripes floating over it, and the trim looking gunboats lying at anchor, and the locomotives moving about the depot. Everything presented an animating appearance, and spoke of Yankee energy and enterprise.

Before noon, the Regiment had crossed the bay on the steamboat *Kepper*, and had again occupied their old quarters, the tents remaining the same as they left them three weeks before.

Notwithstanding the fatigue of the past campaign, officers and men went immediately to work, cleaning up the camps, and drawing new clothes to replace their ragged and dirty garments. Their feet were re-shod with new shoes, and abundant rations distributed to the hungry men. The officers were busy with their neglected papers, and filling out new muster rolls, so that on the 30th, the Regiment might be in readiness to be mustered for pay. On that day orders were received to return immediately to New Iberia. So vanished all the bright visions of rest and enjoyment in camp.

On the morning of May 1st, the Regiment was paid by Major Farmer. Then there was a rush upon the Sutlers, to purchase with their well-earned greenbacks little knick-knacks and eatables for their journey.

At 2 o'clock on that day, the Regiment went aboard the elegant and commodious steamer *Empire Parish*. It was joyful news to the men to learn that they were to have water transportation, and therefore could take their knapsacks containing all their little comforts. The big bell had ceased ringing, the whistle had sounded the last

time, and the powerful boat was steaming rapidly across the bay, to the mouth of the Atchafalaya. The men enjoyed the ride that afternoon, as upon the high decks they reviewed the beautiful scenery of the Teche country. They had some difficulty in passing the wreck of the gunboat *Cotton*, and frequently were stopped by floating bridges being swung across the channel. A few whistles would usually bring forth several negroes on the bank, who would tug at the windlass to open the bridge to let pass the Yankee boat. At sundown, the *Empire Parish* tied up at the dock at Franklin. The Regiment slept on the decks that night.

In the morning it was learned, owing to her size, the *Empire Parish* could not proceed further up the Teche. The Regiment, accordingly, was transferred to the propeller *Quinnebaug*, which Colonel Smith with considerable difficulty had procured. This vessel was small and oppressively crowded, but their discomforts were slight when compared to the fatigue of marching.

All the day long they wound their way among forests and plantations, ploughing through a thick growth of floating weeds. At this season of the year the bayou presented a very singular appearance, being in places entirely matted over with a bright green carpet of vegetation. The curious plant which causes this peculiarity is an interesting study for botanists, and is said to exist no where else than in Bayou Teche. Each plant is a distinct individual, composed only of a head of circular corrugated leaves some three inches in diameter, the lower leaves lying upon the water for support. Beneath, is a little bunch of fibrous roots, drawing nourishment from the water only. In the winter months no traces of this plant can be found, but in the warmer

seasons the water is so covered with them that the grassy banks and bayou seem blended together. It is the generally accredited theory of the natives, that this plant acquires such bulk and weight in the fall of the year, that it sinks to the bottom, where it slowly decomposes, so that in the spring the capsules are unable to hold the seeds, which from their specific gravity, rise to the surface and form new plants.

The boys as they rode along could not refrain, now and then, from shooting alligators, which were wallowing in the mud of the banks. It is as much a part of human nature to kill an alligator as it is to kill a snake.

At Indian Village, situated on the extreme point of Indian Bend, the boat ran hard aground, and while the crew were laboring to get her afloat, a number of the boys jumped off and made an exploration of the town. They found the astonished inhabitants were mostly composed of every grade of amalgamation between Indians and negroes. They appeared, though, to be thrifty and wealthy planters. The sugar mill of one "straight-haired nigger," furnished for the boys a good supply of the first quality of muscovado.

Late in the afternoon, the *Quinnebaug* arrived at the wreck of the *Hart*, where she tied up to the bank, and the Regiment moved off the crowded decks, and bivouaced near at hand, in a beautiful grove of magnolia trees. Here was a gang of workmen, endeavoring to clear the channel of the mass of iron and timber which the gunboat had formed. All day and night of the 3d of May, the Regiment remained in the grove, nothing of interest transpiring, with the exception of undergoing a rigid inspection of arms and accoutrements.

On the forenoon of the 4th, the men strapped on their

knapsacks, and shouldering their guns, marched through Newtown and two miles beyond, where they halted in the yard of a deserted planter's house. The officers occupied the well furnished rooms, and the men put up their little shelters around the mansion. The day was an extremely hot one, and the weight of the knapsacks was so overpowering that there was a great deal of straggling in that short march of four miles. It was a universal question, "how can we endure this climate in July and August, if this is a specimen of May weather?" Nature provided for them. They were gradually acclimated, so that when the heat of summer did come, they did not suffer more than at this time.

CHAPTER XVII.

Our soldiers shall march through.
KING HENRY IV.

While our men were congratulating themselves that they would probably remain at New Iberia for sometime, marching orders came to proceed to Opelousas, and rejoin the army at that place.

It was a settled fact that the men could not carry their knapsacks in such weather, upon any considerable march, and it was decided that they must be sent back.

They were loaded on wagons and carried to the *Quinnebaug*, which took them to Brashear City, under guard of a few men.

An examination was held by the Surgeon, and those considered unfit to march were also sent to the rear.

A single army wagon was loaded with rations, when, at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, the Regiment moved off in company with the Twenty-Second Maine, who were passing by at that time.

Instead of going by the way of St. Martinsville, they went by the direct road to Vermilion. Rising up a gentle declivity, they came out again upon the prairie of the Attakapas region. Soon they passed by the remains of Camp Pratt, a former rebel camp of instruction. Toiling all day across the monotonous plains, beneath a glaring sun, stopping only an hour for dinner under the shade of an artificial grove around the house of a cotton planter, at last they bivouaced for the night in a

clump of scrubby trees, by a large sink hole, formed by the drainage of water into a hollow of the prairie. They were near the place when they had turned back on their first advance. Henceforth their journey was through an unknown country.

Lieutenant Colonel Per Lee was now in command of the Regiment. Colonel Smith, greatly to the regret of all, became so unwell at New Iberia, as to be compelled, much against his will, to return to Brashear City for medical treatment.

Very early the next morning they started, so as to avoid as much as possible the heat of mid-day. They soon crossed Vermilion Bayou, and passing the abandoned fort, entered the village of Vermilion, or, as the inhabitants usually call it La Fayette, (pronounced Lah Fi-yet.) This is a town of some three hundred inhabitants, with two churches and a convent as its principal buildings.

They had now come into more of an agricultural region, and the boys enjoyed the novel sight of snow-white fields of cotton, left unpicked. After marching some two miles beyond the village, they turned off a little distance from the road, and put up during the heat of the day at the deserted mansion of one Mouton. This man was said to have been the wealthiest planter in the parish. Indeed, all the leading men in this neighborhood gloried in the name of Mouton. Just before entering the village, the boys passed the elegant residence of Ex-Governor Mouton, and lately President of the Convention that caused the secession of the State. Near at hand, too, was the late home of General Mouton, of the army that but a short week before was flying before the victorious advance of Banks.

After dinner, the men strolled over the house and

grounds of the former nabob, and were astonished at the proofs of opulence and luxury which southern life afforded. When they saw the Brussels carpets, the mosaic floors, the frescoed halls, the china ware, the mirrors, the solid mahogany furniture, the extensive library, they were reminded of the toils and sufferings of the poor slaves, who had earned for their indolent masters such extraordinary wealth. They were amazed at the infatuation and madness which could drive a man away from such enjoyments. Yet upon reflection it did not appear strange, for not having labored himself for his possessions, he was unable to appreciate their value.

By 3 o'clock, the Regiment was again on the road, passing through a fine rolling country. Every day they passed over the desolating track of Banks' army. They saw fences torn down and burned, houses rifled, fields trampled over, and carcasses of butchered cattle. The South was reaping the whirlwind of war!

The men suffered considerably from thirst, being compelled to drink from sink holes, warm, stagnant water. At 8 o'clock in the evening, they bivouaced in a little hollow, by the banks of Bayou Carrioncrow, having marched during the day about sixteen miles.

At day light of the 8th, they were again tramping on successively over grassy plains, through forests perfumed with magnolia blossoms, occasionally crossing some little prairie stream. The country was sparsely inhabited with the most ignorant and wretched class of Creoles, unable to speak the English language, or convey an intelligent idea in the national tongue. At rare intervals, though, they would come to a fine plantation, betokening the wealth and culture of its owner. In the evening, after crossing Bayou Bourbeau they bivouaced upon the out-

skirts of the town of Opelousas. They learned upon their arrival there, of the departure of General Banks to Alexandria, and received orders to proceed to that place.

At 6 o'clock of the 9th, the Regiment marched through Opelousas, with drums beating and colors flying, while surly looking men scowled from the street corners, and unlady-like women on the verandas, taking advantage of the protection due their sex, screamed out coarse epithets upon the "Lincoln hirelings and nigger thieves."

Opelousas is a beautiful town, containing before the war some three hundred souls, boasting of several churches, a large convent and a fine Court House. It is the country seat of the Parish of St. Landry, and was once the rebel Capital of Louisiana, after the capture of Baton Rouge.

Immediately upon leaving the village, they entered upon a large plain, covered over with the remains of camps, where the main army had rested ten days, before proceeding to Alexandria. After marching six miles, they crossed a large tressel bridge over a marshy flat, and entered the town of Washington.

> "Wonder why they gave it such a name of old renown,
> This dreary, dingy, muddy, melancholy town."

This place is of considerable size, larger indeed than Opelousas, but was squalid and dirty. Among the boys, it afterwards went by the name of "nigger-town," owing to its great number of black inhabitants. Coming out the northern edge of the village, they came to the steep banks of Bayou Courtableau, a wide and navigable stream. The number of ware-houses along the bayou showed that Washington had once been a place of considerable business.

The retreating rebels, or traitorous citizens, had burned a valuable bridge across the bayou, but General Banks' engineers had constructed a temporary bridge of flat-boats, which the Regiment found partly injured, but crossed upon it without difficulty. Before General Banks left the place, he notified the officials that if he ever came to Washington again, he should expect to find a new bridge at this point, otherwise he would lay the town in ashes.

Within a year, the army had occasion to go that way again, and found a substantial bridge crossing the bayou. For a long time the matter was delayed, but learning that the Nineteenth Corps was surely coming that way, the people went to work with their carts and mules, and all the force, white and black, they could command, to save their homes from ruin.

Moving up on the east bank of the bayou, the Regiment came to the junction of Bayous Boeuf and Cocodrie, which, when united, form Bayou Courtableau. At this point is a little settlement called Montville.

They continued along the banks of Bayou Boeuf, and stopped for nooning within the shade of a forest. This day, if possible, was warmer than any previous one, which had caused, after leaving Washington, considerable falling out, and straggling. Perceiving the exhaustion of the men, Colonel Per Lee decided to move no farther that day, but to employ the afternoon in cleaning up, and rest.

A plantation house was near at hand, where there were plenty of chickens and pigs to feed the hungry. The proprietress of the place, unlike many of her neighbors, remained at home, and stormed and fretted over "the thieving propensities of the contemptible Yankees."

Her daughter, in the meanwhile, persisted in thumping on a discordant piano, and singing with ear-piercing shrillness the tune of the "Bonnie Blue Flag." These demonstrations, at first, were only subjects of amusement to the men; but when at last the sounds of oaths, squeals, abusive words and shrieks, mingled with the jarring notes of the instrument, increased in intensity, the boys could not help but regard them as perfect nuisances. A few of the handsomest officers sought admission to the parlor, and attempted to distract the young lady's attention from her piano. With flattering words they paid her the most extraordinary compliments. The ruse worked beautifully; the piano ceased; the voice was silent; the boys outside were relieved of the *music*, for the young lady's heart was touched.

During the afternoon, a few of the men, in rambling about, had found a large iron safe, which, upon examination, proved to be empty. They tumbled it over into a slough hole, and left it nearly covered with mud. Returning to camp, they selected a few comrades whom they took one side, and confidentially disclosed to them the wonderful discovery of an old planter's safe, at the same time enlarging upon the mines of wealth it probably contained. Their cupidity was instantly aroused, and slyly proceeding to the spot, they labored for hours over knees in mud, with rails and ropes, with the fond hope of soon becoming millionaires. When at last the safe was raised, and they found their bright anticipations dashed to the ground, they desperately dashed the safe in the mud again, and shrewdly keeping the matter a profound secret, proceeded back to camp to inveigle another party of unsuspicious men.

Thus, during the whole afternoon, this practical joke

was being perpetrated upon successive parties of avaricious men, until by evening a considerable part of the Regiment had acquired a practical knowledge of the *sell*. One party even labored in the darkness of night to secure the coveted treasure. Every man who exhibited any mud upon his clothes, was marked for ridicule.

During the night, the faint booming of distant cannon was heard. It was the bombardment of Port Hudson by the navy, some sixty miles away.

By daylight on the 10th, the Regiment moved out on the road for another day's march. It was observed that one of the officers was absent, and that the teamsters did not hitch up and drive the wagons out when the Regiment moved. The mystery was soon cleared up, by its being whispered through the ranks that this officer had secured the services of the wagon master with his mules, to extricate the safe, with whom he was to share part of the profits of the undertaking. Late in the afternoon, when the Lieutenant showed his chop-fallen countenance to the Regiment, his feelings were no way relieved by the shouts of laughter that greeted his appearance. He was the last victim to the "safe joke."

The road they traveled that day followed the windings of Bayou Boeuf, which is the most singular stream in the state. For over sixty miles it pursues its winding course, without any considerable tributary, being at every place of the same depth and width, appearing like an artificial canal. In speaking of this bayou, one of the men queerly, if not irreverently remarked, that in the creation of the world, a certain amount of bayou had to be disposed of in Louisiana, so it was found necessary to crook them in every way possible. The surface of the water is some thirty feet beneath the level of the country, approached by banks of steep and even slope. It is derived from the

Red River, and flows with a still and rapid current. It is a narrow stream, but a few rods wide, yet it is navigable by a species of canal boat, propelled by horses upon the bank.

After marching twelve miles, through a poor and partly uncultivated region, the Regiment halted for the day in the shady door yard of a fat and good natured planter.

But few slaves appeared to be owned in this district, and the people seemed to do their own work upon their farms, which did not exhibit many proofs of much labor and care. The houses were, for the most part, unpainted, and scantily furnished.

The planter at whose home the Regiment had stopped, knew but very little of the war, and cared less. In view of his kindly disposition, as well as his poverty, the men carefully abstained from injuring any part of his property. The officers slept that night upon the veranda, which ran along the front of his house.

The following morning, the Regiment was again following the course of Bayou Boeuf. Towards noon, they came into a better agricultural country. Here the residences and sugar mills were as extensive and elegant as upon Bayou Teche. Here, too, the lordly proprietors had deserted their homes at the approach of the hated Yankees.

After marching fifteen miles, the Regiment put up for the night in the village of Holmesville, which consisted of a store and five or six houses. They bivouaced in a piece of woods by the side of the road, but most of the men, during the night, slept in the vacant store, while the officers occupied a deserted residence. The only inhabitant that appeared to occupy this forlorn village, was an old school-master, who pretended to have been a native of Herkimer County, New York.

On the 12th, they moved on again along the banks of the Boeuf, through a fertile and prosperous country.

At noon, while the boys were taking a *siesta*, a courier passed along the road, and gave the information that Port Hudson had surrendered. This statement appeared so well authenticated, that Colonel Per Lee caused the Regiment to give three cheers and discharge a volley in honor of the event. Useless expenditure of enthusiasm and ammunition! In less than three weeks the One Hundred and Fourteenth was fighting rebels at Port Hudson.

During the day they passed the plantations of Ford and Epp, who were once owners of the famous Solomon Northrup.

Having marched fifteen miles, the Regiment put up for the night in a door yard, in the beautiful village of Cheneyville. A short time after their arrival the skies clouded up, and gave evidence of a violent rain storm. The Colonel told the men to seek shelter for the night wherever they might find it. Instantly the boys were scattering over the town, seeking for lodgings. Every bed in the vacant hotel sustained a brace of soldiers that night. Every cushioned pew in the churches had its occupant. Even the carpeted pulpits and altars were filled with sleepy men. Through the whole night the rain poured in torrents, but in the morning the clouds cleared away, and the Regiment moved off in the sunshine upon the muddy road, comforted with the thought that they had but thirty-two miles further to travel before arriving at their destination.

Before they had proceeded a mile, they met a courier with the news that the army had left Alexandria, and with orders from General Banks for the One Hundred and Fourteenth to return to Brashear City.

CHAPTER XVIII.

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them :—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free?

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defense,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

KING HENRY VI.

A weary road of one hundred and fifty miles had again to be traversed. No wonder that our men were discouraged, when it was known that they were short of rations, that their shoes were nearly worn, and that rebel bands were concentrating in their rear.

With sad hearts the Regiment countermarched, and passed again through Cheneyville. A few miles of tramping wore away the depressed spirits of the men, while with jokes and laughter they resumed their accustomed glee.

About two miles beyond Cheneyville, they met Captain Fitts, who had come from New Orleans with the information that the last muster-rolls had been erroneously filled, and should be corrected at once. Accordingly, the Regiment put up at the nearest plantation, to permit the officers to re-write their rolls. The house was turned topsy-turvey to find tables and chairs, and the rooms were filled with busy scribblers, to the great horror of the female members of the family. With close applica-

tion the work was finished late in the evening, so that on the morning of the 14th the Regiment was again marching. Encountering several showers on the way, they bivouaced upon the old ground, at Holmesville. The men took shelter again from the rain, in the store-house.

On the following morning, the roads were so very muddy that it was determined to remain over another day at Holmesville.

Nothing of interest occurred on the 13th, except that the New York schoolmaster was arrested, and kept in confinement, for abusing the men with the most offensive of Louisiana expressions.

A number of the men strolled out to the neighboring plantations and feasted upon milk and vegetables.

On the 16th, the roads being much improved, the Regment made eighteen miles, and bivouaced in a door yard, as usual. The citizens of the Boeuf country will bear witness to the fact, that the One Hundred and Fourteenth had a strange fondness for door yards. Within such enclosures, they found the smoothest grass to lie upon, and the most inviting shade. In close proximity to a house they found good cistern water, and wood, and now and then "a trifle of something good to eat."

In view of such advantages, they were permitted to monopolize those places most conducive to rest. Trudging along, faint and weary, in the noon-tide sun, or approaching night-fall, when nature, tired and exhausted, wooed for rest, the boys would often remark: "We shall not stop here; this is not a white house, and there is no white fence around the door yard."

Moving forward on the 17th, they stopped for dinner, at the same place where they had bivouaced just a week before. There they found the safe ready for other

victims, and there they heard a familiar voice, singing the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Passing over the boat bridge, and through the streets of Washington, they stopped two miles from Opelousas, *in a door yard.* The Chaplain arrived in the evening with a large mail—the first communication with the outside world since leaving Brashear City. He also brought the welcome news of the capture of Fredericksburgh. The Regiment was drawn up in line, and gave three hearty cheers over the event—an event which a few days later they learned, much to their disappointment and regret, had not yet transpired.

Early the following day, they marched through Opelousas, where the only decent treatment they received was from the nuns, who, standing on the verandas of the convent, with sober yet kind looks, gazed upon the moving column.

About four miles beyond the town, they halted in front of the residence of the rebel General Pratt, where they had stopped for dinner on their advance, ten days before. They remained here that day, and the two following, the men having become weary and sore-footed. They enjoyed themselves in gathering black-berries, making molasses candy, and in parching corn, but more especially in *eating* such luxuries.

Their situation, however, was not rendered altogether easy, in consequence of rumors, confirmed by "reliable contrabands," that a rebel force was being concentrated in Vermilionville, to dispute their passage. The last day and night they remained at this place, it was deemed advisable to throw out a line of pickets, which was accordingly done.

While here, Colonel Per Lee received orders to report

to Colonel Chickering, of the Forty-First Massachusetts, who was in command of a considerable force lately encamped at Barre's Landing, on Bayou Courtableau, but which had already commenced to move towards Brashear City.

Barre's Landing was a base, or depot of supplies for the army while operating in Western Louisiana, and when the main body left for another field, it was ordered that scattered Regiments and detachments gather up all the property they could, and abandon the country.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the Regiment bid adieu to the not over nice habitation of the quondam General, to form a junction with the troops of Colonel Chickering.

It was the plan of Colonel Per Lee, to suddenly break off from the direct road, and, joining these forces some eight miles to the east of Vermilionville, elude the rebels before they could be informed of this movement. By taking this route, the Regiment would pass entirely around the rebel army and fortifications.

After proceeding a short distance, they turned to the left, and under the guidance of a citizen, marched across fields and through a dense forest, about two miles and a half, when they came out on another road.

At 8 o'clock, they passed through the village of Grand Coteau, with bands playing and colors flying. This village is an old Jesuit settlement, composed mostly of public buildings, such as a college and convent, and whose principal inhabitants are black-robed priests and nuns. Here, out upon the wide plain, is one of the finest church edifices in the state.

The Regiment stopped on the street a short time to rest, and to wait for the wagons which had been delayed by moving upon a round-about road.

Pursuing their course through magnolia forests, they arrived, at noon, at the junction of Bayou Fusilier with Bayou Teche. Here was a rebel hospital filled with wounded men, who had been brought up on steamboats from Fort Bisland. This being the head of navigation on the Teche, the rebels removed their wounded to a large store-house, and burned the steamboats. Their charred hulks and the blackened ruins of the bridge, with piles of partly consumed corn, filled the bayou.

Crossing over Bayou Fusilier, the Regiment halted for dinner in a piece of wood. At this time they discovered the column of troops under Colonel Chickering, moving down upon the opposite banks of the bayou.

Here they commenced to carry into execution more fully the order for the confiscation of all kinds of property. Upon the east sids of the Teche, Colonel Chickering seized and carried off all the available property, particularly the slaves, while Colonel Per Lee performed the same duty upon the west side. The entire country was deprived of its laboring population. Every hour that they advanced added to the throng of negroes they had collected. Every plantation furnished its quota to the black multitude. Consternation preceded the movement of the soldiers, and the planters devised every means to conceal their slaves. Yankee ingenuity and cunning, though, generally frustrated all their plans, and seeking out the hiding places of Afric's sable sons, the boys would liberate thousands of dollars of human property.

It was the most interesting and amusing duty the Regiment ever performed, and was replete with many droll and exciting incidents. The blacks usually entered into the arrangement with much eagerness and delight, while the planters looked on perfectly thunderstruck at the infidelity of their servants, and the audacity of the "black

hearted abolitionists." The owners wisely kept their tongues, but often looked as though they would like to give vent to eurses, if they dared.

Thus the Regiment slowly toiled on, through mud and rain, until at night they halted in the front yard of a fine residence. The negroes made sueh arrangements for their night's rest as best they could.

They were now opposite the rebel forees at Vermilionville, and every preeaution was taken to prevent the enemy from gaining any knowledge of their whereabouts.

While the men were preparing a seanty supper, the lady of the house came out on the gallery, and inquired for the Colonel. Upon his being pointed out to her, she, in a theatrieal manner, expatiated upon her love for the Union and the good old flag, and finally asked if there was not in the Regiment a band of musie. Upon being informed that there was, she expressed a great desire to hear some of those good old Union tunes she loved so well, but hadn't heard in so long. The Colonel, of course politely eomplied with the request, and she listened to the stirring music with apparent satisfaction and delight.

While all this was going on, a soldier had diseovered that some negroes were making signals of distress from the attie windows, in the rear of the house. On examination, it was found that a number of slaves had been locked up in the garret, to prevent them from running off with the "Yankees." A ladder was quiekly improvised by the boys, and plaeed up to the window, and a file of men, women and ehildren, crawled out and down the ladder, to seek proteetion nnder the flag of freedom. When the theatrical proprietress ascertained that her

slaves had absconded, she forgot her Union sentiments, and frantically poured forth a torrent of treasonable expressions, heaping all manner of maledictions upon the "vile desecrators of southern homes."

Such proceedings were sources of amusement to the boys, who averred that it was the best show that they had ever seen. Finally, her rage exceeded all feminine bounds, when she saw a squad of soldiers returning from the swamps, with the balance of her slaves, whom she had concealed in a place of supposed safety.

At 5 o'clock of the 22d, the small band of soldiers moved out on the road, followed by a long train of negroes. The excitement among the colored population increased as they moved along that day. In every direction for miles, they were pouring in, the most of them riding in carts and wagons which they had taken from their masters.

The region through which they passed was similar in wealth and fertility to the lower Teche country. After marching twenty miles, the Regiment crossed the bayou on a swing bridge, and put up on the plantation of one E. P Scott, who pretended to have been a nephew of General Scott. That night the men sought shelter from the rain within a sugar mill, and the officers appropriated some of the rooms of the house. Every one felt a great relief in having safely passed twenty miles beyond the dangerous neighborhood of Vermilionville.

On the 23d, having made a junction with Colonel Chickering's forces, they crossed back over the bridge, and after marching two miles, entered the village of St. Martinsville. Proceeding a short distance below the town, the One Hundred and Fourteenth halted to permit the other troops and the negro train to pass by, in order

that they might cover the rear. For several hours they lay by the road side, watching the amusing spectacle of nine miles of negroes, with all their goods and chattles.

In the history of the war, it is probable that another such sight was never witnessed. There can be no doubt but that this was the greatest multitude of contrabands ever collected. It has been very correctly stated that there were in this one procession, of upwards of four hundred carts and vehicles, over eight thousand blacks. The Regiment waited for hours, and still the apparently interminable line kept pouring by. Every few minutes the boys would burst forth into shouts of merriment, as some new scene especially ludicrous or ridiculous presented itself. Here came a mammoth plantation cart, filled with rough furniture, and screaming children, nearly nude, drawn by a pair of oxen. Then came a young man leading a cow, upon whose horns and back was attached a rattling museum of frying pans, pails, gridirons, old clothes and hoes. Next appeared a creaking wagon, in which was an old grey-headed couple, demurely sitting on a broken stove. Then came trudging along a bevy of bare-footed women with infants, papoose-like, on their backs. Presently a very ancient and ragged looking mule, with two or three women and children astride its back. Again would appear more plantation carts, covered over with awnings of blankets, cowhides or boards. Then the attention would be attracted to an old man limping along with a cane, and carrying a half naked child astride his neck. Or the eye would fall upon a young wench, walking stiff and erect, with an enormous bundle poised upon her head. Occasionally an old vehicle would break down in the road, and scatter in the mud the most wonderful collection of furniture, utensils,

clothing, and traps generally, that the mind can conceive of. Now and then some quaint establishment would have a runaway, tearing through the black ranks, upsetting every thing in its mad career. Such incidents would call forth a variety of ejaculations from the frightened pedestrians.

They were mostly clothed in coarse gray cotton suits. A few, though, were decked off with the most expensive finery, which they had stolen from their masters or mistresses. All the women wore gaudy colored bandanas wrapped over their woolly pates, and the men generally had broad brimmed straw hats, much the worse for wear. The remarks made as they passed along were equally amusing.

"O, bress de Lor'! I'se gwine to de promised land!"

"I rekin as how ole mas'r has done lost two tousand dollar in dis chile, shoo. Yah! Yah!"

"Dese Yankees are orful smart peple, dey are; dey make ole secesh folks jist tremble in der boots!"

"I wonder if missus will miss dis yer bonnet?"

"Please, Mr. Soger, whar we gwine at? When will we cross over Jerdin?"

The bare mention of the word *freedom*, to these poor people, would throw them into perfect extacies, and they would dance and shout in the most extravagant manner.

When the last chaise, and carriage, and donkey, and cart, and footman, lame or sick, had gone by, the Regiment again moved off. Passing over the familiar road, they went into bivouac on the ground where the cavalry had a severe fight on their first march up the Teche, about a mile from New Iberia.

At 6 o'clock on the next morning, they passed through the village, and continuing their march during the day.

bivouaced in the evening half way between Newtown and Franklin, at the plantation where General Banks, a month before, had deprived the army of its unlawful mule and wagon transportation.

Early the 25th, the little army with its ponderous train moved on again. After a long and weary march, late in the afternoon, the Regiment passed through Franklin, the band playing and men singing—

"We'll hang Jeff Davis to a crab apple tree,
As we go marching on."

Passing three miles beyond the town, and while the Colonel was looking for a place to halt over night, suddenly there was heard in the rear the sharp reports of musketry, and a frightened mass of stragglers and negroes came rushing down the road, shouting—"The rebels are coming! The rebels are coming!"

They communicated their panic to others, and it required great exertion on the part of the officers to quell the mob and prevent a terrible disaster.

In the meantime, a messenger brought back the news that the rear guard was attacked near Franklin, by a large force of rebel cavalry. It was learned, afterwards, that this force was under the command of the rebel General Green, and had left Vermilionville upon hearing of the escape of our men, to hasten to overtake and overpower the little patriot band.

Immediately Colonel Per Lee decided to turn back to the assistance of the rear guard. Having dispatched a courier to inform Colonel Morgan (who then commanded the expedition) of his movements, he conducted the Regiment to within a mile of Franklin, and formed a line of battle. Here the cavalry constituting the rear guard was rapidly fleeing before the volleys of the rebels. The

Colonel, with much difficulty, succeeded in stopping them, when, reforming their line and assuming command, he rode out with them to skirmish, and ascertain the strength and position of the assailants. After a short and spirited contest, they drove the enemy's advance guard into the town. At this time an officer of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, Lieutenant Wood, was mortally, and several others severely wounded, the former dying in Hospital at Berwick, the day following.

The dust was so thick that it was impossible to form any estimate of the situation and numbers of the enemy. A few shells were sent after them without eliciting any reply. They were now firing from the roofs and windows of the houses.

Colonel Per Lee hastened back to his command, and informed the boys that he was "for going back and cleaning out the town." They responded to this sentiment with cheers, and throwing out Companies B and D as skirmishers, moved slowly towards the village, which they were anxious to lay in ashes. When within the outskirts, Colonel Morgan arrived and ordered the Regiment to retire.

The enemy blundered badly, which was as damaging to his success as it was fortunate for us. In following up, his advance came on too rapidly, and apprised the command of the danger, before it had gone into camp. In the repose and security of night, a thousand dashing cavalry would have stood a good chance to have captured the entire train and the little army.

The One hundred and Fourteenth countermarching, they were soon out of sight of Franklin.

After the excitement of the attack had subsided, the men suffered intensely from the effects of their severe labors; yet there was no rest for them that night. By

the bright moonlight, they dragged their weary bodies over many a long mile of dusty road. Till morning dawn, they limped and staggered on towards Brashear City, the welcome haven of rest, and security against the vigilant foe, who was following them "not afar off." The men would fall asleep as they walked, and tumble headlong in their tracks. It was unsafe to halt the column any length of time for rest, lest it would be impossible to arouse the men. The sun rose upon a wretched set of mortals. A little after daylight, the boys were cheered by the appearance of a gunboat, which had been sent up from Brashear to assist in their retreat.

At 5 o'clock they halted a short time for breakfast, of which they stood much in need, as they went supperless the night before. On again, through Bisland and Pattersonville, at 11 o'clock they halted at Berwick City, under cover of the fort and gunboats, in sight of the good old camp.

Without waiting to wash or eat, the men sank down upon the ground and slept. A more dirty, ragged, haggard looking body of men, was never seen. Many of them were without shoes, and their naked feet were raw with blisters and lacerations. Their hair was long and tangled, and the beard was untrimmed. They had marched since 5 o'clock of the preceding morning, over forty-eight miles, without rest and with but little food. In less than seven weeks, they had walked nearly FIVE HUNDRED MILES. No wonder the men were jaded and tired, and felt that they were entitled to a season of repose.

At 3 o'clock, the Regiment was carried over the bay in a steamboat, and occupied their tents again.

Preparations were instantly made to procure clothing and other necessaries for the command. Oh! how sweetly the boys slept that night, under the shelter of their

tents, with their hunger satisfied, clean clothes on their backs, and consoled with the assurance that their past expedition had been crowned with abundant success!

It is no part of the province of the writer to indulge in panegyric, but simply to record facts, and let the reader judge. Yet, at times, we can easily be indulged in a portion of enthusiasm over some stirring event—a fond lingering over some exciting scene.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Regiment was untiring in its efforts to further the success of the expedition, which General Banks stated to have been "the key-note of the whole campaign." Too much cannot be said of the coolness, bravery, and above all, unremitting perseverance of the officers and men, during the entire journey. Without their hearty co-operation, which was freely given under all circumstances, it is not too much to say, so much could not have been done, and with such signal success. That their conduct at all times was such as to merit commendation—that their services were not unappreciated—let the following handsome and gratifying compliment from the commander of the expedition, addressed to Colonel Per Lee, attest:

SPRINGFIELD LANDING, La., May 29, 1863

Lieutenant Colonel Per Lee, Commanding 114th Regiment:

* * * * * I take this opportunity of returning to yourself and command my sincere thanks for the good feeling displayed, and the prompt manner in which you quieted the panic caused by the unexpected attack of guerrillas upon our rear guard, and the bravery shown by you, and the alacrity with which all orders were obeyed on our recent arduous march.

I shall take pleasure in presenting your name for the favorable consideration of the Major General Commanding.

I have the honor to be, Colonel,

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

Col. J. S. MORGAN, 90th N. Y. V.

CHAPTER XIX

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a seige:
Behold the ordnance on the carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping.

KING HENRY V.

Refreshed by slumber, our men arose on the morning of the 28th, to be astounded with the order: "Be ready to move at a moment's notice, in light marching order." There was no use in complaining or feeling distressed over this announcement, although they had hoped that now they would have a respite from their toils. Looking the matter cheerfully in the face, every one began to bustle around to be prepared for another journey. It was the general impression, that now they were going to join their Brigade at Port Hudson, whither it had gone from Alexandria.

Here they found Colonel Smith, who had so far recovered from his illness as to be able to look after the welfare of the men, and who accompanied them as far as New Orleans. The boys were delighted to see his pleasant face once more, and hear his familiar voice.

The whole day was passed without the Regiment moving from the camp, for the officials at the bay were too busy in trying to provide for the thousands of helpless negroes, to employ any time in supplying transportation for the troops. They seemed to be astonished at the prodigious proceeds of the late expedition, and overwhelmed with their increased responsibilities. The men, in the meantime, carefully stowed away again their knap-

sacks, and officers, in like manner, packed away trunks and dishes.

At 8 o'clock on Friday, May 29th, the Regiment marched to the rail road, and crowded on a long train of open cars. Soon every thing was ready, the whistle sounded, and the train moved off towards Algiers, amid the shouts of the men. Riding over the country at a high rate of speed, was new and exciting sport for the boys, after marching so many weary miles. Every object along the rail road was interesting and familiar to some of the men who had guarded that part of the road three months before. As each Company arrived at its old station, they were reminded of the pleasant times they had formerly enjoyed.

At 3 o'clock the Regiment arrived at Algiers, where the men jumped off the cars and marched across the dock, and up the gang-way plank of the ocean steamer *Cahawba.* This vessel was a very commodious one, but was very crowded, as another Regiment, the Ninety-first New York, was already aboard of her.

At 6 o'clock, in the midst of a severe shower, the steamer cast her lines, and sailed rapidly up the river. Passing the busy levee of New Orleans, and the villages of Boligny and Carrollton, darkness came on, and the men sought places to spread their blankets for a night's sleep. The officers went below and secured the comforts of berths.

By daylight every one was up, looking out upon the beautiful scenery of the Mississippi. Houses, groves, villages, sugar mills and gardens, skirted the banks of the river. During the morning they passed by the village of Plaquemine, the county seat of the Parish of Iberville, and at 10 o'clock they stopped opposite the

wharf boat at Baton Rouge. This was a city of apparently considerable activity, with many fine edifices. The blackened ruins of the elegant state house towered above all the buildings, and showed how terrible are the desecrations of war. Upon the opposite side of the river is the little town of West Baton Rouge, having for its prominent building a showy depot of the Grossetete rail road.

Moving on again, they passed by a formidable fort, crowned by a row of cannon, and upon whose grassy ramparts sentinels were pacing back and forth.

At 2 o'clock, the *Cahawba* tied up to the bank at Springfield Landing, among a throng of steamboats. The sailors soon constructed a staging over which the Regiment marched into the forest which stretched to the shore. For three hours they awaited the unloading of the vessel.

Springfield Landing was the depot of supplies for the army at Port Hudson, twelve miles distant, and was crowded with officers, and wagons, and ambulances filled with wounded, and piles of boxes and barrels.

While here, they learned the particulars of the severe battle at Port Hudson, three days before, in which Weitzel's Brigade had been considerably cut up. They listened with interest to the narration of events that had occurred during their absence on the Teche. How General Banks, on leaving Alexandria, had marched down the Red River to Simmsport, there had crossed the Atchafalaya, and continued to march down Old River, to the Mississippi. How he crossed the river at Bayou Sara, and moved down in the rear of Port Hudson. How General Auger with his Division had come up from Baton Rouge, and, having fought on the 22d the battle of

Plain Store, made a junction with General Banks the day following; and, finally, how the whole Union forces, on the 27th of May, attacked the enemy, and after a severe contest succeeded in driving him into his fortifications, and entirely surrounding him with a line reaching from the river above to the river below.

At 5 o'clock the Regiment at last got under motion for the front. As they marched through the deep forests, they were seriously reminded of the perils they were about to encounter, by frequently meeting ambulance trains, loaded with a pale, groaning, screaming, bleeding freight of wounded men.

In the silence of evening, beneath the solemn trees, how sadly they felt over the horrors of war; how keenly they sympathized with the suffering wounded. It is at such times, only, that a soldier appreciates the revolting character of his employment, and realizes the extent of jeopardy to which he is constantly exposed.

At 9 o'clock the Regiment halted for the night upon a little clearing. By the light of the moon, the men spread their blankets upon the grass, and laid down to sleep. At intervals during the night, they were awakened by the booming of cannon, reverberating through the wood.

At 6 o'clock on the 31st, they moved on, and soon came to the rear of the army. They passed the camps, and wagon trains, and blacksmith forges, and cook shanties, until finally they halted opposite the Head-quarters of their beloved General Weitzel.

After Colonel Per Lee had reported to him, the men were furnished with an extra supply of cartridges, and then marched off on a narrow road through the forest, towards the right of the enemy's works. The deafening reports of cannon, now showed that they were close by

Port Hudson. Proceeding half a mile, the Regiment was ordered to rest by the side of the path, until further orders.

While lying here, General Banks rode by, accompanied by a few officers. Captain Bullock, inspired by his presence, jumped up and proposed three cheers for the Commanding General, which were heartily given. Such compliments were well intended, but found to be sadly out of place. The boys did not consider their proximity to the rebels, and that they had informed the enemy of their position. Immediately, in quick succession there followed a distant roar, a piercing shriek, and a loud explosion of a one hundred and twenty pound shell over their heads, the fragments plunging to the ground on either hand. One followed another, until the boys sought shelter behind logs and trunks of trees. Even then they were not safe, for the missiles would cut off limbs, and drop them down on their heads. Their enthusiasm was instantly cooled. The place became "so hot" that the Colonel moved the Regiment about half a mile further on, and halted in the shelter of a ravine. No more cheers were proposed that day, and if there had been, no one would have responded, even if the President of the United States had presented himself. Yet, in the little valley they were not entirely secure from shells, for on the knoll in their front was a battery of Parrott guns, which drew in that direction the enemy's fire. Several men were wounded and carried to the rear.

That day and night they remained quiet, listening to the rattling of musketry and the roar of cannon, which could be heard for miles around. Occasionally a few reckless boys would go up to the battery, and peer over into the rebel works. Their curiosity would be gratified

by seeing only a low line of earthworks, from which, at places, a puff of smoke would arise, indicating the presence of concealed men. When a few bullets would hiss by them, they were generally glad to duck their heads, and return to a place more secure. The men enjoyed but little sleep that night, for their ears refusing not to hear the horrid din, kept them wide awake. While their eyes were closed, it would seem as though they could see the flashes of the cannon, which like lightning suddenly lit up the forest and the sky.

"'Tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife."

How strong is the power of habit. How easy one becomes accustomed to situations the most unnatural—to circumstances the most trying and annoying. In a few days every man in the Regiment could lie down at night, and sleep as sweetly as in his own bed at home, when cannon were firing about him, and shells exploding over his head.

The afternoon of June 1st, the Regiment moved forward to take its place in the old Brigade, and become a fractional part of the investing army. It was assigned a position tolerably secure, being in a deep ravine caused by the washings of Sandy Creek. Upon the summit of the slope which rose upon the western side of the ravine, a detail of our men crawled into the trenches and relieved a party of sharp-shooters of the Eighth Vermont. These trenches were curious specimens of Yankee ingenuity, being frequently designed by the common soldier, and constructed in every possible manner conforming to location and material. Although simple in character, and easily formed, they were effectual for offense and defense.

At one place, a ditch would be dug upon a spot of level ground. At another, taking advantage of a hill, the slope facing from the enemy would be cut, so as to bring the head of the gunner on a level with the crest. Frequently logs or blocks of wood would be piled one upon another, the interstices filled with dirt. In another place a deep pit would be dug, screened by a growth of thick underbrush. In others still, small apertures would be made through clay banks, or loop holes made upon the top. Hogsheads, barrels, bags and boxes filled with cotton or sand, would be placed here and there.

From the Regiment's position in the line, the rebel works were but a few rods distant. At this place, with the exception of short intervals, it lay for forty days, engaged more or less constantly, day and night, in a fire upon the enemy. Upon the sides of the bluff, the boys dug caves and pits, as a protection from shells, and in them they made their homes. The brackish and scanty water of the creek was all they had for drinking and bathing purposes.

For forty nights they were without fire or lights, for fear of drawing the fire of the enemy. All the while the grand old magnolia forest echoed with the incessant roar of artillery and musketry. Their duty was uniform. At regular intervals they would take turns in relieving each other at the rifle pits; and then, for a number of hours, with the watchfulness and patience of cats, and with guns poised through loop holes, they would watch for the slightest exposure of some "Johnny Reb;" and when he did show himself, he usually paid the penalty of his rashness with his life.

The enemy, too, were equally vigilant, and every day some man in the Regiment would be hit by a concealed marksman.

Those men who were not on duty, would devote their time to sleeping, playing cards, or conversation. Thus for days and weeks the siege was protracted, without much perceptible gain to the Union side.

There were those who considered Port Hudson impregnable; not on account of the enginery of its works, but by reason of its wonderful natural advantages and position. On the river front, it was indeed impregnable. For two miles around a bend in the Mississippi, there rises from the surface of the water an almost perpendicular wall of yellow clay, some sixty feet above average high water mark. The bluff was surmounted by a row of redoubts, occupied by seventeen pieces of heavy ordnance. Some of these were pivot guns, and could be used both for front and rear. Upon the top of the cliff is a level plateau of several hundred acres. Something like a mile to the rear of the river, the high plain broke off into a very ragged country, covered with thick woods, and worn into deep gorges and ravines by small water courses. Along the edge of the rough decline the enemy had constructed a line of defenses, which reached some three or four miles in a semicircular direction from river to river. Parallel to the land face, the army of General Banks, now besieging Port Hudson, had constructed counter lines of intrenchments, which his engineers were constantly approaching to the enemy's works. There were, in fact, detached works of the fort, which extended a distance of seven miles; but in the battle of the 27th of May, the Union army took possession of these defenses, and encircled his main fortifications.

The order of the investment was as follows: General Emory's Division on the right; General Grover's Division, right centre; General Auger's Division, left centre; General Dwight, upon the extreme left, commanded the

Division of General T. W Sherman, together with seven batteries and six companies of eavalry, Sherman being badly wounded on the 27th.

It will be seen that the One Hundred and Fourteenth was nearly opposite the upper part of the enemy's works. General Emory being absent, General Weitzel eommanded the First Division, and Colonel Thomas, of the Eighth Vermont, eommanded General Weitzel's Brigade.

In a few days after the arrival of the Regiment, the exeitement ineident to its new position wore off, and for two weeks the men lay seeurely in their forest camp, while nothing but the ordinary guard and picket duty broke the monotony of the siege. Rumor, with her thousand busy tongues, employing many an idle moment, always flits around to keep the minds of the men alive. Startling improbabilities beeome realities, when thought and feeling lie dormant. Henee the wildest vagaries gain eredence, and fill up the idle hours of a soldier's life. Some would have it that the pipes supplying the Fort with water, (though it was not supplied in that way,) had been destroyed, and that the garrison must soon surrender for want of that necessary fluid. Again, they believed that all the inmates of Port Hudson were dissatisfied, and would be glad to eapitulate, but were prevented by their commander, General Gardner. So it went, while the commanding General was eonstantly busy, by day and by night, planning some way which should lead to the speedy conquest of the plaee.

Everything indicated that General Banks was preparing to give the rebels as severe a bombardment as he was capable, before resorting to harsher measures. Night after night, detachments would be made from the Regiment, to work under cover of darkness, digging breastworks and planting new cannon and mortars.

At midnight, on the 11th of June, an attack was ordered upon the enemy's works. The object of the movement was to draw the enemy's fire, and thereby learn at what portion of the line he expected an attack, and posted men and guns in the greatest numbers. Three Companies from the right of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, A, F and D, were ordered to advance and cover the front of the Regiment, as a line of skirmishers. Hardly had they reached their position before the enemy opened fire, which was answered by the men in the trenches, thus bringing the skirmishers between the two fires. Falling to the ground, they escaped without much harm. The fire was very heavy, and the enemy manned his works in full force, but did not open with his artillery.

During the *sortie*, General Weitzel, who was with the batteries, ordered several guns to open, hoping to create the impression that a general attack was about to be made. For half an hour the boom of cannon and exploding shells was continuous and incessant, and the enemy must have lost heavily, as he advanced quite a number of men under the fire to the breastworks; but he either divined the object, or was holding back his fire for the assaulting party. Only six shots responded to our guns, and they did no damage.

While our men were in this position—close at the foot of the works—a heavy thunder storm came on, completely drenching the men, and rendering the clay soil on the hill sides so slippery that they could not retain their footing. They were ordered to return to their old position. The night was so intensely dark that but few were injured; but as they were returning over the breastworks, Lieutenant Stafford, of Company A, was seriously wounded. So severe was the wound, much to the regret

of the men and officers of the Regiment, by whom he was highly esteemed, and particularly by his own Company, that he was never fitted for duty again.

That same night, another party of the Regiment, under Lieutenant Carpenter, was chopping in front of the lines, to clear away a place for a sap, when they were driven away from their labor by a volley from the enemy.

By daybreak everything was water soaked, but the sun came out, and in a few hours set everything right again.

For several days afterwards a furious bombardment was kept up, but without doing much apparent injury to the enemy. Occasionally a building inside the Fort would be fired, and now and then a party of rebel sharpshooters would be driven for a short time out of their pits, but every night they were making their works stronger, so that day by day the effects of the cannonading grew less.

At 11 o'clock on the 13th, in accordance with orders from General Banks, a bombardment from nearly all the batteries commenced and continued for an hour with unremitting intensity and vigor. At the conclusion of the hour's firing, a flag of truce was sent in to General Gardner, demanding the surrender of Port Hudson, but, as was anticipated, he refused, saying "his duty required him to defend the place." Shortly after, the fire again opened slowly, and was kept up the remainder of the day.

Back from the batteries indications of another assault were visible. Hand grenades for the stormers were being filled, and bags were being stuffed with cotton, to be thrown into the ditch, in addition to the usual preparations on the eve of a fight. The time at length came, when the endurance and courage of the men were again to be tested.

CHAPTER XX.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!

KING HENRY V.

Colonel Smith arrived from New Orleans and assumed command of the Regiment, but a few days before the attack on Port Hudson was made. It was against the advice of surgeons, and the urgent solicitations of friends, that he entered upon the active duties of the field, in his feeble state of health. But he had "counted the cost," and could not endure the thought of enjoying the quiet of a hospital, or the comforts of the town, however indisposed, while his men were imperiling their lives before the enemy. He said that he had decided to take equal chances with them, in life or death, defeat or victory.

On the evening preceding that fatal day, the men were furnished with sixty rounds of ammunition each, and their haversacks were filled with rations. All night long, throughout the lines, the finishing touches were being put to the preparations for the fight that all knew would take place at daylight.

At midnight the Regiment was quietly aroused, and orders were given for five Companies to proceed up to the trenches, and be ready to open a rapid fire on the fort, so as to distract the attention of the enemy, whenever the cannonading on the left should indicate the commencement of the assault in that quarter. Companies B, D, E, F and G, were ordered to fall in, and marched off under the guidance of Colonel Smith. Stumbling along through ravines, and falling over vines and

logs, the Battalion slowly moved towards the left of the line. In a short time they fell in with other Regiments of the Brigade, that were silently moving in the same direction.

Not a sound was heard, save the rustling of dry leaves, and the crackling of little twigs, over which the men were treading. Now and then a low murmur of conversation would break out upon the subdued stillness, as the men quietly discussed the probabilities of success in the morning. As they went from one ravine to another, they discovered, in the darkness, that all the troops were standing under arms. They were fully satisfied now, if any doubted before, that they were to be called upon to assist in the daring charge upon the enemy's works on the morrow.

After a little while, they came up with a group of officers on horseback, among whom they heard the voice of General Weitzel. The sight of their General gave courage to the boys. He was so highly esteemed by his command, and such was their confidence in him, that when he was nigh they anticipated no danger or failure.

A delay of over an hour was caused by the non-arrival of some of the other Regiments of the Brigade, who had lost their way in the darkness. It was here that Colonel Smith was put in command of the Brigade, and Major Morse succeeded him in command of the detachment of the Regiment.

After the Colonel had united the Brigade, he marched it off in the direction of the point of attack. Proceeding in perfect silence two miles towards the left of the Union lines, the Brigade was halted at the place designated for the grand assault. Here was found a large body of troops marching and countermarching, and making the

requisite formation for the charge. In front of them lay the famous citadel of the enemy, which was the key of the whole position of Port Hudson. In proportion to its importance had the rebels made it formidable. At this point were earthworks of the best construction, a deep and almost impassable ditch, and in front of all a wide, open slashing had been cut through the forest, making an impenetrable *abattis*. Across the trunks and bushy tops of felled trees, through ravines, and over stumps and limbs, our men nervously expected the order to charge. With unfortunate delays, the gray dawn of morning arrived, revealing the fact that the enemy had discovered the movements, and were preparing for the assault. Thus the chances of a night's surprise had been lost. Yet no one felt discouraged, while our men pledged to each other mutual acts of assistance and protection when the time of trial should come.

The plan of attack was soon made, which was as follows: the troops were to advance in the first place by files through a deep and narrow ravine, some sixty rods towards the rebel works; at the head of this ravine they were to deploy as rapidly as possible into line of battle, and then move immediately on the fortifications. The order of advance was—first, the Twelfth Connecticut and Seventy-Fifth New York, deployed as skirmishers to cover the movement; next followed the Twenty-Fourth Connecticut, which had been detailed to carry cotton bags. These men had large sacks filled with cotton, with which they were ordered to fill up the ditch as soon as they reached it, thus making a crossing for those who were to follow. Then came the Ninety-First New York, armed with hand grenades. These explosive missiles were expected to carry perfect consternation among the

enemy. Then, in order, came the Eighth Vermont, One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York.

After a painful suspense, at 4 A. M., the final command came to commence the movement. Slowly the head of the column moved on under cover of the ravine, without attracting any attention from the enemy. But when they emerged from the plain beyond, heavy volleys of musketry were heard, showing that the work of carnage had commenced. With nerves wrought up to the highest pitch, our boys convulsively clutched their muskets and crowded on through the ravine to the scene of death. Their progress was very much retarded by reason of some cotton bales which blocked up the way.

Now our artillery opened its thunders, and over the heads of the men, screaming shell and hissing shot were poured into the rebel works. The undaunted enemy replied with equal vigor. Cannon after cannon came into action. Regiment after Regiment added volley to volley, until the air was burdened with a stunning tumult of noises.

Out upon the open ground, among logs and stumps, the One Hundred and Fourteenth formed in line of battle. They were now within full view of the rebel breastworks, along the top of which hundreds of smoking muskets were pouring a hail of lead within their ranks. While the balance of the Brigade was moving out to form the line of battle, the Regiment was obliged to stand still, a constant mark for the enemy, while they had no chance to return the fire—the most trying position in which soldiers are ever placed. "Like leaves before an autumn blast," the men were falling on all sides. Yet our men wavered not, while they quietly stood at "open order," to allow the wounded and dead to be carried to the rear.

Napoleon's old guard could never have showed better heroism. The skirmishers, the cotton-bag men, and the grenade-men, had all fled, or throwing away their implements, had sought the shelter of logs and ravines, leaving our men the sole marks for the enemy's sharp-shooters. Among the first that fell was Captain Tucker, of Company G. As he sank back into the arms of one of his men, he gasped forth, "Tell my parents that I died fighting for my country," when his brave spirit took its flight.

As soon as the Brigade had formed as good a line as the nature of the ground would permit, Colonel Smith ordered a charge. With a yell of defiance the men jumped forward. The rebels, with renewed vigor, hurled forth a withering storm of bullets; but still the boys kept on their course, scrambling over logs and bush heaps. At this time a staff officer from General Weitzel ordered Colonel Smith to halt the Brigade, and re-form his lines, before making the final effort to mount the works. Under the partial protection of a small ridge, the men laid flat upon the ground, to await further orders.

Colonel Smith went busily to work to make a new alignment. While standing upon a small knoll, and in full view of the rebel sharp-shooters, giving some directions relative to the formation of the line, he was hit by a musket ball, which entering his abdomen, passed out through the spine. He fell helpless upon his face, and refused for some time to be carried off the field, saying to those who offered their services: "You must not stop on my account; your duty is to be in the advance."

There now being a little lull in the firing, the whole line made another forward movement, and this time the Regiment went within four or five rods of the entrenchments, and took shelter in a little gully that ran parallel

with the works. Here they remained some minutes, and then made another trial. This time they went clear to the ditch—some of the men into the ditch—but the enfilading fire was so galling, the impossibility of getting across the ditch and over the works so apparent, that they were obliged to fall back again under cover of the ridge.

Captain Fitts and Lieutenant Longwell, the latter in command of Company E, were wounded in the last charge, and went to the rear. At this time Major Morse, also, was obliged to leave his command, from a severe wound received in the early part of the action.

All the Regiments of the Brigade were now very badly scattered, and hardly an officer was on the field. For half an hour, our men lay upon their backs, without attempting to make any movement, while the Brigade and Regiment were both without commanders. At length Lieutenant Colonel Van Patten, of the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, was assigned to the command of the Brigade, and Lieutenant Searle, of Company G, to the command of the Regiment.

Instantly another charge was ordered, in which the One Hundred and Fourteenth was directed to lead the advance. With desperation amounting to madness, our boys jumped to their feet and made another impetuous rush towards the entrenchments. The hail of bullets was so severe, that the men involuntarily bowed their necks, and partly turned their backs, as though moving against a driving storm. Once they halted, and then on again they ran and shouted, until they had once more reached the ditch. Into it they leaped, and made a desperate but ineffectual effort to scale the works. Here Lieutenant Corbin was instantly killed, by having the top of his

head carried off. Lieutenant Searle was also very dangerously wounded in several places. The color bearer, Corporal Beekwith, was also killed, and the Regimental flag lay prostrate on the ground, a fitting emblem of the situation of the Regiment.

This charge was the last throb of expiring courage. Perceiving that their exertions were futile, as well as disastrous, every man turned and sought protection for his own life. Behind stumps, logs and hillocks, they concealed themselves as well as they could from the deadly riflemen of the enemy. From that moment all efforts were abandoned, and the whole affair was generally conceded a repulse. Those men who could crawl away, repaired immediately to their several camps, but the larger number were confined to their little places of shelter, where the exposure of a head or hand would be sure to draw a volley of bullets from the enemy. Beneath the scorching rays of a torrid sun, all day long the boys lay among the putrifying bodies of scores of dead comrades, without a drop of water, at the same time compelled to listen to the agonizing cries of many who were helplessly wounded. When darkness came to their relief, one by one they stole from their hiding places, and proceeded to their old camps.

The five Companies that remained in command of Lieutenant Colonel Per Lee upon the camp ground, were deeply pained to learn of the disaster that had happened to their comrades. They had experieneed but few casualties, although busily employed all day in the trenches, in keeping up a vigorous fire upon the enemy, in order to distract his attention from the place of assault.

In the foregoing account of the battle of the 14th of June, a description is only given of that part of the

charge that was under the control of General Weitzel. In other places on the line, similar attacks were made by Generals Grover, Auger and Dwight. The history of the action on the part of General Weitzel, is but a counterpart of that by the other Generals: the same obstacles to overcome; the same indomitable bravery in opposing them, resulting in the same disastrous repulses.

Thus ended the battle of the 14th of June. It had been such a decided defeat, and had been productive of such frightful carnage, that it cast over the whole army a spirit of gloom and despondency.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, particularly, had great cause for sorrow. Their beloved Colonel was lying upon a litter, mortally wounded. They wept when they thought that they would probably never hear his voice of command again—never again see his form around their camp-fires—never more could go to him for advice, in all their little difficulties. They felt that they had lost a friend that never could be replaced.

The brave, genial, noble Captain Tucker was no more. He was the most popular officer in the Regiment, and his death touched a tender chord in the heart of every man. More particularly in his own Company was there an overwhelming feeling of sadness, for there he had especially endeared himself in the hearts of his men. For years in after campaigns, the men of Company G were never tired of discoursing over the excellent qualities of Captain Tucker. Their sorrow approached to anguish, when was added to their calamities the death of their Second Lieutenant, Corbin. He, too, died as he lived—a brave, generous, faithful soldier—and left behind him a store of cherished memories. It hardly seemed possible that the cause of American liberty could require such noble sacrifices.

The bleeding wounds of Major Morse, Captain Fitts, Lieutenants Longwell, Searle, and eighty more of lesser rank, but equally brave, called forth the deepest sympathy.

When the excitement of battle was over, and the men returned to calm reflection, their memories went back to the solemn scenes of the dreadful drama in which they were actors, and they grieved over their misfortunes. For days and weeks, the camp of the One Hundred and Fourteenth wore an air of solemnity. Not a joyous laugh was heard, not a smile was seen, not a man was disposed to engage in any game or sport. They sauntered alone in the forests, their faces bearing the impress of sadness. The worst reflection of all was, that despite labor and wounds, and the loss of valuable lives, not a particle of advantage had been gained over the enemy. In fact, the poor sufferers were tormented with the shouts of the victors, which the breeze wafted over from the rebel works.

Now that the war is over, there can be no harm in expressing the opinion that the assault of the 14th of June was poorly planned, and still worse executed. After the experience of subsequent engagements, it now appears clear to every impartial mind, that the great mistake of General Banks was in massing his troops too much at a single point, and then moving them forward by detail. If, instead of this, he had so planned, or executed his plans, as to have instantly caused a simultaneous forward movement of the most of his entire line, there is no doubt but that he could have occupied Port Hudson at any time, without much difficulty or loss of life.

What is true of the 14th of June, is equally true of the assault of the 27th of May. It would, as another has well said, be more correct to say that several assaults were made on that day, for in fact the three wings attack-

ed at separate times, and in separate places, without concert and almost without communication, so that the assault of one was repulsed before another was delivered, and the enemy was thus enabled to mass his troops successively upon the more threatened part of the line.

In speaking of this fight, a rebel officer remarked, that when the attack was made so vigorously on Weitzel's front, they all thought the game was up. But observing no similar movement along the other parts of the line, they moved up eleven pieces of artillery and two large battalions of their best troops, so that they were able to offer effectual resistance in that quarter.

CHAPTER XXI

Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.

KING HENRY IV.

After the assault, the army settled down again to the regular routine of siege duty. By daylight the boys watched the enemy, and by night they dug parallels and approaches towards the rebel fort. In some places they even mined the enemy's breastworks, and in others occupied their ditches. In such positions our men often amused themselves in conversing with the "Johnnies," and in exchanging papers and articles of food. The *New York Tribune* was bartered off for the *Port Hudson Gazette*, hard tack for hoecake, tobacco for wooden canteens. Their little bargains were conveniently and safely effected in passing articles to each other over the breastworks, by fastening them to the points of their bayonets.

Many ingenious devices were adopted to effect a position near the enemy's works. In one instance, a line of our troops advanced over a dangerous spot, by rolling hogsheads packed with cotton in front of them, thus astonishing the helpless rebels by coming upon them with a moveable breastwork. The work of spading and picking their way into Port Hudson went steadily on. The approaches were rapidly nearing the enemy's work, but the nearer the opposing forces got to each other, the more difficult and dangerous became the work of our men, and consequently much slower.

On the 15th of June, General Banks issued an order to the army, in which he congratulated them upon their steady advance, and closed in the following language:

"We are at all points upon the threshhold of his fortifications. One more advance and they are ours. For the last duty that victory imposes, the commanding General summons the bold men of the corps to the organization of a storming column of a thousand men, to vindicate the flag of the Union, and the memory of its defenders who have fallen.

"Let them come forward. Officers who lead the column of victory in this last assault, may be assured of a just recognition of their services by promotion; and every officer and soldier who shares its perils and its glory, shall receive a medal fit to commemorate the first grand success of the campaign of eighteen hundred and sixty-three, for the freedom of the Mississippi. His name shall be placed in General Orders upon the roll of honor."

After the order was read to the Regiment, an opportunity was given to volunteer in the "forlorn hope," but was responded to by only some half a dozen men. They were all anxious enough to be within Port Hudson, but they were less wise than formerly about the surest way of getting there. The experience and result of one assault taught them that it was not an easy matter to rush over ramparts where men stood in double lines and doubly armed behind them, as was the case in some places where the enemy was in readiness, and waiting for their approach. They expressed a willingness to make another charge if directed—to share the perils and honors, in the triumphs of victory or the mortification of defeat—but the reaction from the excitement of the day before, left them without the enthusiasm to volunteer to immortalize their names upon so perilous an expedition.

Several flags of truce passed between the contending armies at different times. On the 17th of June, particularly, the enemy displayed small white flags all along their breastworks, for several hours. In the meanwhile, arrangements were being made to bury the dead who had fallen on the 14th.

For three days after the assault, General Banks refused to accept of a truce for the burial of the dead and the care of the wounded, until the indignation of the army compelled him to accede to the humane requests of the rebels. It was then found that but one man had survived, and he had sustained a wretched existence by drinking his own urine. Such cruelty seems to admit of no justification.

Occasionally, in times of truce, parties would mutually agree to meet half way between the lines, and make each other's acquaintance. In this way many pleasant intimacies were formed, which would instantly cease as soon as the flags were pulled down. Then there would be one universal scampering to get under cover again, and every one would grasp his gun to get a shot at some late friend, but now an enemy.

Back in the woods, some half a mile in rear of the camps, was situated the Brigade Hospital, which was nothing more than a neatly constructed bower of green branches and twigs entwined together. Here, within the sound of booming cannon, at 1 o'clock A. M. of Friday, the 19th of June, Colonel Smith breathed his last. His death had been anticipated for several days, and it produced no such shock upon the Regiment as it otherwise would. Yet the blow was a severe one, and the men felt it deeply. That day will long be remembered as the saddest the Regiment ever experienced. During the day, very many of the boys were permitted to visit the hospi-

tal, and look for the last time upon the face of him whom they felt to have been their father. It is a singular fact, that notwithstanding the cruelties of war, soldiers, above all other people, seem to be possessed of more tender sensibilities, with hearts more keenly touched with sympathy and sorrow. Their feelings were unalloyed with selfishness or hypocrisy when they shed bitter tears over the remains of their beloved Colonel. Amid their grief, they were consoled with the thought that he expired without a pang, in full consciousness, stating that he was cheerfully resigned to his fate. His remains were carefully encoffined, and sent to New Orleans. From thence, under charge of Lieutenant Pellet, they were conveyed on the long journey to Norwich, to sleep among the graves of his kinsfolk.

Good-bye, Colonel Smith! As your love for your Regiment was unbounded, so shall your memory be cherished by your men, while they shall live; and dying, they shall leave posterity the record of your estimable qualities and noble deeds.

Every day the news would arrive of fresh captures of men, wagons and stores, by squads of rebel cavalry in the rear. It was evident that the enemy was concentrating what forces he could, to harass the army and distract its attention from Port Hudson. Their numbers were too insignificant, and their efforts too trifling, to make any appreciable difference in the progress of the siege. Yet they were a great annoyance, and often large bodies of troops would be sent into the country to drive away the guerrillas and bushwhackers, or whatever force they might encounter.

On the 3d, an expedition of this kind, mostly cavalry, with a few pieces of artillery, under command of Colonel

Grierson, went out from camp for Clinton, at the terminus of the Clinton and Port Hudson Railroad, some twenty-five miles distant. Before reaching the place, they met a force of some two thousand strong, with whom they had a sharp engagement, and returned without fully accomplishing their object.

On the 5th, another expedition, consisting of a brigade of infantry, Colonel Paine commanding, and a force of cavalry, was sent to Clinton after the rebel force posted at that point. Not venturing a second attack, they retreated with slight resistance. The One Hundred and Fourteenth, upon one occasion, formed a part of one of these expeditions.

On the evening of June 20th, a party of the enemy fell upon a wagon train proceeding to Springfield Landing, and succeeded in capturing nearly the whole of it. Immediately, Weitzel's Brigade was ordered out, to pursue the guerrillas and attempt to re-capture the valuable train. At 12 o'clock at night, the Regiment quietly moved out from their camp, leaving behind a few men to hold the breastworks, and proceeding to General Weitzel's Headquarters, joined with the other Regiments of the Brigade. When daylight came, they were tramping over the dusty road towards Jackson, fourteen miles distant. It was a great relief to be away from the restraints and noise of the siege, and breathe the fresh air out in open fields. As they moved along over a rolling country, interspersed with forests and rich plantations, they halted at times to feast upon green corn, blackberries and fruits. No one can describe the exquisite enjoyment there is in eating vegetables, after living for a long time upon a steady diet of salt meat and hard tack. In one respect only they suffered considerably. In leaving the shade of the forests

of Port Hudson, they found the sun threw down its fiercest rays, almost overpowering them with heat.

Grierson's cavalry preceded the Brigade, and had occasional skirmishes with small bodies of the enemy, but further than that they were unable to find any force of rebels, or any part of their captured plunder. In the evening, as the cooling rain began to pour down upon the heated men, they prepared to bivouac by the side of the road, having marched nine miles.

On Monday, the 22d, they continued five miles, through the little and dirty village of Jackson, and passing on to the right of the town, bivouaced for another night's rest. They found none of the enemy, and accordingly on the next day they gave up the pursuit and commenced to retrace their steps. At nearly every plantation they came to, on their return, they emptied the granaries and store houses, to fill their large wagon train with corn and provisions. They proceeded but five miles that day, and rested on the same spot they had occupied the Sunday night before.

At 6 o'clock the following morning, they continued their march for Port Hudson, arriving within the lines of the army at 11 o'clock. They halted for dinner at the cook shanties, a mile in the rear of the works, and then moved up to their old quarters in the trenches. Once more they resumed the tedious and unpleasant duties of sharp-shooting, and again were annoyed with the sounds of hissing bullets and exploding shells.

The siege of Port Hudson had been protracted so far beyond the predictions of the most incredulous—had been accompanied with such disastrous consequences, without apparently reaching any nearer the end so long and anxiously looked for—that there existed in the army a sad

feeling of despondency. As "it is always the darkest just before daylight," so the few days before the fall of Port Hudson were the most gloomy period in the history of the "Army of the Gulf." As "misfortunes never come singly," so while the army lay before Port Hudson, every breeze served to waft the news of some additional calamity. First, the capture of Springfield Landing, by a bold band of guerrillas. Then the complete blockade of the Mississippi, near Donaldsonville, by the artillery of Dick Taylor's army, whereby the forces at Port Hudson were cut off from their supplies, and all communication with the world outside. In such a state it was difficult to say which party was the besiegers and which the besieged. And last, but not least, the capture of Brashear City, with all its garrison, forts, guns and stores, comprising millions of dollars of government property. This, without doubt, was a greater capture for the rebels than any other of the war. The One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment lost in it, all their tents, knapsacks, trunks, papers, in fact everything except what they had on their backs. The rebel army which had so lately fled from Bisland and up the Teche, having crossed Berwick's Bay, were now master of the Opelousas Railroad, and were within a few miles of New Orleans.

All these disasters came to the ears of the men while struggling at Port Hudson, in spite of the proscription of newspapers, and filled them with serious forebodings for the future. The most alarming feature of all was the frightful depletion of their army by sickness. The sedentary life in the trenches; the want of shelter in this rainy season of the year, when the forests were continually damp with showers; the unacclimated condition of the men for such extreme heat; the lack of wholesome

water and food; the impossibility of cleanliness without bathing and change of clothes, all these conduced to the most fatal epidemics.

In a short time, Brigades were no larger than Regiments; a Regimental organization would hardly be admitted into the service as a respectable Company. There was not transportation enough to carry off the sick, and the field hospitals were filled with disease and death. Fevers, scurvy, and that scourge of all scourges, chronic diarrhea, were carrying off their hecatombs of victims.

> "When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
> But in battalions."

General Banks attempted to revive the drooping spirits of the men, by making a speech on the morning of the 30th of June. Although only delivered before his favorite Brigades of Weitzel and Morgan, yet it was doubtless intended for the whole army. Back a mile in the forest, the diminutive Brigades formed a hollow square, and General Banks rode into the centre, accompanied by General Weitzel. With hat in hand, he eloquently urged upon the men to falter not in this most trying hour—to keep courage, and all would be well. He informed them that he had clear proof that General Gardner's forces were then living on mule meat and peas; that in a few days, starvation would drive them to surrender. He closed in bestowing flattering compliments on the Brigades for their past bravery, and in glowing eulogy upon their noble dead. As the men marched off the ground to their respective camps, they felt but little encouraged, but thought that the army was in narrow straits which required its General (rebel-like) to inspire his men with speechifying.

The volunteer storming party, the same day, were in line for inspection. Hearty cheers greeted the appearance of the Commanding General, which were acknowledged *a la militaire*, when he proceeded to review them. A short address was also made.

In the afternoon, two brave soldiers of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, members of Company I, were hit by one of our cannon balls. They were quartered together in a ravine a very short distance from the rebel works, and the shot that struck them fell short. One of them, William S. Sipples, an old man with white hair, had both legs shot off, and died in about two hours. The other, Morel Sturges, a lad of nineteen, had his leg and thigh broken, and afterwards amputated at the hip. He died on the 3d of July.

On the 1st of July, an informal muster was made of the Regiment. The loss of books and papers at Brashear City prevented the officers from making their regular muster rolls. Unsettled accounts, returns and rolls, were all gone, and could never be replaced. For the subsequent years that they remained in the service, they were never free from continual annoyance and difficulties which resulted from the loss of their original documents. The value of them to the Regiment was much greater than the value of the property destroyed.

July 2d, the Regiment was ordered to Springfield Landing, but before getting out of the woods, were ordered back to their quarters again.

It now became evident that the siege must soon be closed, either favorably or otherwise. The Subsistence Department was nearly exhausted, and the men were getting hungry on one-quarter rations. The army withal was without a supply of clothing, and was getting inde-

cently ragged. From a variety of causes they were growing enervated, and were suffering from the ravages of vermin that infested the forest. The men were revoltingly *pediculous*. It was funny to hear the way in which the rebels would tantalize the boys over such misfortunes, in their little conversations together across the lines. Some of the Johnnies stated that they had "caught hice in the fort, having 'U. S.' branded on their backs." Our boys would usually retort upon them by inquiring how they liked "mule chop," or "donkey spare-rib."

The 4th of July dawned in unclouded beauty. Not a speck marred the clear blue of the heavens, and the sun shone forth in all its summer splendor. As the morning advanced it became intensely hot, causing our men in the trenches to suffer severely, but towards evening, relief came in the shape of a thunder-shower.

A salute of thirty-four guns was fired, one every ten seconds, in honor of the day, by both the land batteries and navy. Several brass bands, running the risk of attracting the enemy's bullets, enlivened part of the day by playing patriotic airs. Other than this, the day passed off without anything to break the usual tediousness of the siege.

Appearances now indicated that in a few days at the furthest, General Banks was about to make a last desperate effort to gain the rebel stronghold. Failing in this, it was likely he would raise the siege, and fall back to the defenses of New Orleans. The storming party had been ordered to be ready at an hour's notice. Batteries of heavy artillery had been planted to concentrate a fire upon a single point. Mines had been charged with powder, and prepared for explosion, but still all the preparations were not fully completed.

CHAPTER XXII.

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd;
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends.

KING HENRY V.

A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Light began to dawn! On the 7th of July the glorious news passed from mouth to mouth: "*Vicksburg has surrendered!*" The bands played, the men were drawn up in line and gave loud cheers, cannon opened with a shotted salute, and every one looked happy. They said, "Now we can see our way out of the woods, for General Grant will come and help us." All day long intense joy prevailed, and, by fits and starts, would break out in lusty shouts and cheering.

The rebels peeped over their works in silent astonishment at the extraordinary demonstrations. At last their curiosity got the better of them, and they commenced to ask questions: "Hallo, Yanks! what are you all making such a fuss about?" The answer was, "We have taken Vicksburg!" Upon being informed of this, they joined in denouncing the statement as "a d——d Yankee lie."

A rebel officer, in conversation upon the subject with a Union officer, said he did not believe the news, but would be convinced of it only by "a copy of the dispatch, or some reliable authority," the genuineness of which must be vouched for by the Union officer, on his

honor as a gentleman and a soldier. A copy of General Grant's official dispatch was procured and passed over the parapet, with which the rebel expressed himself satisfied, and remarked, "It is useless for Port Hudson longer to attempt to hold out."

It was evident that the news was very distasteful to the rebels. Our boys were encouraged, rather than otherwise, to add to their discomforts, by administering to them extra doses of lead and iron.

When daylight of the 8th came, every one was astonished to see that the enemy had displayed flags of truce along his works. "What does it all mean?" was the universal question. Every one seemed to have a vague idea of what was the cause of the truce, but no one dared to express his hopes. Even the rebels, with whom our boys held conversation, declared themselves unable to state what was going on, only that Generals Gardner and Banks were holding communication with each other upon some subject.

All day long a singular quiet was observed between the contending armies. Crowds of "Johnnies" and "Yankees" mingled together between the lines, on neutral ground, and visited each other to their hearts' content. At length, in the evening, the suspense was broken by the thrilling announcement, "PORT HUDSON IS OURS!"

This surrender, following so closely upon the heels of Vicksburg, nearly drove the boys out of their wits. They cheered, and screamed, and laughed, and shook hands together, until they were completely exhausted, while the rebels stood sullenly looking on, tamely remarking, "Upon the whole, we rather reckon we are glad of it."

The men were ordered inside of the breastworks at dark, and directed to watch in the trenches the same as on other nights, to prevent the escape of the enemy, several hundred of whom made the attempt. The first quiet night the men had experienced at Port Hudson, they slept as soundly as joyful hearts would let them.

At 7 o'clock A. M. of the 9th of July, was the time set for the formal act of surrender and the occupation of the fort. All were astir at daybreak, to clean up and put themselves in as much of a holiday attire as their ragged clothing would admit, in order to present their best appearance at the great military event about to transpire. The spot chosen for the ceremony was an open area, near the flag-staff, opposite the centre of the river batteries, and very near the bank. Along the main street the soldiers composing the garrison were up in line, at 6 o'clock, having all their personal baggage, arms and equipments with them. General Gardner and staff, with a numerous escort, occupied a position on the right of the line.

A little before the time, the Union column was put in motion. To the music of innumerable bands, they tramped down the Clinton road, and precisely at the appointed hour marched over the breastworks into the fort. First came the storming party, who had volunteered, a thousand strong, to assault the place, now detailed as a party of occupation, commanded by Colonel Birge, of the Thirteenth Connecticut. It was fitting that they should lead the way with the flag of bloodless victory, who had volunteered to do so with bayonet and saber. Next came Weitzel's Brigade, led by Colonel Thomas, of the Eighth Vermont. Artillery closed in with the infantry, and as the grand cortege swept through the broad streets

of Port Hudson, with the grand old national airs for the first time in many months breaking upon the morning stillness, the scene was most impressive and soul-stirring. Never did music sound sweeter, never did men march with lighter steps, or greater rejoicing, than our troops, as they came into the place which had cost the lives of many of their gallant comrades. All their sorrows for their losses, all their joy for their present victory, came to their minds at once. But every private bereavement was instantly forgotten in the nation's great gain, and every man justly seemed proud to have had a part in one of the greatest triumphs of the war.

Passing directly across from the breastworks on the land side to the right flank, they halted and fronted opposite the rebel line. As our boys rose on the plain, the long line of the enemy, stretching as far almost as the eye could reach, with rebel officers gaily attired, surrounded by their staffs, presented a novel and animating spectacle to their view. Presently, General Gardner and staff rode out to meet General Andrews, the Chief-of-Staff of General Banks, and tearfully presented to him his sword, with the brief words: "Sir! I surrender to you the forces and fortifications of Port Hudson." General Andrews made a brief reply, and kissing the hilt, at once returned the sword. The order rang out, "Ground arms," and six thousand conquered rebels meekly laid their guns upon the ground. In a few moments a party of sailors was tugging away at the halyards of the tall flag-pole near the bluff, and the hated rag of secession descended. In a moment more the glorious old stars and stripes arose, their ample folds floating in the breeze, amid the cheers of thousands of spectators, and the thunders of saluting artillery.

For years to come, when the participants of that scene shall have become gray-headed and bent with age, the events of that morning will be treasured as the happiest recollections of their lives.

Thus fell Port Hudson! From henceforth "the Father of Waters goes unvexed to the sea." The memory of slain comrades was vindicated. The disasters of the 27th of May and the 14th of June were more than compensated by the victorious result.

It is probable that the number of killed and wounded during the investment and siege can never be ascertained. The mortality from all causes had been appalling. The reminiscences of that eventful period bring to mind many singular facts, and startling coincidents. Among them we are led to notice the remarkable fatality among the Regimental Commanders of our old Brigade. Every Regiment, except one, that left Baltimore on the Banks expedition, lost its commanding officer before Port Hudson. Colonel Rodman, of the Thirty-Eighth Massachusetts; Colonel Cowles, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth New York; Colonel Chapin, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York; and our beloved Colonel Smith—all fell mortally wounded, while leading in one of the assaults upon the works of the enemy. They were patriots, all. As strangers they met at the call of their country, and soon became warm friends, and endeared to each other by the ennobling qualities that each possessed. Shoulder to shoulder they stood in the terrible conflict, and fell almost together, beneath the banner they were endeavoring to bear aloft. The names of Cowles and Chapin, especially, next to the men and officers of our own Regiment, are familiar to our ears. The gallant Cowles lived about an hour after his wound

was received, and his last words were, and which were characteristic of all, "Tell my good old mother that I died doing my duty, and with my face to the enemy."

The village of Port Hudson consists of some half a dozen houses, a few shops, and an old church, at the time of the occupation used for storing peas. Nearly all the buildings inside the works were found to have been riddled with cannon shot. Every thing, indeed, bore ample proof of the terrible character of the bombardment the place had suffered. The ground was strewed with tons and tons of cannon balls and fragments of shells, the earth every where being torn up in deep furrows. Trees had been shattered, or cut off, and in some instances large numbers of guns were thrown from their carriages, or otherwise disabled. Near the ravines, dead animals filled the air with a horrid effluvia.

Much had previously been said by deserters, about the quality and quantity of food in the fort. The worst statements proved correct. Mule meat, peas, and unbolted corn meal, were found in very limited quantities. Their mill had been destroyed by shells; but rather than eat raw corn, they had resorted to an ingenious contrivance, whereby a small locomotive engine was made to grind a coarse meal. Their burying ground was covered over with new made mounds. It was subsequently ascertained that a number of their graves were filled with cannon and ordnance stores. In this way the wily rebels thought they could forever conceal, what in honor bound they should have surrendered. The magazines—the store-houses, containing coarse clothing and equipments—the breastworks—the big guns, labeled with fanciful names, such as "Lady Davis," "Screamer," "Lady Washington," etc.,—the camps of ragged tents—

the hospitals, filled with sick and wounded—were all visited by our men, who gathered up here and there little mementoes of the captured place.

Rations were immediately issued to the famished prisoners, and while they were devouring the grateful food, our boys employed their minds in conversing with them, and asking a thousand Yankee questions. A kind and forgiving spirit seemed to spring up between the men of the late contending armies. No fears for the future seemed to trouble these heroes of many battles, as they talked of the scenes in which they all had borne a part. Ere the day closed, many hearts were knit together in friendly bonds, which a few hours before were severed by the deepest enmity. They complimented each other upon their bravery, and exchanged many little presents. When they argued the claims of the different causes, they did so in a quiet and respectful manner. Among the officers there was the same good feeling. After the ceremony was over, General Weitzel was presented with a fine chestnut charger, by a rebel officer who was formerly his pupil at West Point. The General had several class mates and pupils among the officers of the garrison, and they all seemed glad to revive the days long gone by, when they enjoyed that union of hands and hearts which a strange fanaticism had severed.

The history of the siege of Port Hudson would be incomplete without publishing the following congratulatory order, which was subsequently received by the army:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
NEW ORLEANS, August 5, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 57.

The Commanding General takes great pleasure in communicating to the troops of this Department, the contents of the following despatch, this day received from the General-in-Chief:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, July 23, 1863.

Major General Banks, New Orleans:

GENERAL:—Your despatches of July 8th, announcing the surrender of Port Hudson, are received. I congratulate you and your army on the crowning success of the campaign. It was reserved for your army to strike the last blow to open the Mississippi river. The country, and especially the Great West, will remember with gratitude their services.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
H. W HALLECK, General-in-Chief."

By command of Major General BANKS:
RICHARD B. IRWIN,
Assistant Adjutant General.

CHAPTER XXIII

O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such a bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colors clearly up.

KING JOHN.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

IBID.

Finally, at 8 o'clock on the evening of the surrender, the Regiment marched down the road that had been cut through the steep bluff, and embarked on the steamer *St. Maurice*. As the sun was setting, the yellow cliffs of Port Hudson disappeared from sight. On the commodious boat the boys found ample room to spread their blankets for a comfortable night's rest.

Early on the morning of the 10th of July, the vessel tied up to the banks at the village of Donaldsonville, among a throng of other steamers. In a short time the men had disembarked and put up their little shelters behind the levee, making all preparations for a stay at this place for several days.

Donaldsonville is the county seat of the Parish of Ascension, situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, at its junction with Bayou La Fourche. At an early day it was the capital of Louisiana, and for a short time was the seat of legislature for the Confederate goverment of the state. It was once a place of considerable elegance and refinement, containing a population of several thousand people, but it was now in ruins, having been burned

a year before by Admiral Farragut, for rebellious outrages upon his vessels. Several fine churches and edifices still remained to attest its former prosperity.

Upon the northern point of land, where Bayou La Fourche draws off from the Mississippi a large stream of water, is situated a formidable little fort called "Fort Butler." Here, within a week, a small garrison of one hundred and fifty men had driven off the whole force of General Dick Taylor, actually capturing more prisoners than there were men in the fort. The attack was made upon the representation of rebel citizens, acting as spies, that the fort contained but a small number of Union troops, and these mostly convalescents. Yet the enemy, though vastly superior in numbers, was repulsed and pretty severely punished.

When Weitzel's Brigade landed at Donaldsonville, the rebel pickets were within sight of the town, and their army of some fifteen or eighteen thousand a few miles distant. They had also established a heavy battery on the river, a little way below the town, so that for sometime no vessel had succeeded in passing the dangerous point. When the iron-clads came down from Port Hudson, the first day after the surrender, they very easily disposed of this annoyance.

Immediately upon the landing of the Brigade, there was thrown out a picket line, before which the rebels fell back. That very morning the rebel General had demanded the surrender of the fort, and in case of refusal had threatened an immediate attack. It must have been a source of astonishment and discomfort to him, to have seen so large a body of blue-coats landing at Donaldsonville at so inopportune a time. Every hour a new vessel arrived and discharged its cargo of soldiers, until by

night a force of over ten thousand men had collected about the fort, to the infinite delight of the little garrison who had struggled so hard and so long against the gray hordes which had surrounded them. Deserters from the enemy, who came into our lines during the night, reported that General Taylor boasted before his men that he had compelled General Banks to raise the siege of Port Hudson, and come to the relief of Fort Butler. How great was his delusion, and how fortunate it was for General Banks and his army, that Port Hudson surrendered when it did.

For several days nothing occurred of any moment, only that there was considerable skirmishing most of the time.

On the 13th, there was an advance made upon the rebels. Morgan's and Dudley's Brigades followed up the retreating enemy for several miles, when he turned and fell upon them with great power. The battle of "Cox Plantation," was a long and desperate contest, but finally our small forces were overpowered and retreated in great confusion. Here was another disastrous example of the folly of attacking the enemy by small detachments.

Late in the afternoon, while our boys of the One Hundred and Fourteenth were preparing their evening supper in camp, their attention was attracted down the bayou by a great cloud of dust. In an instant after, there was seen approaching a crowd of panic-stricken men, mingled with ambulances filled with wounded, and cannon, and wagons, and frightened negroes, all rushing up the road in deplorable confusion. General Weitzel instantly divined the cause of the difficulty. "Order out my Brigade," said he as he mounted his horse and rode rapidly away to the scene of contest. His Brigade was

soon moving towards the front. Going about a mile, it halted and formed a line of battle, to await the further onset of the enemy, and cover the retreat of the discomfited troops. The rebels did not dare to come further, so after dark our boys marched back to their camps. That night the enemy beat a precipitate retreat, having probably heard of the fall of Port Hudson, which allowed of the concentration of the whole army of General Banks against him. He was seen no more in Eastern Lousiana.

On the following day, July 14th, the Regiment was ordered up the river to guard a steamboat, while she could be loaded with confiscated forage. Marching some four miles, it halted in front of a fine plantation, and threw out a guard. Shortly afterwards the boat arrived, and tied up to the bank. The most of the day was spent in emptying the corn cribs of the wealthy planter, and depriving the gardens of their fruits. Under the very nose of the angry proprietor, our boys with perfect *nonchalance* would help themselves to melons and peaches, honey and vegetables.

While the Regiment remained at Donaldsonville, the men suffered severely from the excessive heat of the sun. Without having the shade of a solitary tree, the boys were compelled to lie, during the heat of the day, beneath their blanket shelters, or under rustic arbors formed of twigs and boughs, which were brought some distance from the forests. They suffered equally as much at night, from the chilly air, and from the heavy dew which would drench them like rain. Their clothes and blankets were worn out long before, with no prospect for a new supply.

On the 15th of July, the whole Brigade was drawn up in line to listen to the reading of official dispatches, containing the news of the glorious victory at Gettysburgh.

After three times three had been given, the men in good spirits returned to their quarters.

On the 16th of July, the camp was moved some fifty rods, and placed behind a small Catholic church. This building was used as a hospital, and filled with sick and wounded, irrespective of Regiment or Brigade, and our men were continually compelled to hear the cries of agony, and witness scenes of death. While here, Colonel Thomas was taken ill, and Colonel Robert Merritt, of the Seventy-Fifth New York, succeeded him in command.

On the 18th, the news went through the camp that a steamer had just arrived from St. Louis. A crowd of men ran down to the levee to look upon the magnificent steamer *Imperial*, the pioneer in re-opening the navigation of the Mississippi.

Copies of the last muster roll had been procured in New Orleans, and the officers immediately went to work to fill out their June muster. This work was completed after much labor, by the 26th, so that they were in readiness for the paymaster, who arrived in camp the day following. A table was set up in front of the Colonel's quarters, and Major Alton dealt out four months' pay to the boys. It did not take them long afterwards to find a sutler's shop, and bestow their greenbacks upon tobacco, wines and eatables. Crossing the pontoon over the bayou, the bridge having been recently burned, they found upon the extreme south-west side considerable trade and business carried on.

After twenty days of laziness and discomfort had been passed at Donaldsonville, at length an order was announced for the Brigade to march on the morning of the 30th of July.

At 4 o'clock, reveille sounded, and the men arose to eat

an early breakfast, pack their bundles, and be ready for a move. Soon the Brigade was in line, marching down the right bank of Bayou La Fourche. After getting beyond the limits of the town, the music ceased and the command settled down to a day's march. As they passed along, and beheld the elegant mansions, bowers, gardens and groves, the men began to argue whether the La Fourche country could not better claim the title of "the Garden of Louisiana," than the Teche. It certainly seemed a place of enchantment to those who had been so lately shut up within the dreary woods at Port Hudson. Every turn of the winding road would reveal some new beauty; some gothic church embowered in a grove; some villa set in blossoming shrubbery; some neatly painted sugar mill, or some whitewashed cabin covered with creeping vines.

As the morning passed away, the men began to be overpowered with the burning heat of the sun. At 10 o'clock it was ordered that the troops must halt in some shade during the middle of the day, and not resume the march till late in the afternoon. The One Hundred and Fourteenth rested upon a grassy and shaded lawn. Here the men chatted and slept away the mid-day hours, until 3 o'clock, when they continued their journey. In the evening they passed through the handsome little village of Paincourt, and at 8 o'clock they halted in a field, and in the dark sought out places to sleep. They marched that day some fourteen miles.

The Regiment was aroused on the following morning at 4 o'clock, and were quickly under motion again. Following the tortuous windings of Bayou La Fourche, they found nothing of particular interest on that day's march, only observing that they were still within the regions of

wealth and refinement. Shortly after sunrise, they passed through the county seat of the Parish of Assumption, called Napoleonville, a neat and thriving town. Their nooning that day was taken within the shade of a heavy forest. Before they had started out for their evening's march, one of the most violent of southern thunder showers came up, and drenched every one to the skin. Although the air was cooled, yet the roads were extremely muddy, causing as much discomfort as the burning rays of the sun. Leaving behind the little settlement of Albermarle, the Regiment bivouaced at 7 P. M. upon an open pasture. The adjoining fences were soon torn down, fires built, suppers disposed of, and presently the men were wrapped in sleep.

At 4 o'clock of August 1st, the morning air was stirred with the sound of beating drums. Instantly the mummy-shaped bundles of blankets that lay scattered about the ground became animate with life. The smouldering fires were revived. The dead stillness of night was broken by shouts of laughter, by braying of mules, and every variety of noise which a busy camp can make. In half an hour the boys were again marching. In a short time they came to Labadieville, a place made memorable by a severe battle and decisive victory in October of the previous year. Here General Weitzel made his first and successful attempt at war.

Having gone about eight miles, at 9 o'clock the Regiment turned off from the road, and halted in the shaded lawn of a deserted plantation. The house was in ruins, having been burned in the early part of the war. Forming a line of battle beneath a row of fruit trees, the arms were stacked, and the men informed that now they had arrived at a permanent camp. "Make yourselves as

comfortable as you can," was the order given, "for this shall be your summer quarters." The boys greeted this joyful news with deafening cheers. As soon as the lines were broken, they looked about the pleasant location, and found every convenience that a soldier could wish. Like ants about an ant-hill, they scattered over the ground, each one busying himself in gathering up lumber and fuel, staking and building the future camp, or in searching for tools, or bits of furniture. The other Regiments of the Brigade were similarly situated, in adjoining fields and groves. General Weitzel arrived, and again assumed temporary command of the "Old Brigade."

This post was designated as "Camp Hubbard," and was situated two miles from Thibodeaux, and five from the depot of La Fourche Crossing, on the Opelousas rail road. The camp was ranged along the western levee of the bayou, whose strong current at all times furnished a fresh supply of Mississippi water. In consequence of the total loss of camp equipage by the capture of Brashear City, new tents were issued to the whole command, together with cooking utensils, books, and what was most needed, a bountiful allowance of clothing. For the first time in several months, the men really enjoyed themselves. With zeal they performed their camp duties, each one striving to present his best appearance at dress parade and guard mount, all striving to make the camp the cleanest and most attractive in the Brigade.

From the ruins of an adjoining house, the men took brick to pave their company streets. In an old sugar mill near by were found a number of large earthen jars, which the men carried to camp and placed in the ground to serve as "water coolers." By the aid of what little lumber the boys could find, cook shanties were construct-

ed on the banks of the bayou, and sentry stations were built around the camp, to protect the sentinels from the weather. An old building behind the camp was repaired, and transformed into a hospital.

Dwight Parce, the sutler, had been taken prisoner at the capture of Brashear City, and carried off to Texas. A citizen of New Orleans, Michael Pigott, was appointed to fill the place during the absence of Mr. Parce, and opened an establishment filled with all the necessaries and luxuries a soldier requires. Between the enjoyment of ease, amusement, and light duties, the days at Camp Hubbard passed pleasantly and swiftly away. A system of passes was instituted, whereby a certain number of officers and privates could be absent from camp at a time. Thus nearly every one had an opportunity to visit the neighboring town of Thibodeaux, or go about to adjoining plantations, where they could obtain milk, hoecakes, or fruit. Permission, even, was often given to go to New Orleans.

On the 16th day of August, three officers, Captains Knowlton and Bockee, and Lieutenant Schemerhorn, with six Sergeants, departed for the north on recruiting service, amid hand-shakings and good-byes of their commands. That same day a garrison flag was raised over the camp, which was saluted by thirty-four guns from the First Maine Battery.

Although the Regiment had hoped to remain in Camp Hubbard during the hot season, yet they were doomed to disappointment. But a little over two weeks had elapsed, before an order was given to "be ready to move at three hours' notice, with one day's rations." Brashear City evidently was their next destination, for it was known that the rebels but a short time before had evacuated

that place, and a party of our troops was needed to occupy it. The One Hundred and Fourteenth and Twelfth Connecticut were selected for that duty, while the balance of the Brigade remained in their summer quarters.

At 1 o'clock on the morning of August 19th, reveille sounded, the tents were struck and packed in wagons, and partaking of a hearty breakfast, the Regiment bade adieu to Camp Hubbard. The night was intensely dark, and the road was extremely muddy. One who has never walked on Louisiana soil, when its surface has been moistened by rain, can form no adequate conception of its slippery, slimy, greasy character. It is easier to stand upright upon glaring ice, than in a Louisiana road at such times. As the Regiment slowly groped its way through the darkness and mud that night, every few moments some luckless wight, in making a mis-step, was precipitated headlong in the mud, amid a great clatter of bayonets and canteens. In trying to regain his feet, or in searching around for his scattered "traps," it is probable he would manage to trip up three or four more of his comrades, so that nearly every one in the Regiment became subjects of like disaster. The boys, however, took it all in good part. There was a little cursing, but more of jollity and laughter over their mishaps. So many ludicrous scenes occurred, and so many rich jokes were perpetrated, that all were kept in wonderful good humor.

Passing through Thibodeauxville, one of the largest and finest towns of Louisiana, and the county seat of the Parish of La Fourche Interior, the column turned off upon the road to Terre Bonne. When daylight came, the Regiment truly presented a comical sight. But few had escaped contact in some way with mother earth. Not only their clothing and equipments, but in many cases their faces, were plastered over with a thick coating

of mud, from which would peep a pair of piteous looking eyes. One man asserted that when he gaped there was "an earthquake;" and another declared that he was carrying along "a hill of sweet potatoes in each pocket;" and still another stuck to it that there was "a nest of angle worms in his ears." In one part of the line there was an animated discussion, as to whether a certain companion was carrying on his shoulder "a dirty stick or a musket." Among another squad of facetious men, they were dilating upon the advantages of each man carrying "his own earthworks upon his back," when a sober looking man cut short the conversation by remarking that "the proper place for breastworks is in the front."

At 7 o'clock the Regiment arrived at Terre Bonne, and stacked arms beside the track. In a short time a train was made ready, and the men jumped aboard the platform cars. After the baggage had been loaded on, the whistle blew, and they were hurrying on towards Brashear City. Passing through the familiar stations of Chuckahoula, Tigerville, Bayou Boeuf and Bayou Ramos, at 12 o'clock they arrived at their destination.

Brashear City, that had once been the theatre of so much activity—the depot of supplies for the whole army—now looked sad and desolate indeed. The camps with their busy inmates were gone; the depot was empty and deserted; the fort was dismantled and in ruins; the houses were broken open, and were windowless and doorless. The rail road track was covered with the charred ruins of engines and cars. The only signs of life that could be seen were a couple of lonesome looking gunboats, the *Clifton* and *Sachem*, lying at the docks, and a few solitary soldiers walking the streets.

The Regiment marched off a quarter of a mile to the

north of the rail road, in the rear of the town, and pitched their tents upon a piece of ground vacated by the Twelfth Connecticut, which took a new position on the south side of the track. Colonel Per Lee, by virtue of his rank, became the Commandant of the post, and located his Head-quarters in a well furnished house close by the camp.

The duty, at this time, was very onerous. A large part of the Regiment was detailed every day for picket, which was posted along the banks of the bay for miles above the town. Another party was distributed along a path through a swamp in the rear of the town, to a point on the shore of Lake Palourde. This latter place was where the rebels landed in their attack on Brashear City, which resulted in its capture. It is in fact the only vulnerable spot of the really strong position of Brashear City; and the rebels found it unguarded. Such culpable neglect on the part of the Post Commandant can only be accounted for in the fact that he *betrayed his trust!* Indeed, all the evidence given by citizens and escaped prisoners goes to show that the place was "sold," or designedly given up.

In connection with this there is another strange affair, which has excited some serious and painful thoughts among very many of the soldiers of the Army of the Gulf. After the fall of Port Hudson, the rebel General Taylor, perceiving the danger his army was in, beat a hasty retreat from Lower Louisiana to the prairies of Western Louisiana and Texas. His only outlet of escape was across Berwick Bay at Brashear City. This situation was so well known to the private soldiers that it was a common talk around their camp-fires, while lying at Donaldsonville, that there was no need of hastening the

retreat of the enemy, for the navy would effectually stop him at Brashear City. The men never doubted for a moment but that Taylor's army was virtually captured. They cannot but help consider what glorious results might have followed so easy an undertaking. It took in all some three weeks for General Taylor to move his army up to the bay, and cross it over, having at that point but a couple of insignificant steamboats. One gunboat from the large fleet which was lying idle at New Orleans, could, within forty-eight hours, passing around through the Gulf into the Bay, have cut off the whole rebel force from escape. Why, during all this time, this was not done, is a question that thousands of men would like to have solved. Indeed, General Taylor himself appreciated his position, for he made this remark at the time, to a citizen of Brashear City: "My army is bagged, and the string is tied, yet I shall make every effort to save it, but without any hopes."

Brashear City, at the time of the year of which we write, presented but few attractions to a soldier. The air swarmed with the most voracious musquitoes. The water of the bay was so low that the sea affected it, making it so brackish that nothing but the most intolerable thirst could induce the men to drink it. The weather was so rainy and the land so low, that thick mud existed everywhere. The swamps in this hot season generated the most deadly malaria. Intermittents became epidemics. There broke out in the Twelfth Connecticut a malarious fever, very malignant, and which caused a frightful fatality in their ranks. The One Hundred and Fourteenth was fortunately spared from the ravages of this disease.

On the 22d of August, Paymaster Alton came to the

Regiment, and distributed to the men "allotment checks," which were due at the last payment.

On the 24th, a flag of truce was exhibited on the opposite side of the bay. Upon making reply, it was found that the wife of Governor Mouton begged permission to come within the Union lines. The request was granted, on condition that she remain inside.

It began to be rumored around that the enemy was meditating another attack upon Brashear City. This report was confirmed by the corroborating statements of runaway negroes and escaped prisoners. Resolved not to sacrifice the place as cheaply as before, every effort was made for defense. A small earthwork was thrown up to protect the rail road track, and a small detachment was sent to guard the rear at Bayou Boeuf. Companies A, B, D, I and K, were designated for this duty, who left for that place on the afternoon of August 27th, on the gunboat *Suchem*. An hour's ride on Yellow Bayou brought them to their destination. They pitched their tents near the track, and posted a line of pickets along the bayou. Captain Lake was in command of this detachment. They remained here but three days, and on the 30th returned by rail to Brashear City.

On the 31st, the Regiment was mustered for pay, accompanied with a rigid inspection. At dress parade of that evening, a batch of orders was read, among which was one to return to duty all prisoners paroled at Brashear City, by reason of informality of their paroles. Another directed the Regiment to be ready to move at a moment's notice. But where, was a question no one could answer. It was the general impression that there was being fitted out an expedition against Mobile. One thing was certain: the preparation showed that fighting was near at hand.

CHAPTER XXIV

Now, the next day,
Was our sea fight.

HAMLET.

Do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

On the afternoon of Wednesday the 2d of September, the final order came, and the Regiment struck camp and marched to the depot. After some delay it jumped aboard the cars and started, at sundown, for Algiers. Through a dark and chilly night, the men dozed away the hours, trying to get what sleep their crowded condition would permit. At 3 o'clock they stopped near the depot of Algiers. Leaving the cars, they spread their blankets on the ground and slept till daylight.

The balance of the Brigade, several days before, had broken up Camp Hubbard, and coming to Algiers, had encamped about half a mile from the town, upon the banks of the river. Hither our Regiment proceeded at 9 o'clock, and pitched their tents upon a grassy field.

Algiers was alive with busy throngs of soldiers, and bustling with active preparations for the coming campaign. The country around was filled with the camps of the Thirteenth Army Corps, who had but just arrived from Vicksburg, having been sent to reinforce the Army of the Gulf. It was waiting transportation to Brashear City. From thence it was to move up the Teche, and cross the state to Texas. A fleet of ocean transports were lying along the levee, loading with troops and army material.

It was conjectured directly that there was to be a combined movement against Texas. Soon after the arrival of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, its officers were ordered to turn over the tents of their respective Companies, and draw shelters in their stead. These shelters are small pieces of thin canvas, intended to be light enough for each man to carry upon his back. One shelter is not sufficiently large for protection from the weather, but they are supplied with buttons, so that when two or more are united they make a very respectable tent.

Here Major General Franklin assumed command of the Nineteenth Army Corps.

After remaining in Algiers one day, on the 4th the Regiment struck tents, and embarked on the steamer *Chahaeba*, their old friend, lying at the dock. Twelve men from Company C, under Sergeant Briggs, were detailed on the schooner *Okolona*, to guard ammunition. Two other Regiments, the Eighth Vermont and the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, also crowded aboard the steamer. All day long the stevedores were busy filling the hold of the vessel with provisions and ammunition. At sundown the ship swung out into the stream, and steamed rapidly down the river. She had proceeded but a short distance before she ran down and sank a schooner loaded with cotton. Stopping only long enough to ascertain that no lives were lost, she proceeded on her way.

When morning came, the men went on deck and found that the steamer had anchored inside the bar at South-West Pass. All around, a large fleet, thronged with soldiers, was lying at anchor. That day they remained there without any thing of importance occurring, except that the fleet was augmented by the arrival of other ves-

sels. The United States mail steam-ship *George Cromwell* came in from sea, and stopped a few minutes to leave some New York papers among the troops.

At daybreak on Sunday, the 6th, signals from General Franklin's vessel directed the fleet to go to sea. One after another of the transports hove anchors, and threw a line of foam from their wheels. Four light draught gunboats, ten ocean steamers and six river boats, comprised the fleet. The large vessels carried the army, which consisted of about ten thousand men; the smaller ones the horses and artillery. It was evident that the expedition was prepared in great haste. The accommodations for the men were insufficient, and by packing so many together in close ships, at such a season of the year, was productive of a large amount of sickness. It was also a source of surprise that the authorities should have sent to sea such fragile and top-heavy vessels as river steamboats, when it was almost certain that the first gale would swamp them. Some of the steamers, heavily loaded, were otherwise burdened by having in tow brigs and other craft. Soon the marshy land, the lighthouse, the muddy water, disappeared, and they were out upon the bright blue ocean. The staunch old steamer *Catawba*, although partly disabled, and propelled by only one wheel, took the lead of the fleet. The sea was calm, and all the vessels kept in sight of each other. When darkness settled down upon the water, the men went below and crawled into their bunks to sleep.

That night, a year before, another fleet was moving; not upon the deep blue sea, but upon the peaceful bosom of a canal. It was not an armada like this, but contained ten lesser craft, freighted with a thousand men, inspired by the genius of liberty, and the love of country. How

different the scenes of that day and this; the events how changed! What hopes and fears, what joys and sorrows, what bright anticipations and bitter recollections have been crowded within the short space of one eventful year.

On rising in the morning, they found they were still rapidly moving on towards the Texas coast. By 2 P. M. the fleet came in sight of land. Moving on to within three or four miles of shore, at 6 o'clock the vessels were signalled to heave to and await orders. As the men leaned over the taffrails of the steamer, and gazed upon the land, they could not help but ask themselves the question: "What in the world can we be expected to do in such a country?"

A low and sandy shore extended far beyond the range of vision, without apparently a particle of vegetation. Opposite the fleet was a narrow inlet, called "Sabine Pass," near which, upon a sandy knoll, could be seen an earthwork, a light-house, and a few shanties. By the aid of a glass there could be distinguished a few cannon upon the fort, and now and then was discovered a human being wandering over the sands, without doubt astonished at the appearance of so many vessels. A lazy looking blockader was lying anchored off the Pass. Such was the uninviting prospect that greeted our boys' arrival at Texas.

That evening was a calm and pleasant one, and the men enjoyed themselves in lying upon the deck, admiring the reflection of signal lights upon the sea, and listening to the music of distant brass bands which sounded very sweetly across the water.

Going upon deck the morning of the 8th, there appeared to be considerable activity among the fleet, and signs

of an approaching attack. Signal flags were waving to and fro, dispatch boats were flying hither and thither. Some of the vessels were discharging their loads of soldiers upon others. The light draught boats were seen approaching as near as they dare to the shore. Amid all these movements the *Cahawba* was undisturbed. Through the whole day she lay quietly rolling on the swell, a mere spectator of the scenes that were being enacted.

At 9 o'clock the gunboat *Clifton* was observed approaching the Pass. Soon a puff of white smoke was seen rising from her bows, and there was heard an indistinct rumbling of sound. After firing a few shots without receiving a reply from the fort, the *Clifton* turned and came back to the outside bar. She was only making a reconnoissance.

It took a long time to make preparations for the landing of the troops. But at last, by 3 o'clock, indications showed that the action was about to begin. The gunboats *Sachem*, *Clifton* and *Arizona* steamed rapidly towards the fort, followed at a safe distance by the transports *Crescent* and *General Banks*, filled with troops, and guarded by the *Granite City*. On board the *Cahawba*, field glasses were instantly brought into use, and sightly positions sought for, to witness the engagement. It was an uncommonly clear day, and objects could be seen for a great distance. Presently the gunboats were enveloped in smoke, and a faint rumbling like the sound of distant thunder was heard.

The fort was silent, while shells were exploding over it, and the opinion began to increase among spectators that the work was evacuated. It was not till the *Sachem* started boldly up the channel, that a column of smoke

shot up from the fort, indicating the presence of the enemy. Now, between gunboats and fort, the engagement became general, and very warm. In a few moments, the poor *Sachem* was seen enveloped in a cloud greater than her guns could make. Her boilers were perforated, and steam floated lazily out of her hull. When the thick volume of steam had partly cleared away, enough to bring her plainly to view, the spectators observed with pain that her flag was down, and a white one was in its place.

Turning their attention to the *Clifton*, the men discovered that she was hard aground, lying over with her hull towards the fort. Still her guns were belching away, with as much energy as ever. In a short time the same accident that had happened to the *Sachem* occurred to her. From her staff, too, a white flag replaced the stars and stripes. The *Arizona*, finding herself alone in the fight, withdrew, and in company with the transports came back across the bar.

Within half an hour, two small rebel steamboats came in view from around a point of land, and towed the *Sachem* and *Clifton* out of sight. These vessels, with their brave crews, heretofore so well known to our men, were never seen again.

An unexpected turn was given to events. As the men retired to rest that night, they discussed the question, "What can be done now, since the only available gunboats are destroyed?"

When daylight came, they found that the problem had been solved, for the fleet was then under way back to New Orleans. By some culpable neglect on the part of the commissariat, rations and fresh water were already nearly exhausted. How could the men avoid the reflec-

tion, that if they had succeeded in landing on the barren coast of Texas, they would have starved for want of food? It may have been fortunate that the expedition resulted as it did.

The 9th of September, the *Cahawba* sailed towards the South-West Pass, against a strong head wind, and a heavy sea. At 8 o'clock on the evening of the 10th, she sighted the light at the mouth of the river. That night she laid outside the bar, rolling on the heavy waves.

Early the next morning a pilot came alongside, and conducted the steamer into the river, where she anchored to await the arrival of the other vessels of the fleet. As they came across the bar, what a sorry plight some of them, particularly the river boats, presented. The *Laurel Hill* had lost both of her tall pipes, and smoke was issuing from her decks, covering her upper works with a coating of soot. Several of the boats had their sides stove in by the waves. All these flimsy vessels had thrown overboard their valuable cargoes of horses, mules and cannon. Some of the most serviceable artillery of the army, including some thirty-pound Parrott guns of the Twenty-First Indiana Battery, were thus lost.

At 8 o'clock, the *Cahawba* moved up the river some twelve miles, to the head of the Delta, where the Pass a Loutre, South Pass and South-West Pass diverge to the sea, and again cast anchor. They remained here but a short time, when orders came to go to Algiers. Up anchor, and away they went, ploughing against the swift current. The transport *General Banks* was alongside the *Cahawba*, and an exciting race began between these two vessels. For some time it seemed to be a doubtful contest. The men on the *Cahawba* wished a thousand times that their vessel had the use of both her wheels.

But at length the *Cahawba* gained the advantage of her competitor, and slowly passed by, amid the clapping of hands and cheers upon the one side; to the discomfort of the *General Banks'* men upon the other.

In half an hour the *Cahawba* was out of sight of the rest of the fleet. She was not compelled to stop at Fort Jackson, neither was she halted at Quarantine, though there were upwards of a hundred fever patients on board. Inasmuch as all the sick of the command, only a week before, had been carefully selected by the doctors, and sent to hospitals at New Orleans, an alarming amount of disease had been engendered. The One Hundred and Fourteenth lost but one man upon the passage—Lyman S. Dunbar, of Company D. He died of ship fever, and was buried at sea, leaving a wife and seven dependent children.

Before sundown the swift *Cahawba* came up with, and passed the mail steamship *George Washington*, upon the deck of which were seen the familiar faces of Lieutenant Pellet and Captain Fitts, returning from New York.

Near midnight, the *Cahawba* tied up to the dock at Algiers. While the sick were being conveyed to hospitals, the well of the Regiment disembarked and marched to its old camp below the town. By daylight, a city of shelter tents had sprung up on the lately vacant fields.

This was the *finale* of the "Sabine Pass Expedition." Its results can be summed up in the words of an old couplet, slightly altered:

> General Franklin, with ten thousand men,
> Went out to sea, and then came back again.

While rebellious citizens quietly laughed over the "grand fizzle," our men said nothing, but experienced

some sad reflections. It is apparent that the enemy achieved a signal success, with but little effort on his own part.

Rebel official reports state that the little earthwork at Sabine Pass mounted but three guns of small calibre, supported by about two hundred men. With such a disparity of forces, the Army of the Gulf was defeated. Whether the affair was creditable, or not, let the reader judge.

CHAPTER XXV

Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away.
KING HENRY V.

For two days the Regiment lay at Algiers. To pass away the time, many of the men obtained permission to visit the town. A quiet, easy-going place is Algiers, without any particular feature to distinguish it from other southern towns, except, perhaps, the iron works and the rail road depot. There can be found a few fine residences standing back from the streets, and embowered in shady groves of hawthorns, magnolias, olive and fig trees, perfumed with the odor of many flowers. The largest part of the town is composed of small and even squalid houses, and inhabited by a laboring class of people. There are a few shops and stores on the main street, but New Orleans, across the river, monopolizes nearly all their local trade. Several lines of ferry boats are constantly plying between the two places, making a passage so quick and cheap that the denizens of Algiers prefer to do their shopping in the great mart of New Orleans.

The afternoon of Friday, the 15th, the One Hundred and Fourteenth received orders to move immediately to the depot, to take the cars for Brashear City. The announcement was received with considerable merriment by the men, calling forth remarks like these:

"I say, Jim, they knew we were getting homesick, 'cause we hav'nt been in Brashear City for over a week."

"Well, I just believe that Brashear City is the centre of gravity of this Department. If we get away from it a little ways, why the whole d——d concern has lost its balance."

"I'll tell you what my opinion is about this movement. You see those musquitoes up in Brashear City are mighty hungry, and may rebel against the government, so we are going up to satiate their thirst for blood, and kind 'er conciliate 'em, don't you see?"

At 4 o'clock, the densely packed train moved out from the station. In a short time it emerged from cultivated fields to vast everglades covered with several inches of water, from which wild rice was growing in thick profusion. From thence it entered gloomy swamps, dark with gigantic cypress, whose limbs were laden with heavy festoons of Spanish moss. When darkness came on, the men lit their pipes, and attempted to pass away the weary hours of travel, by chatting and "coming jokes." At midnight, the engine whistled for the last time, and entered the "City" of Brashear. All around the town the glowing camp fires indicated the presence of a larger force than when the Regiment left the place a little more than a week before.

The western boys of the Thirteenth Army Corps, were lying here in camp. The One Hundred and Fourteenth was assigned a different camp ground from any it had previously occupied, being a ploughed field at the south of the rail road. They remained here scarcely forty-eight hours, tormented day and night with musquitoes, and suffering for the want of wholesome water. Berwick Bay was the only fountain of supply in this respect, and that was nearly as salty as the sea, especially when the tide was in.

Brashear City was fast assuming its former activity and vigor. Troops were continually arriving and going into camp, while the rail road men were taxed to their utmost in transporting such an army with its supplies and material. The ware-houses and depot were being rapidly filled with an immense store of provisions. Gunboats and transports once more enlivened the waters of the bay. The forts were being repaired and re-mounted. Everywhere there was presented a scene like

"One of the olden time."

An overland campaign into Texas was evidently being prepared.

On the morning of September 17th, the army commenced to move across the bay. The men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth at an early hour pulled down their shelters, packed their bundles, and marched upon the decks of the steamer *Thomas*. Landing on the Berwick side of the bay, another camp was quickly established on a grassy plot, while Companies A, B, and D went out in advance to do picket duty The Regiment remained in this camp three days, and all the while the steamers were busy in crossing the army.

The western men were strangers in this army, and attracted considerable attention from their peculiar habits in camp, and singular style of doing duty. They were, evidently, excellent fighting men, and some of them were very proficient in drill; but they had a wonderful disregard of personal appearance, wearing all manner of dirty and outlandish costumes. They also took a special delight in destroying every species of rebel property that came within their reach, whether serviceable to them or not, much to the horror of General Franklin, who was

opposed to such a method of subduing the rebellion. While the members of the Nineteenth Army Corps under the command of General Franklin, were forbidden to help themselves to even a sweet potato, or a single garden vegetable, without incurring the strictest penalties, they were compelled to see their neighbors of the Thirteenth Corps living upon every luxury that the country afforded. These orders of General Franklin were very galling to our men, and they availed themselves of every ingenious device to evade obedience to them. In this way the new commander, from the start, became unpopular with his men, and failed in the execution of some of his orders, for however terrible the punishment, the men would "gobble" vegetables, pigs and chickens, to stay their appetite for fresh food.

The western men were inveterate gamblers, a vice to which the men of the Nineteenth Corps were much less addicted. They were, likewise, arrant braggarts, continually dilating upon their wonderful achievements, and forever depreciating the laudable efforts of others. They said that they had "come down from Vicksburg for the purpose of showing these paper collar and white glove gents (meaning the Nineteenth Corps) how to fight." They only wanted "the wooden nutmeg fellers" to keep out of their way, and *they* would "finish rebellion in the Gulf Department in short order." Such remarks, and others still more invidious, wrought an ill state of feeling between the Corps, which often resulted in fisticuff fights. But when the western men referred to General Franklin as an "old Potomac fossil, coming south to put on regular army airs," no one seemed to take any offense. After a while, our boys learned to keep away from their boasting neighbors, and not listen to their

taunts. They patiently awaited the coming of that day when the minds of their western comrades would be disabused of such sentiments, and their statements disproved. In two subsequent battles, when the Nineteenth Corps saved the Thirteenth, in one instance from total annihilation, this feud was perfectly healed, and they were ever after good friends.

After remaining in Berwick three days, it was found necessary to move the command up the river, not only to make room for the constantly arriving troops, but to give the army a supply of better water.

At 1 o'clock of the 20th, the Regiment started off, leading the Brigade. Marching five miles over the old familiar road up the Teche, they went into camp upon a cane field. Leveling the ridges and clearing away the rank weeds, the camp ground at last assumed a respectable appearance. The water from the Atchafalaya river was scarcely better than that from the bay, and could be drank only when steeped with coffee. Here for five days the Regiment lay quiet, with but little else to do than their regular picket duty.

At sunrise on the 26th, the Brigade started for a better camp, with better water, up the Teche, passing through the well known village of Pattersonville, and over the memorable battle ground of Bisland. After a fatiguing march of nine miles, and then rambling around for some time through tall and thick weeds, to find a suitable camp, the Regiment finally rested upon the most rugged specimen of a ploughed cane field. Here the men put up their shelters between the cane ridges, obtaining bits of boards, or fence rails to lie upon at night. The water of the Teche was considerably improved, in not being as brackish, but it was thick and green with vegetable matter. For a week of rainy weather, they wallowed over

the muddy camp ground, heartily wishing to be moved to some more congenial spot.

At length everything seemed to be ready for the Texas campaign. General Franklin, having issued stringent orders concerning the conduct of the troops on the march, directed that the column move by daylight on the 3d of October. At the appointed time, the One Hundred and Fourteenth was trudging along the well beaten track at the head of the Brigade. Every house was familiar to our men; they were acquainted with many of the citizens; they could tell the distance from place to place, and in fact knew as much of the Teche country as they did of their own townships. At noon they marched through Franklin, the town, it will be remembered, our boys threatened to burn four months before. They had not forgotten the cowardly and wanton attack that had been made upon them at this place, and as they passed along, they made all manner of hateful remarks to the citizens who stood upon the sidewalks, gazing at another advent of the Yankee army. One mile beyond the village, they camped upon the same ground they had occupied when they first entered this country.

The next day, after traveling over rutty and muddy roads, and taking a wide circuit around Indian Bend prairie, to avoid the marshes, they stopped for the night upon the identical plantation where they had once been deprived of the privilege of riding, in having their animals seized by General Banks.

The day following, they marched twelve miles, and camped opposite the wreck of the rebel gunboat *Hart*, which yet filled up the channel of the Teche. For two days the army remained in camp, everything all quiet, except a little cavalry skirmish beyond New Iberia.

On the evening of the 6th, the Regiment was detailed

for picket, relieving the One Hundred and Sixty-First New York. Distributed along a line of over a mile, the men were kept awake and alert through the darkness and stillness of the night, to guard against a surprise of the enemy's cavalry, who were known to be near.

> "The hum of either army stilly sounds,
> That the fixed sentinels almost receive
> The secret whispers of each other's watch."

Remaining on duty for twenty-four hours, it was relieved by the Eighth Vermont, and returned to camp to rest and be ready for the next day's march.

When the sun rose in the morning of October 8th, it found the men tramping through the village of New Iberia. During a hot and oppressive day, they toiled on for sixteen miles, and camped in the afternoon upon the prairie. That night, men and horses suffered alike for water. After searching for miles over the plain, but little could be found, except what could be dipped from sink holes nearly dry.

Every one now believed that the following day would witness a severe battle at Vermilion Bayou, five miles ahead, for it was universally known among the rank and file, that since the evacuation of this country in the spring, the enemy had concentrated a large force upon the northern bank, where he had constructed heavy earthworks.

Morning came, and the column moved on. Approaching the bayou, the rattling of musketry became more distinct, showing that the cavalry were having a busy time of it. Weitzel's Brigade was soon halted in a hollow of the prairie, while other troops were making a wide detour to flank the enemy. All day they awaited the order to attack. Finally, at 5 o'clock, when the

heavy artillery had got into position, and were pounding away with energy, our men were ordered up, and rapidly marched towards the crossing of the bayou. They arrived at the burning bridge just in time to see the terrified rebels hastening off at great speed, while the blue-coated cavalry were fording the stream and galloping after the scattering foe. So the prospect of a battle vanished, and the men had nothing to do but to put up their shelters by the cool running water of the bayou.

During the day, a supply train had arrived from down the Teche, accompanying which were General Banks and Paymaster Alton. The General, after remaining a few hours, returned to New Orleans, but the Major staid to pay off the troops.

Instantly, doors, boxes and boards were seized upon from among neighboring plantations, and brought into requisition as tables upon which to sign the pay rolls. Before sundown the rolls were all signed, so that early the next morning the Paymaster was not delayed when he delivered out the welcome greenbacks.

At 10 o'clock, the payment of the Regiment was nearly completed, when it was announced that a new bridge over the bayou was finished and the army was ordered to move forward. Some of the men, in consequence, were obliged to defer the enjoyment of replenishing their attenuated pocket books, that looked, as one young man told the Paymaster, "as though an elephant had stomped on 'em." Two miles will embrace the whole distance traveled that day, when the One Hundred and Fourteenth formed a long picket line in front of the army. That night, when many of the men were away from the scrutinizing eyes of the officers, the planters in that neighborhood lost immense quantities of what soldiers regard as

legitimate spoils, viz., pigs, chickens, potatoes and sugar. Wherever a pile of feathers, potato parings or offal could be discovered near a picket post in the morning, inquiries were instantly made to find the perpetrator, but, *mirabile dictu*, every one clearly proved himself innocent. The mystery could never be accounted for. Yet it was very suspicious that so many men carried plethoric haversacks the next day. Army rations, *probably!*

On the 11th, the army pushed on thirteen miles, and encamped in a hollow formed by the flow of a dirty little brook, dignified by the name of bayou, and prefixed with the appropriate and classic name of *Carrioncrow*. Here General Franklin ordered five days' rest to the army. For two days everything went along with more than usual quiet. On the third, the morning opened with a brisk skirmish on the picket line. Soon, the First Division was drawn up in line, concealed by a rise of ground. It waited for hours the attack of the enemy, but he did not come, although he drove in our pickets for some distance. This movement proved to be only a feint, for the Thirteenth Corps, some five miles in the rear, on the prairie, received the real attack, and repulsed it.

In front of part of Weitzel's Brigade was a large corn field, among the thick and tall stalks of which rebel bushwhackers had concealed themselves. The One Hundred and Fourteenth was ordered to level this field. Forming a line of battle on the edge, it moved forward, each man pushing over the corn stalks with his feet. Like an immense mowing machine, it moved backward and forward, until the large crop of corn was lying flat upon the ground.

In the afternoon, Major Alton paid the balance of the Regiment.

The rebels were still anxious to bring about a contest. On the morning of the 15th, the enemy opened a sharp attack along the whole front of the picket line. This time they brought up their artillery, and commenced a vigorous shelling. The First Division was ordered to the front, the One Hundred and Fourteenth being left back to guard the camps. It was evident the enemy had counted on inferior numbers on our side, for when battery after battery came up, and went to hurling shot and shell —when line after line of blue-coats were formed across the prairie, and still more coming—the astonished Johnnies beat a precipitate retreat. They never more annoyed the army at that place.

For nine days the troops remained in camp at Carrion-crow Bayou. It seemed as though the Texas campaign had became very infirm, and creeping along for a little time, with slow and tottering pace, had now nearly reached the end of its existence. This problem was frequently propounded: "If the army moves thirty-five miles in two weeks, how long will it take to march to Niblett's Bluff, on the Texan border?" It is enough to say that the question was never put to a practical test.

At length, on the morning of October 21st, the army commenced its forward movement. Marching a few miles, the men passed the wagon train of the Thirteenth Army Corps, then at halt. This train was a curiosity in its way. The wagons were loaded to the bows with everything one could mention, from a coffee-mill to a darkey baby. Their live stock was equally varied. Dogs, cows, goats, Shetland ponies, roosters, and a tame bear, embraced a part of the collection. It almost equaled the sight Noah must have produced when he opened the doors of his ark.

In that wonderful proeession an immense iron oven, drawn by two horses, attraeted a great deal of attention. The driver of this establishment was eontinually bored with the question, "What is that masheen for?" He had a new answer for every interrogator. To one, he said it was a magazine; to another, a eell for prisoners; to another, still, a portable steam gun. But he exceeded the range of eredibility when he avowed the eoneern to be a bullet mould, or a pieee of stove pipe.

As the eolumn moved by, a good deal of humorous badinage passed between our boys and the western men. Some one in the ranks observing a pet goose enelosed in a eage, which was hung behind a wagon, asked a by-stander, "Where did that goose come from?" The reply was, "Deserted from the Nineteenth Corps." Quick and pointed eame the retort, "Birds of a feather floek together."

At another place, some men standing near the eareass of a dead mule, ealled out: "Here, you eastern chaps, come and fill your haversaeks with fresh meat." "No," said a young man, hitching his gun upon his shoulder, "we ain't selfish; we'll wait till you have finished your meal."

"Say," spoke one of our boys to a teamster, "you have most every kind of ealamity in your wagon." "No," said he, "I hav 'nt got any of the Nineteenth Corps along with me."

This bantering only ceased when the men were out of hearing of the train.

A short distanee further on, the eause of the detention of the train was diseovered. The Thirteenth Corps had just finished a charge on the enemy as the Nineteenth came along. A large force of the rebel cavalry, under

General Green, had formed across the plain upon the edge of a piece of wood, to dispute the advance of the army. The Thirteenth Corps immediately formed into line and made a charge, when the enemy, not waiting to receive it, turned and fled. The loss was trifling on either side. Eight rebels were left dead on the field. The Confederate army in this section appeared to have become demoralized, and able to make only a show of resistance.

Shortly, the men passed the familiar old camp at Pratt's Plantation, and soon arrived at Opelousas. Before entering the town, the column turned off to the right, and marched towards Barre's Landing. Proceeding five miles further, and eighteen from Carrioncrow Bayou, the army went into camp along a small stream called Bayou B-a-r-r-i-a-c-o-q-u-a-n-t.

"—— Phoebus, what a name,
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame!"

That night the One Hundred and Fourteenth went on picket. The following morning it set up camp upon a level and muddy field, where it remained for ten days. During that time, "all was quiet on the Barriacoquant," except that the cavalry was scouring the country, having frequent skirmishes with guerrilla bands, and taking prisoners every day. At one time, four hundred cadaverous, sallow, long-haired, sullen-looking Johnnies, were marched into camp under guard.

The camps, at this time, were crowded with runaway negroes. It seemed as though the resources of the country, in this respect, were inexhaustible. Wherever the army went, contrabands swarmed around the camps, until the authorities were compelled to institute a periodical clearing out. They were omnipresent. By day they were stalking through the company streets, with pans

of molasses candy for sale. The nights were made hideous by their dances and prayer meetings, disturbing the sleep of the men.

On the evening of the 27th of October, General Weitzel sent out invitations to all the officers of his Brigade to visit him at his Head-quarters, and assist in celebrating the anniversary of the battle of Labadieville—his first engagement. Of course, every one went that could be spared from duty. Beneath a clump of grand old oaks, whose varnished leaves and pendent moss were lit up by a huge fire, the General stood in front of his tent and received his guests. The evening passed pleasantly, between eating, speechifying and toasts. Certain bibulous fluids were also circulated, and a few did not their "spiriting gently." A couple of brass bands added to the *eclat* of the occasion. In "the wee small hours" the party broke up, and scattered off to the different camps. This little event was a bright and refreshing oasis in the midst of a barren desert of monotonous and arduous life. There are but few recollections of these times that are pleasant.

Continual rains conspired with the low and marshy soil, to make the camp at this place the muddiest and most intolerable spot the boys had ever before experienced. About every other day the Regiment was ordered out on picket, when a sleepless and stormy night would contribute to the general discomfort. The rations, too, were very scanty and unwholesome. Sweet potatoes, a short time before so abundant and so luscious, were not to be had; but partly in lieu thereof, the men would bring into camp from the surrounding forests, delicious persimmons and pecan nuts.

Everybody now knew that the Texas campaign had

resulted in a failure. It was, no doubt, the intention to make Barre's Landing the base of supplies, but the low stage of water prevented navigation to that point, and the wagon trains were absolutely insufficient to supply an army from so great a distance as New Iberia. General Franklin hesitated sometime before he abandoned the campaign, hoping that the late heavy rains would cause a rise in Bayou Courtableau. But he was deceived, for he knew not the nature of Louisiana streams, which are not affected by rains, but rise and fall only with the Mississippi. It was not the season for a freshet; so at last he was compelled to issue the order to "fall back."

CHAPTER XXVI

The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire.
KING HENRY V.

After the command had been mustered, October 31st, the men were ordered to be ready to march on the following morning. At the appointed time the army commenced to move. After a weary day's march, the Regiment camped on its old ground at Carrioncrow Bayou.

On the following day, continuing to fall back, the Nineteenth Corps marched to Vermilionville, leaving the Thirteenth to follow behind in a day or two. On that day, the 2d of November, the One Hundred and Fourteenth camped upon a grassy lawn near the elegant residence of Governor Mouton. It was on the same plantation that the Regiment had done picket duty on its advance "up the country." The morning after its arrival, it was ordered to do duty upon the same line, the men being stationed upon the same old posts. This is but one instance of the uncertainty of military life. A little over three weeks before, when the men halted here for a night, in their advance to Texas, they little thought that in so short a time they would be doing duty again upon this identical spot. Such events impress a soldier with the idea that it is folly for him to predict the future. His mind soon partakes of the habit of reflecting only upon the past and present, totally regardless of what is to come, believing that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

When darkness came, our watchful sentinels could not help but observe and remark upon the wonderful activity of the signal lights, which were flashing to and fro upon the spire of the Catholic Church in the village. All agreed that there was "something up," or "something in the wind." They were correct in their surmises, for at 1 o'clock the pickets were hastily called in, and the Corps moved out towards the inevitable Carrioncrow Bayou. Here was another curiosity of military, falling back one day, and advancing upon the same road the next. It did not take long for inquisitive minds to learn the cause of the movement.

A part of the Thirteenth Corps had been attacked the evening before, by an overpowering force of the enemy, and were badly cut up. In anticipation of another attack at daybreak, the Nineteenth Corps were hurried forward to the assistance of the unfortunate Thirteenth. In five hours, the distance of fourteen miles was traversed, so that a little after sunrise our men arrived at the late scene of conflict. The enemy had gone, but had left behind him evidences of the havoc he had committed. The buildings near the bayon were filled with wounded men, among whom Surgeons were busy at their bloody work. Rows of dead bodies were laid out upon the grass, which were being buried as fast as graves could be dug. There was also a squad of rebel prisoners.

It appears that Burbridge's Brigade was encamped several miles in advance of the main body of the Corps, at Bayou Grand Coteau. Upon this unprotected Brigade the rebels vented their fury. Suddenly riding upon them, in all directions, our troops had not time to form before the enemy was in their camps. After a short and desultory contest, a part of the Brigade made its escape,

leaving one hundred and fifty dead and wounded upon the field, losing all their camp and garrison equipage, and five hundred men taken prisoners. The enemy then fell back, one hundred dead being left behind him. That day, the 4th of November, was employed in making a proper disposition of the killed and wounded.

At 6 A. M. of the next day, both Corps took up a line of march for Vermilionville, and at 2 P. M. arrived at their old camp. Owing to the fatigue of the past few days, General Weitzel ordered a whisky ration to be served to the men, and they were notified that they would probably remain at this place several days.

It did not take long for the men to fit up for themselves comfortable little houses, using boards and rails "confiscated" from barns and fences, for walls and floors, and canvas for roofing. For ten days they stayed at Vermilionville, enjoying the most delightful weather, employed with light and agreeable duty. Amusements were the order of the day, among which was horse racing. The One Hundred and Fourteenth took especial pride in the fact that a horse kept by Colonel Per Lee, was uniformly the winner in all these contests. In this respect they jocosely claimed pre-eminence over all the other Regiments of the army. In conversation with men of other commands, they would exultingly remark: "Well, you can brag as much as you are a mind to; our Colonel has got a hoss that will beat anything you can rake or scrape." This wonderful superiority was beyond all dispute.

All the while, small bands of rebels were hovering around the army, ready to pounce upon any inferior force which should happen to be outside the lines. They even came into the village, and fired upon our pickets from

behind houses. Twice the Regiment went out from camp a few miles, to guard a forage train, while it could be loaded with corn and wood, and both times was annoyed by guerrillas. Once it returned without accomplishing its object.

On the 11th of November, a body of fifteen hundred cavalry, with Nim's Battery, started out on a reconnoisance towards Carrioncrow Bayou. Proceeding seven miles, they came across a large force of the enemy, and began to retreat. In the afternoon our men in camp were alarmed by the near approach of cannonading and musketry. The rebels even followed the cavalry to the outskirts of the town.

In anticipation of a general attack, a line of rifle pits was planned and dug along the whole front of the army. Fields, roads, pleasure grounds and gardens, suffered alike from the pick and spade. A pile of fresh earth was thrown up near the residence of the old Governor. The tall, portly, dignified looking proprietor, could only sit out upon his veranda and look upon the desolating scene around him. His broad fields, lately covered with crops, were trodden down by soldiers; his extensive out-buildings were torn down; his negro cabins were deserted; and himself and family, including his eldest daughter—the wife of the rebel General Gardner—confined to his house by a guard. He who had been President of the Convention that caused the secession of Louisiana, and one of the wealthiest men of the state, was driven to absolute want and starvation, as the fruits of his own treasonable acts. He was actually known to have slipped by the guards, in the dead of night, to gather up the ears of corn from under the noses of the cavalry horses, to keep his family from starving! Finally, he

was compelled to conquer his pride, and appeal to the charity of the despised and contemned officers of the United States, for food.

> "Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
> To plague the inventors."

An instance here of the bitter and deep humiliation to which these people were subjected, is worth recording. Colonel Dudley, the Chief-of-Staff to General Banks, was at the commencement of the war a Lieutenant in the regular army, under Captain Gardner. When armed rebellion arose, and the nation was endangered, Captain Gardner deserted his Regiment, which was stationed far out upon the western frontier, and went over to the insurgents, leaving his family to the care of his brother officers. In a long march across the western plains, Lieutenant Dudley provided every possible comfort for Mrs. Gardner and her children, until she could reach a point where she could depend upon her own resources. In the meantime it had been learned that Captain Gardner had been commissioned a Major General in the rebel army. This information was a source of great delight to Mrs. Gardner, and notwithstanding the kindness of Lieutenant Dudley, and in spite of his earnest protestations, she persisted in expressing the most disloyal sentiments, and sought, in every way, to insult the cause which he represented, and the flag which he loved and served. Having reached a place of safety, he parted with the ungrateful woman, and she returned to her father's house at Vermilionville.

While our army was lying at this place, Mrs. Gardner secured a permit to go to the Head-quarters of the Commanding General. Colonel Dudley was busy writing in

his office, when a lady, draped in deep mourning and veiled, presented herself and inquired for General Banks. The Colonel politely offered her a seat, replying that the General was not in, but that he would be happy to do anything for her that was consistent with his duty.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" she asked.

"Colonel Dudley, madam."

"Is this Lieutenant Dudley, of the Tenth Infantry?"

"The same, madam."

She hid her face in her hands, and commenced to sob bitterly. The Colonel attempted to allay her feelings, and ascertain the cause of her distress. At length she succeeded in saying:

"O! Lieutenant, has it come to this? Must I ask a favor of *you?* I am Mrs. Gardner, and I have come to beg some food for my starving children!"

That day a wagon load of provisions was unloaded at her house.

The pleasant camp at Vermilionville was at length broken up. On the morning of November 16th, the men were compelled to abandon their neat little houses, and march towards New Iberia. Arriving in the evening at Camp Pratt, (an old rebel camp of instruction,) they rested upon the banks of Lake Tasse. This beautiful sheet of water gave them a fine opportunity to bathe themselves, and wash their clothes. Passing over this road so many times before, they had never imagined that a body of water four miles long and two miles wide, lay here nestled among the swells of the prairie.

This attractive spot was next day left behind. Marching through New Iberia about 9 o'clock in the morning of the 17th, the army camped two miles from the town, upon the same ground it had occupied in its last move-

ment up the Teche. The following day our Brigade moved to the rear of the army, and camped upon a more inviting and convenient spot. It was understood that here was to be the winter quarters of the army, and accordingly every one went busily to work to make for himself as cozy a house as his means would admit. There was a great struggle for even the smallest bits of boards. One sugar mill was completely demolished, to obtain brick to make chimneys for the little houses. Fire places became necessary, by reason of the "nor-westers" which at this season of the year frequently came sweeping across the plains, sending a chill through the frames of our soldiers, enervated by the extreme heat of summer.

In an incredibly short space of time, a town of rustic buildings was erected upon the lately vacant ground, and hundreds of diminutive chimneys of the Anti-Masonic order peeped up from the ranges of huts.

On the 20th of November, the long expected and much dreaded inspection took place. Major Sentell, the Division Inspector, was known to be a strict and stern officer in the performance of his duty. The result was, the One Hundred and Fourteenth received credit for being the best appearing Regiment in the Brigade.

A daily line of steamboats was established between New Iberia and Brashear City, whereby the army received its regular mails, and an abundant supply of food and clothing.

A system of camp duties was instituted. Oftentimes the Regiment was detailed as a guard to a forage train, when it would march out in the country some eight or ten miles, and return in the evening loaded down with vegetables and fresh meat. In this way, the whole region around about New Iberia was thoroughly scoured.

Horse racing was still in vogue, and at stated times thousands of soldiers congregated upon an open plain, to witness this exciting sport.

November 26th, being the day appointed for a national thanksgiving, was observed throughout the camp as a holiday. General Franklin issued an order, which for its boldness and uniqueness will challenge any document of a similar character. An extract was in words nearly as follows:

"Upon this day, Chaplains are directed to hold divine service at the head of their respective Regiments, and it is also ordered that one whisky ration be issued to each man of this command."

"I see that you have *some* religion, that you fear.

The General's idea of theology was so badly confused that the Chaplains were horror-struck! It is said they had some serious arguments as to whether the men should have their whisky before the service, or after.

As the One Hundred and Fourteenth was deprived of the services of a Chaplain, our boys protested that in lieu of a sermon, *they* were entitled to an *extra* ration. It is not to be believed that they obtained it.

On the 3d of December, the Regiment was again paid by their old friend, Major Alton. "Mike," the Sutler, of course opened a brisk trade in his new stock of goods.

It had been rumored for some time that the Department of the Gulf was about to lose the valuable services of General Weitzel. The report was so distastful to the members of the "Old Brigade," that they refused to credit it. But alas! it proved too true. On the morning of December 10th, the news flew through the camps that General Weitzel was already coming down the road on

his way to the North. The Regiments of his Brigade were quickly drawn up in line by the side of the road. Although a large part of the One Hundred and Fourteenth had that morning gone out on a foraging expedition, yet there was enough remaining in camp to make a respectable line and give a lusty cheer. Presently the General appeared, and with uplifted hat and tearful eyes rode slowly along the lines, amid the thunder of artillery. the drooping of flags, the saluting of martial music and of bands, and the deafening cheers of thousands of men.

One enthusiastic young man sang out: "General, you ai'nt going to leave us for good?" "Never fear," said he, "I shall be back again." At another place the General remarked: "It is hard to part with you, boys, yet I shall not be gone long."

He probably thought that he should be able to return. but it proved the last time the Brigade ever saw him. His subsequent history in the Army of the James is known to every reader. It is needless here to say, that the One Hundred and Fourteenth, throughout its entire service, was never commanded by a General more universally loved and honored than General Weitzel. Among its survivors there cannot be found a man who can utter a disrespectful word against this accomplished officer.

General Weitzel was succeeded in command of the First Division by General Emory. Among the first things he did, was to consolidate the camps of the Brigades, so as to obviate the necessity of having so long a picket line. The First Brigade, now changed to the Third, was ordered, on the 17th of December, to move its camp one mile towards New Iberia. This was very discouraging, seeing the men had labored so hard in

constructing their winter quarters. But there was no use in murmuring. The boys choked their feelings, tore down their houses, loaded up their building material, shouldered their muskets, and marched off to the new camp, which was found very low and muddy.

Before they had time to pitch their shelters, a violent storm came up, drenching them to the skin, and converting their camping ground into a lake. They managed, somehow, to pass a miserable night, and in the morning went vigorously to work, draining the ground and rebuilding their huts.

On the 11th, Colonel Per Lee started for the North on leave of absence. Major Curtis was left in charge of the Regiment, which he retained to the 13th, when Lieutenant Colonel Morse arrived from New Orleans, whither he had been on the Board of Prison Inspectors, Department of the Gulf, and assumed command.

On the afternoon of the 16th, one non-commissioned officer from each Company left camp for New York, on recruiting service, in compliance with the following order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, La., Dec. 8, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 306.

[Extract.]

* * * * * * * * * * *

20. The following Non-Commissioned Officers of the 114th New York Volunteers, will proceed to the State of New York, and report to the Adjutant General of the State, for the purpose of recruiting their Regiment. The senior Non-Commissioned Officer will take charge of the detachment. The Quartermaster's Department will furnish the necessary transportation:

First Sergeant Joseph G. Washburn, Company A.
First Sergeant Adrian L. Watson, Company B.
Corporal John Brookins, Company C.
Sergeant Samuel Dunton, Company D.

Sergeant Austin D. Cable, Company E.
First Sergeant Stephen Weaver, Company F.
Corporal Harrison Brand, Company G.
Sergeant Theodore Evans, Company H.
Sergeant Cyrus R. Warner, Company I.
First Sergeant Edward E. Hunt, Company K.

By command of Major General BANKS.

G. NORMAN LIEBER, A. A. A. G.

On the 19th of December, Captains Knowlton and Bockee returned from the North, whither, it will be recollected, they went five months before to obtain conscripts.

The weather was now becoming every day more and more severe. Among the oldest inhabitants it was generally conceded that such cold weather had never before been experienced in that region. It was a common remark among them, that the Yankees had brought down the cold from the land of snow and ice. In the midst of such a season, dreary and muddy, Christmas day came and passed without much enjoyment.

On the 28th of December, Charles Turner, a member of Company C, was executed for the crime of desertion. In the following order from Headquarters Department of the Gulf, will be found the charges upon which he was tried, together with the findings and sentence of the Court, and the approval of the Major General Commanding:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, December 7, 1863,

GENERAL ORDERS No. 80.

[Extract.]

VIII. Before a General Court Martial, convened pursuant to Special Orders No. 5, of September 18th, 1863, from the Headquarters, 1st Division, 19th Army Corps, and of which Major W. H. Sen-

tell, 160th Regiment New York Volunteers, is President, were arraigned and tried:

Private Charles Turner, Company C, 114th Regiment New York Volunteers.

CHARGE 1. "Misbehavior before the Enemy."

CHARGE 2. "Disobedience of Orders."

CHARGE 3. "Conduct to the prejudice of Good Order and Military Discipline."

CHARGE 4. "Desertion."

Finding: Of the 1st charge—"Guilty."
Of the 2d charge—"Guilty."
Of the 3d charge—"Guilty."
Of the 4th charge—"Guilty."

And the Court does therefore sentence him, Private Charles Turner, Company C, 114th Regiment New York Volunteers, "to be shot to death by musketry, at such time and place as shall be appointed by the Commanding General of the Department of the Gulf—two-thirds of the members of the Court concurring in the same."

XII. The proceedings, findings and sentence in the case of Private Charles Turner, Company C, 114th Regiment New York Volunteers, are approved. He will accordingly be shot to death with musketry, between the hours of sunrise and sunset, on the 28th day of December, 1863. The General Commanding the 1st Division, 19th Army Corps, is charged with the execution of this sentence, and will designate the place of execution.

By command of Major General BANKS:

G. NORMAN LIEBER,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Subsequently, by special orders, under date of December 23d, Headquarters Department of the Gulf, the Commanding Officer of the Defences of New Orleans was charged with the execution of the sentence.

On the 27th, requisite details and arrangements were made by Colonel E. G. Beckwith, Commanding Defences, and the Vicksburg Cotton Press named as the place of execution. Turner for some time had been confined in

the Parish Prison, yet was ignorant of his sentence till the morning before it was to be carried into effect. During the day he made written application to General Banks for a reprieve or a commutation of the sentence. Upon being informed that the result could not be changed, and finding that his only hope was gone, he immediately set himself to work to prepare for the awful change. Desiring Christian sympathy and consolation, Rev. C. B. Thomas, Chaplain of the University and St. James Hospital, was soon provided. He visited him in the evening, talked and prayed with him, remaining some three or four hours. Early in the morning he visited him again, remaining in prayer and conversation till the doomed man was taken from the prison, and then rode with him upon his coffin to the place of execution. He was faithfully attended by the Chaplain in his last moments. He died a penitent, and expressed the hope that the odium of his death might not be attached to his wife and child.

We have referred to this disagreeable subject at some length, because it was the only case of capital punishment that occurred in the Regiment.

December 30th, the Regiment jumped aboard a wagon train, and started off on a cotton expedition, with two days' rations. Riding out in a northerly direction, they found themselves at night under the shelter of a sugar mill. The next morning they were obliged to return to camp, having failed to accomplish the object of their expedition, on account of the condition of the roads leading to the swamp where the cotton was concealed. They arrived in camp too late to be mustered on the regular day, which deferred their muster till the day following.

About this time the old Brigade lost some of its best Regiments. The Twelfth Connecticut and Seventy-Fifth New York, and subsequently the Eighth Vermont, having re-enlisted as veterans, left for the North, on thirty days' furlough. Weitzel's old Brigade was thus effectually broken up, and was never again re-united.

The advent of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Four was so cold and dreary, that it proved not a very pleasant or "Happy New Year" to the soldier. It was more a day of reflection than amusement. As the men lay rolled in their blankets, to keep themselves warm, their minds wandered back to the exciting scenes of the year that had passed. One year before, they had just arrived in the Department of the Gulf, and entered upon active duties. Since then, they had marched hundreds of weary miles. fought a number of severe battles, witnessed the death of many comrades, and yet the rebellion appeared as strong and vigorous as ever. In the present state of things, it was vain to hope that another New Year's day would find them situated as they were two years ago, among the peaceful and happy enjoyments of home. The following general order, recounting the events of the year, was published to the Regiment:

HEADQUARTERS 114TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLS.,
IN THE FIELD, NEAR NEW IBERIA, La., Jan. 1, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 1.

Another year having drawn to a close, it is deemed proper to review the changes which have taken place around us, and to mark the results, as well as note the impress which the hand of time has made. A little more than a year has elapsed since the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment pledged its fortunes under the banner of the gallant Banks, and landed on the shores of Louisiana. Since that time the history of the Department of the Gulf has been its history. Since April, 1863, the Regiment has been on one unbroken campaign,

and has invariably been where the duty has been most onerous. In its three expeditions up the Teche, it has marched over nine hundred and fifty miles—much of the time under the burning sun of a Southern summer.

In its engagements, the battle of Bisland and the siege of Port Hudson will ever be memorable, as well as the part it acted alone, in checking the rebel raid at Franklin, in May last, which called upon it commendatory orders from the officer in command of the force escorting an immense and valuable train to Berwick's Bay. It has borne well its part, and never, having been called, was found wanting.

But, in its victories, it has been called to mourn the loss of those who were prominent in its interests, who gave it character and standing, but who have gone to the land of heroes.

Soldiers! It is not inappropriate to give a passing tribute to those brave officers and men who yielded up their lives on the 14th of June, in that fatal charge at Port Hudson. The lamented Colonel Smith, whose interest in his Regiment was akin to that of himself; the youthful Captain Tucker, just entering the field of usefulness and promise; the valiant Corbin, ever ready in his duty; and those others of our comrades who fell while bearing the banners of Liberty even into the very teeth of the enemy, shall always have a place in our hearts, and their names and deeds shall ever remain green in our memories. And further, the following report is hereby submitted for the information of the command:

CASUALTIES IN THE REGIMENT.

	Officers.	Men.
Killed in battle,	2	12
Died of wounds and disease,	3	150
Discharged,	15	100
Deserted,		5
Transferred,	1	32
Total casualties for the year ending Dec. 31, 1863	21	299

But with all these losses there has been much gained. In this Department, the surrender of the rebel stronghold, Port Hudson; the occupancy of the vast tract of country in Western Louisiana; the opening of the Mississippi; and last, the recent victories in Texas, admonish us that it has been a year of advancement in our cause, and of the prosperity of our interests. This refers not only to our imme-

diate Department, but everywhere has victory perched on our banners, and we may well return our acclaim of thanks to the Ruler of all things, for our prosperity at home; the great loyal results throughout the North, in October and November, and our successes in the field.

By Order of

HENRY B. MORSE,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Regiment.

E. P. PELLET, Adjutant.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

KING RICHARD III.

After dark of the evening of Janauary 5th, the astounding order was received that the army be ready to move at 8 o'clock in the morning. That night, as one of the boys expressively said of it, "the weather caught cold," and the rain froze as it fell, so that in the morning the deep mud was found coated over with ice. This made the roads almost impassable, and the order to march was countermanded, yet it brought no relief to our men, for the Regiment was ordered, at the same time, to go out a long distance on picket. Tramping through mud and slush, it marched a little way beyond the town, and after posting a few sentinels at important points, the remainder of the men distributed themselves among the vacated quarters of the Thirteenth Corps, which a few days before had marched off to Brashear City. They spent a comfortable night, under shelter, by the side of cheerful fires.

On the morning of the 7th, a staff officer rode up and ordered the Regiment to withdraw its pickets, and march immediately to camp, as the army was already on the move down the Teche. Hurrying to camp, the men had only time to pull down their frozen shelters, before they were ordered into line, and marched off from the familiar old camp ground. Taking "one longing, linger-

ing look behind," they turned their faces toward Franklin.

The English language is inadequate, the powers of rhetoric too feeble, to describe the march of that day. The army of the Potomac, stuck in the mud, could not possibly produce anything that would bear even a comparison to the scenes that were witnessed. A confused mass of struggling, wallowing, dirty, half-concealed-in-the-mud humanity, all day slowly labored along the roads and across the fields. Wagons were hopelessly abandoned, cannon were worked along only by dint of hard prying, shouting and swearing. Mules and horses dropped dead in the harness, from exhaustion and inhuman beating. Mud floated with tents, boxes and blankets, which teamsters and footmen had thrown away to lighten their burdens.

Darkness closed the sights of the day, and the men rested at the "half-way plantation," where they had encamped so many times before. They passed a wretched and sleepless night, for they were compelled to lie upon the damp ground, while a keen and bitter "norther" penetrated every fibre of their blankets.

They were up early in the morning, and re-enacted in part the scenes of the day before, though the marching was improved, as the ground was considerably frozen. A goodly number of the men, endowed with more than an ordinary stock of Yankee genius and cunning, had slipped from the ranks, and appropriating canoes or constructing rafts, lazily rode down the bayou in advance of the army. Arriving at Indian Bend, the troops were compelled to march three miles out of their way, by going around Indian Village, when in dry times they were enabled to cross the prairie. Having made the

circuit of the bend, the weary army camped for the night upon a deserted plantation. Most of our men secured comfortable places, within the sugar mill or out-houses.

At 10 o'cloek, the 9th of January, the men were halted one mile west of Franklin, and notified that here they were to remain for some time. Upon a dry and grassy slope, elose by the banks of the Teche, they went to work to build houses and ehimneys. Lumber and brick were scarce, but upon the opposite side of the bayou was a large plantation, abundantly supplied with building material. There was a great rush to cross the stream, every man being anxious to get ahead of his neighbor. One man paddled over on three rails; another was seen sailing across in a eauldron kettle. When once they reached the opposite bank, material enough could be secured to make and load a raft, and bring the men back in safety.

After the labor of a few days, the eamp at Franklin was made even more eomfortable than preeeding ones. From this time the weather was delightful, neither too eold nor too warm. The duty was light; games of ball, and sports of various kinds were daily indulged in. The health of the Regiment was remarkably good. The record of this time forms one of the pleasantest pages in its whole history.

The men were now obliged to keep their guns and accoutrements in good order, and the eompany streets and tents looking elean and neat. To this end, frequent inspections were had. At different times, the Regiment underwent the rigid serutiny of such men as Colonel Dwight, Major Sentell, Captain York, and the Medieal Director of the Corps. The men were relieved to a eertain extent from the irksomeness of eamp eonfinement, and were freely allowed to visit the town, and the sur-

rounding neighborhood. The beautiful town of Franklin became aroused from its lethargy, by Yankee speculators, who opened all the shops and drove a lively business. A party of soldiers of the Second Duryea's Zouaves opened an excellent theatre in a large hall, and every night enacted tragedy and comedy to overflowing houses. When the men did not wish to employ their time in the amusements of the town, they would wander among the camps. The camp of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York was a place of especial resort, being regarded as one of the greatest curiosities in the army.

Situated in a very romantic spot, its inmates had with a great amount of pains and pride, enhanced the natural beauty of the location. By the use of moss and evergreens, they constructed arbors, bowers and arches, resembling architecture of every kind. Their grounds were laid out with exquisite taste. Flower beds, miniature forts and monitors, rustic seats and shrubbery, everywhere met the delighted eye. In the evening, when the camp was lit up by fires, the effect was perfectly enchanting, reminding one of the fabled scenes of Oriental magnificence.

On the 17th of January, Colonel Merritt, the Commander of the Brigade, sent invitations to all the officers of his command, to meet him that evening at his Headquarters, that he might extend to his old comrades in arms his parting respects, as on the following morning he was to return north with his Regiment, the Seventy-Fifth New York. A pleasant time was anticipated and fully realized. It is needless to say that some very amusing and hilarious events occurred. There was "no sleep till morn," when the party broke up. Colonel Merritt issued a congratulatory order upon leaving his command.

Lieutenant Colonel Morse immediately took command

of the Brigade, and Major Curtis of the Regiment. In a few days Colonel Morse was relieved by Colonel Dwight, of the One Hundred and Sixtieth New York.

At this time, General Dwight commanded the First Division, General W H. Emory the Corps, and Major General Franklin the army in the field.

The first time that the One Hundred and Fourteenth ever participated in a grand review, was on the 25th of January, when the Nineteenth Corps was reviewed by General Emory. A pleasant day, with a beautiful ground, conspired to make the ceremony a very impressive and imposing affair. With clean uniforms, shining bayonets and floating banners, to the strains of martial music, the long column passed before the reviewing officer. When the display was over, every one seemed satisfied with the part he had taken in it.

February 3d, the Regiment assisted in another military pageant. It was on the occasion of raising a flag upon a secession pole in the public square at Franklin. The whole Brigade was marched to town, and drawn up in line along the main street. When the Stars and Strips were unfurled from the peak of the pole, a salute of artillery was given, the troops presented arms, the colors were drooped, and the assembled spectators gave way to deafening cheers. The troops then marched back to their quarters, to talk over this latest sensation.

On the 6th of February, there was a repetition of the review of the Nineteenth Army Corps, only that General Franklin was the reviewing officer.

February 12th, the Quartermaster came up from New Orleans with the tents for the Regiment, where they had been stored for nearly two months. The rotten, flimsy shelters were in a short time replaced by firm canvas, impervious to rains.

February 18th, the Regiment was ordered out upon a foraging expedition. Marching to the town, the men were distributed upon a train of two hundred and fifty wagons. Riding up the Teche and across Indian Prairie, they turned to the left of the familiar thoroughfare near the Post Office of Jeanerets, and then moved out across the plains, in the direction of Bayou Cypress Morte. Proceeding in this direction a few miles, the train suddenly came in sight of a large force of cavalry, who had formed in line of battle across the road. Instantly, the Regiment was unloaded from the wagons, a line was formed, and skirmishers were thrown out in advance. In a few minutes shots began to be rapidly exchanged with the cavalry. When the action was about becoming general, an officer was seen approaching, waving a white handkerchief. As he came nearer, it was joyfully discovered that he wore the blue uniform. Thus it was that the Regiment had a narrow escape from having a collision with a scouting party of New Jersey cavalry. Happily no one had been injured, and the men breathed freer when they again jumped aboard the wagons and moved on. A short distance further, and the train halted at a large plantation and commenced to load with corn and fodder, while the men indulged in private enterprises, by ransacking gardens and poultry yards. In the evening they returned to Franklin, well loaded with forage.

Many changes were constantly being made in the organization of the army. At length it was announced that the One Hundred and Fourteenth, in company with the Thirtieth Massachusetts, Fifteenth Maine, One Hundred and Sixty-First, and One Hundred and Seventy-Third New York Regiments, composed the First Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps. The One Hundred and Fourteenth ever after retained its connec-

tion with this organization, until the dissolution of the Nineteenth Corps. Yet there continued to be so many changes among the other Regiments of the command, that eventually the One Hundred and Fourteenth became the only original member of the Brigade.

In a short time after the promulgation of the above order, the arrival of fresh troops from the north rendered it necessary to make still further alterations. It was then ordered that the One Hundred and Seventy-Third New York and Fifteenth Maine be transferred to another command, and that the vacancies thus formed, be filled with the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York and Twenty-Ninth Maine. The Thirteenth Massachusetts had gone home on veteran furlough, and its place was for the time being filled by the One Hundred and Fifty-Third New York. The Brigade as thus formed, with a single exception, remained unchanged, for any length of time, to the end of the war. It consisted as follows: One Hundred and Fourteenth, One Hundred and Sixteenth, One Hundred and Fifty-Third, One Hundred and Sixty-First New York, Thirtieth Massachusetts and Twenty-Ninth Maine.

The one hundred and thirty-second anniversary of Washington's birth-day was celebrated in all the camps, with much enthusiasm. A salute of thirty-six guns was fired at sunrise, meridian and sunset. At noon, the First Division was drawn up in line for a short time, when General Emory held an informal review.

February 27th, the Regiment was again mustered for pay. Every one was anxious to see a Paymaster, since four months' pay was due the command.

Colonel Love, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, at this time commanded the Brigade. An accom-

plished and indefatigable officer, he was generally liked by his command. Under his direction the men received their first instruction in Brigade evolutions.

The time was now rapidly approaching, when enjoyment and ease of camp life were to be replaced by the labors and fatigues of another campaign. Indeed, the men had become weary of the monotonous nature of reviews, parades, inspections and drills—had become nauseated with what is termed "fancy soldiering"—and were longing to engage once more in the exciting scenes of marches and battles. A soldier is an uneasy creature. He is never contented with any settled form of life. When on the march, he is eager to enjoy the rest and quiet of camp life. When in camp, he is continually complaining of *ennui*. There can be no intermediate ground, so he is never satisfied.

"Soldiers always live
In idleness or peril: both are bad."

When, at the evening dress parade of March 6th, an order was read notifying the command to be prepared for a long campaign, it was gratefully received by the men. From thence, the few remaining days at Franklin were employed in busy preparations for the anticipated movement. Superfluous baggage was boxed up and sent to New Orleans for storage. Even the tents were hauled down, to be conveyed away, and the diminutive shelters took their places. Cartridge boxes were filled with ammunition; wagons were repaired, and mules and horses re-shod. The army was also enlarged by the arrival of thousands of cavalrymen from Brashear City.

Day after day the men anxiously awaited the final order of departure. But although many and voluminous

were the instructions received, relative to the details of the coming campaign, yet the order to march was delayed for over a week. In the meantime, the men were very much exercised to learn the destination and design of the expedition. Never before had a campaign opened, when our men were so perfectly unable to form any conjecture of where they were going, and what they were expected to do. Among all their camp-fire discussions, the most reasonable theory advanced was, that the army was to march in a circuitous route to the rear of Mobile, making a campaign precisely of a similar character as the one that had been carried out so successfully the year before against Port Hudson. It was not generally credited that another movement was intended in the direction of Texas, for it was argued that, having cut the Confederacy in twain, by opening the Mississippi River, the western or smaller fragment of it no longer remained a vital part of the bogus government. The question was very pointedly put: "If we whip the rebels east of the Mississippi, how long can they hold out in their Trans-Mississippi Department?" It was not thought possible, therefore, that the authorities could waste the lives and resources of so large and fine an army in only disabling the extremities of the monster Rebellion, while its head and heart would remain unharmed.

It is proper here to remark, that this was the commencement of the famous RED RIVER CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Now, soldiers, march away:—
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
KING HENRY V.

At dress parade of March 14th, the long expected order was read. It directed the army to be ready to march at 7 o'clock the following morning. Reveille was sounded early on the morning of the 15th, so that shelters were down and knapsacks packed before the appointed hour. Notwithstanding their desire to be away, the men felt some reluctance in abandoning their pleasant camp. After remaining here two months and a week, when they marched for the last time across the parade ground, and out upon the road to Franklin, it seemed as though they were leaving home. Joining with the rest of the Brigade, near the town, the column started upon the old familiar road up the Teche. That road, that had before received the impress of so many weary feet, was being traversed for the sixth time by the Regiment.

The march that day, as indeed throughout the whole campaign, was very admirably conducted. The gait of the men was kept uniform, and so equalized that two miles and a half was the distance traveled in an hour. It was also ordered that the troops march one hour, and then rest ten minutes. At 12 o'clock, the column was halted thirty minutes for dinner. In this way the men made their first day's march with little fatigue, and early in the afternoon encamped upon the "half-way

plantation," where five previous times they had halted over night.

Resuming the march at 7 o'clock on the 16th, they moved on towards New Iberia. Before arriving at the town, the men passed by the ruins of their last camp at this place. "There's my house, right there," said one young man, pointing in the direction of the camp. "And there's the chimney I built," said another. The deserted parade ground, the picket posts, the well worn path which for two months had been trod over and over again, were all objects of interest.

In a short time they emerged from the narrow street of New Iberia, and came out upon the prairie. Proceeding five miles further, they encamped again near the banks of Lake Tasse.

The next day, the 17th, the army marched sixteen miles, to Vermilion Bayou, which they reached at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and camped close by the stream. The remainder of the day and night was spent in building a bridge over the bayou, making the third time the engineers had been compelled to bridge this same water.

At 6 o'clock of the 18th, the army resumed its march. In a short time they came in sight of their old camp at Vermilionville. There were the rifle pits and breastworks running across the fields, precisely as they had left them. There was the Mouton mansion, looking the same as ever. The little huts and refuse of camp were even untouched. There was the quaint old Catholic Church, from the spire of which the signal men had been wont to wave their little flags and lamps.

Through Vermilionville the army tramped, and upon the road towards Carrionerow Bayou. For six times, by starlight or beneath the burning rays of the sun, had

that road been traversed, until even the trees and bushes had become familiar. Crossing the bridge at Bayou Carrioncrow, the army continued for several miles, when it encamped by the side of a small stream, which, with our men, went by the name of Burbridge's Bayou, because it was the place of General Burbridge's severe battle of the fall before.

That day's march of nineteen miles was one of great severity and fatigue, and caused much straggling among the newly enlisted Regiments, that were making their first campaign. It was painful to witness the young and pale-faced recruits, whose stiffened limbs and blistered feet could scarcely drag their tired bodies along. They appeared, however, to attract but little sympathy from the old campaigners. Whenever a column passed by a squad of weary and disconsolate looking stragglers, the poor fellows would be greeted with such shouts as these:

"Say, ain't you sorry you came a soldiering, for nine hundred and a c-a-ow?"

"Hurry up there, Old Limpy, we've got to march eleven miles further to-day."

"Here's where you get the worth of your bounty money."

Hundreds of knapsacks, filled with valuable clothing, were thrown away by the side of the road. These our men eagerly appropriated for their own use, and before night nearly every man in the Regiment had a new knapsack filled with new clothing, "strapped upon his back." Since the capture of Brashear City, nearly a year before, our boys had been deprived of knapsacks. In all their previous marches they had been compelled to carry their clothes rolled up in a rubber blanket, and thrown across their shoulders.

On the morning of the 19th, the army again moved on. At 11 o'clock they passed through Opelousas, with music and unfurled banners. When near the centre of the town, a tremendous cheering was heard at the head of the column, which was repeated from Regiment to Regiment. Soon the One Hundred and Fourteenth perceived the cause of the demonstration, and then it too indulged in hearty and prolonged cheers. A young lady was observed standing upon a veranda and waving a miniature flag of the Union. Such an unusual and refreshing sight was greeted with deafening applause, while many removed their caps and reverently bowed. When beyond the outskirts of the village, the sounds of cheering soldiers were still faintly heard in the direction of the house of the loyal lady.

In a few hours the army arrived at Washington, and marched to music through the streets of that town. Crossing Bayou Courtebleau, upon a bridge constructed by the citizens for their special use,* the men pitched their shelters upon the opposite bank of that stream.

The 20th of March, the army rested, and much the men needed a little repose, for having marched eighty miles in five days, they had become foot-sore and jaded. Nothing of interest occurred during the day. The Thirteenth Corps crossed over the bridge and camped a mile further up the bayou.

At this time there was no danger felt of an attack of the enemy, as a force of some ten thousand of our cavalry, under General Lee, was moving several days in advance of the infantry, driving rebel bands before them.

On the 21st, the march was continued along the well known banks of Bayou Boeuf. It was a drizzling day.

* See page 173.

and the roads were so muddy and slippery that the men traveled with considerable difficulty. After laboring all day, they had accomplished but twelve miles, when they encamped for the night upon a ploughed and swampy field. Pieces of boards and rails kept the men from lying in the mud and water, and with the aid of a whisky ration, they passed the night in tolerable comfort.

The morning sun quickly dried the mud, and the army made up the distance it had lost the day preceding. Eighteen miles were traversed, and in the evening our men camped at the village of Holmesville. The old school master still remained, the sole inhabitant of this deserted town.

Cheneyville, fifteen miles distant, was reached on the 23d, at 2 o'clock, and an encampment made upon a pasture lot in front of the residence of one Captain Marshall, of the rebel army. The plantation of this man had suffered but little from the effects of war, for his fences and out-buildings were unharmed. Scarcely had the different Regiments been marched to their respective camping places, and stacked arms, when thousands of running, screaming soldiers made a grand raid upon the fences. It was the most sudden and miraculous disappearance of miles of fencing that was ever known. It was like the trick of a juggler, when he says, "Now you see it—and now you don't." Camp fires that night were uncommonly brilliant.

Reveille sounded early on the morning of the 24th, and after a hearty breakfast the army was moving. Presently it passed through the beautiful village of Cheneyville, where, it will be recollected, our boys once spent a rainy night under shelter of churches and hotels.

From this place the Regiment entered upon what was,

to it, a new and unknown section of country. This had been the limit of its former travels. Continuing to follow the tortuous windings of Bayou Boeuf, the troops passed through a populous and fertile country, every plantation giving evidence of the opulence and refinement of its inhabitants. At noon the column turned off from Bayou Boeuf, and pursued a road that followed Bayou Robin. Shortly the army crossed the track of the Alexandria rail road. And oh! what a rail road! It was so narrow, crooked and uneven, that it seemed impossible for any vehicle to keep upright upon its broken rails and warped and rotten timbers. A person consenting to ride upon it for a few miles, would esteem it a luxury to complete his journey upon the tail-board of a plantation cart. It was an excellent illustration of southern enterprise.

The country here was more heavily wooded than any that had previously been seen in Louisiana. The road passed through a narrow strip of open, cultivated land, enclosed by dense forests. Marching eighteen miles, the army camped upon the plantation of M. J. Wells, who had lately been elected Lieutenant-Governor, on the Free State ticket.* A loyal man, who had suffered much from rebellion, every care was taken by the army to inflict no injury upon his property. Having been driven from his home by persecution, he had followed our army to this place, and now, for the first time in over a year, met in the embrace of his family.

Just as the troops were moving off the road, to go into camp, a thunder shower came up. In the midst of torrents of rain, the One Hundred and Fourteenth was ordered to the front on picket. Marching up the road a short distance, the Regiment was halted near the resi-

* At the present time of writing, he is Governor of Louisiana.

dence of the Governor, where a few men were posted upon a short line, and the balance of the command was directed to hold itself in reserve, beneath the shelter of a large gin house. That night the men slept dry, upon soft beds of cotton, while the rain kept beating against the roof of the old building.

In the morning the sun came up warm, and ushered in a beautiful day. At 7 o'clock the column was again in motion. During that forenoon the army marched through a region that, for beautiful scenery, elegant residences, and other evidences of taste and wealth among the people, would vie with the Teche or the La Fourche countries. Among the finest plantations, the one lately occupied by the rebel Governor Moore, and another owned by Madam Flowers, were particularly admired. The latter had a spacious lawn, upon which were the most rare and beautiful plants, neatly constructed arbors, and a variety of trees and shrubbery, trimmed into every fantastic shape.

By 11 o'clock the army turned away from Bayou Robin, and went through woods and swamps, upon a short causeway. A short time after, the men came in sight of the spires of Alexandria, upon the Red River. This place was already occupied by Union troops, and it was joyous and refreshing to see the old flag flying over the town, to perceive the smoke arising from many gunboats, and behold myriads of tents scattered over the plain.

Resting a short time upon the outskirts of the town, the colors were unfurled, the band struck up, and the men marched through the streets of Alexandria. On they went, by a jail where rebel prisoners were peeping through barred windows—by the Court House upon the public square—by General Banks, who was standing on

the veranda of a house, looking at the passing column—through narrow and crowded streets, at length emerging upon the northern suburbs of the village. Then they camped by the banks of Bayou Rapides, (pronounced Rop-eed,) which at this place flows into the Red River. After pitching their tents and cleaning up their garments, in the evening the men rambled about the town.

Alexandria, the county seat of the Parish of Rapides, is a place of some three thousand inhabitants, containing three or four churches, several public buildings, a number of hotels, and many fine residences. It is situated upon a high bluff on the south bank of Red River, about one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. It is the most important landing on the river, being the outlet of a rich agricultural country. Its commerce is unobstructed at all seasons of the year, whereas above this place the river is only navigable in times of freshets, by reason of narrow and rocky rapids which exist about a mile above the town. These rapids are called "the falls." The main business portion of Alexandria ranges along a narrow street upon the summit of the bluff, some forty feet above the river. Some of the finest buildings of the town are upon this street, facing the river, conspicuous among which is the largest hotel in the state, outside of New Orleans, called the "Ice House."

A description of the Red River may serve for future purposes. It is a dirty, sluggish stream, about the eighth of a mile wide, flowing in an extremely crooked channel. Its bends and curves are so exaggerated that they seem almost unnatural. In its course it has worn out a deep channel from a clayey and sandy soil, so that for the most part it is enclosed between steep clay bluffs. In all the water charged with mud which our men had been

compelled to drink, they had never before seen anything that came so near being a compromise between earth and water as the Red River. It was almost the extreme limit to which the two elements could be united. A tumbler full dipped from the yellow current was rarely transparent, and when poured off again would leave the glass coated with mud. And yet, for many weeks the army to a great extent was forced to use this water, which was productive of a frightful amount of disease.

For two days the army rested at Alexandria, and gratefully the boys enjoyed the little season of repose. They had marched one hundred and sixty-five miles in eleven days, of which one day only had been spent in rest, thus making an average of over sixteen miles a day. To the credit of General Franklin be it said, that it was the best conducted march our men had ever experienced. In uniformity of gait and distance, in the selection of camp grounds, in the movement of wagon trains and artillery, General Franklin evinced a great deal of foresight and capacity.

Concerning this march, Colonel Morse complimented the Regiment in the following words:

"The Lieutenant Colonel Commanding takes pleasure in communicating to his command his approval of the manner in which the late march has been conducted, on the part of the members of the Regiment. He assures them that by strict observance of orders, as well as by the degree of punctuality which has characterized the command, they have shown themselves worthy of the name of veterans; and he is proud of the conduct which has placed them second to no Regiment in the Corps.

"Officers and men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, you have merited the many compliments bestowed upon you."

Now the men had an opportunity to learn of events that had transpired during the march. Portions of the

Sixteenth and Seventeeth Army Corps, under command of Major General A. J. Smith, had been detached from General Grant's army, at Vicksburg, for duty in the Gulf Department. Simultaneous with the advance of the Nineteenth Corps from Franklin, these troops had landed at the mouth of the Red River, and marched in the direction of Alexandria. In their journey they came to Fort De Russey, celebrated in rebeldom as a point well nigh invulnerable—sufficient, it was thought, to protect and hold the indispensable channel of the river. By a rapid strategical movement, in which General Taylor was drawn outside of his defenses, the fort, commanded by Colonel Bird, a Texan officer, was easily captured, with ten guns and three hundred and twenty-five prisoners. Thus the way was opened for the advance of Admiral Porter's Mississippi flotilla. General Smith's command, in conjunction with fifteen vessels of the navy, then moved on and took possession of Alexandria, on the 18th of the month, three days after the Nineteenth Army Corps had started from Franklin. A few days afterwards, General Lee's cavalry, of about ten thousand men, comprising the advance of the Army of the Gulf, entered the town. On the 25th, the Nineteenth Corps arrived, followed on the next day by the Thirteenth.

There had now been concentrated at Alexandria a large army, estimated at about forty-five thousand men, including all branches of the service. It was now certain that this formidable force was intended for the occupation of the Red River country as far as Shreveport, and perhaps further into Texas. To what extent the movement would effect the rebellion, was a matter of considerable discussion among the men. It was generally believed that the Red River campaign was only a feint to cover some more practicable and advantageous movement.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment.
KING RICHARD III.

The time came for the immense army to move. First, the cavalry, and then the Thirteenth Corps, departed from Alexandria. Afterwards, the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps left upon a large fleet of transports, in connection with the gunboats. The river was "booming," and they had no difficulty in passing the falls. Lastly, on the morning of March 28th, the Nineteenth Corps was ordered to march, excepting General Grover's command, which was kept back to garrison the town.

By 9 o'clock our men were again upon the road. Severe rains made the walking laborious indeed, as well as delayed the immense supply train. Some twenty miles of wagons preceding the Nineteenth Corps, had cut up the roads to such an extent that it was almost impossible to march upon them. Their course that day was along the banks of Bayou Rapides, through a fair cotton-growing country. The omnipresent sugar mill had been replaced by the cotton gin. A few fields of cane, however, were observed. King Cotton had evidently been the almoner of much wealth, for many fine and costly residences were passed during the day. After a severe march of eighteen miles, the army camped by the side of the bayou.

The day following, the Nineteenth Corps was delayed by the wagon train, till 11 o'clock, before it started from camp. Then, marching along at a brisk pace, the men

soon discovered a singular and novel sight. It was no more nor less than a well defined *hill*, rising out of the plain, covered with forest, and surmounted by a large building. For a year and a half our boys had not seen a single feature of southern scenery that reminded them so much of their northern homes, as this little hill. Its appearance was hailed by hearty cheers. It was called by the citizens Henderson's Bluff. At this place the advance cavalry had a fight with the enemy, in which the latter was surprised, losing two hundred and fifty men, two hundred horses and four cannon.

Lingering along at a slow pace during a part of the afternoon, our men at last crossed the bayou on a dilapidated bridge, and commenced to climb the bluff. Upon its summit they entered a heavy pine forest, situated upon a sterile, rolling surface. Wading through the sand for a few miles further, they camped in a clearing close by a small log hut, having marched but six miles.

Although reveille sounded early on the morning of March 30th, yet it was not till 11 o'clock that the Corps commenced to move. The road that day continued to lead through what is called the "piney woods." A peculiar solemnity pervaded these grand old forests. The narrow winding road was rendered gloomy by the shade of a dark green canopy. The wind forever moaned among the tree tops. No underbrush or grass enlivened the scene beneath. Nothing but tall, huge, sombre trunks rose from the white sand, like columns, to sustain the dark pall overhead. A death-like silence pervaded the dim arches Even the low conversation of the men was echoed back in melancholy whispers, as if the old monarchs of the forest were mocking this desecration of their solitude. After miles and days of travel, the

scenery remained precisely the same as it was when the army first entered the woods. Some very good springs were found, so that our boys replenished their canteens with cool, clear water.

That day they passed a ledge of sand stone. It was a rare sight to see rocks in Louisiana. The more one travels in this section, the more he is convinced of its geological formation. It is evident that most of the State of Louisiana has been built out into the sea, by alluvial deposits of the Mississippi, and that the region of the pine forests had at one time been rocky and sandy islands, in the midst of the ocean.

Being delayed by the wagon train, the Corps marched but five miles, and encamped near a small clearing, by a fine stream of water.

March 31st, the Corps started from camp at 7 o'clock. After marching two hours in the piney woods, it arrived at Cane River. Waiting some time for the train to cross the stream, the men descended a steep, rocky bluff, and proceeding over a pontoon bridge, emerged once more into an open, level, cultivated country.

Cane River was once the Red River. Some twenty years ago, the latter stream, taking a freak, forsook its old channel for a new one. Now, Cane River is nothing but a dirty, stagnant receptacle for the back water of the Red River.

The road for the present lay along the banks of Cane River. The army was now in the neighborhood of the richest cotton growing portion of the South. There was, however, but little cotton to be seen, for at every plantation a black and smouldering pile showed that the rebel army in its retreat, was determined to leave nothing that could afford aid or comfort to their enemy. In some

places, the wind had blown the flocculent material from the burning heaps, before they were consumed, and had covered fields, fences and brush with cotton, simulating a coating of snow.

The march that day was especially disagreeable, from the fact that a high wind filled the air with clouds of dust. In the afternoon a quiet, unattractive village was passed, called Cloutierville. After tramping eighteen miles, the men camped at sundown upon the fields of a wealthy planter. The inhabitants in this section appeared to be nearly all of French extraction, and it was but seldom that a person could be found who was able to converse with our men. Even then, it was difficult to draw them into conversation, for they were so thoroughly frightened at the advent of the Yankee savages, that they were almost speechless. The boys took great delight in witnessing the panic they had created among this ignorant people.

April 1st, the march was resumed at 7 o'clock. Immediately they crossed the river again, upon a bridge of old flatboats. Upon the southern bank they waited for an hour, for the wagons and artillery to cross the stream. Again they moved on, still following the course of the river. Without anything of special interest occurring, the men marched eighteen miles, and camped upon a cotton field. A gin house filled with loose cotton was near at hand, that for some reason had escaped the torch of rebel incendiaries. That night every man slept upon a soft bed of cotton. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of this valuable staple was left lying upon the ground, when the men broke camp in the morning.

Continuing their march, April 2d, the troops moved four miles across fields and through lanes, thereby cutting

off a bend in the road of seven miles. Presently they came in sight of the town of Natchitoches, (pronounced Nack-e-tosh.) Passing the Thirteenth Corps, which was encamped upon the south side of the town, our men entered the place with music and unfurled colors.

Natchitoches is a quaint old Spanish town, of about two thousand inhabitants, built when the Red River was flowing through the channel of the present Cane River. Now that the river has departed from its wharves, and the days of its commerce are gone, it has settled down to be only a quiet resort of wealth and refinement. With the exception of Franklin, Natchitoches probably is the most beautiful inland town of the State. Although its buildings are of an antique architecture, yet they bear an air of neatness and elegance. Unlike most southern villages, the houses are all painted, and have green blinds. Most of the people live in second stories, from which are constructed airy balconies and bow windows. Back of the town, upon a gentle knoll, is a large and imposing building, with spacious grounds, used as a convent. There is here, also, a fine Cathedral, the seat of the Catholic Bishop of Western Louisiana. The Court House of the Parish of Natchitoches is another beautiful edifice. The inhabitants were well dressed and intelligent, very sociable with the Yankee invaders, and apparently not at all terrified or dissatisfied with the occupation of the town by the northern "mudsills." Among young soldiers, the most observable feature of the place was the beauty of its women. After our men had passed through the village, they were halted and went into camp upon its northern edge. A portion of the Regiment went on picket during the night.

For three days the entire army enjoyed a pleasant rest.

During all this time, the most active preparations were being made for a further advance. At Grand Ecore, a landing on the Red River, four miles distant, a fleet of transports were unloading supplies upon a wagon train, for an inland campaign. The troops were also subjected to a rigid inspection.

On the afternoon of April 5th, the Regiment was ordered out into line, to pay its respects to General Banks, who was expected to ride around among the camps in a short time. Presently he made his appearance, accompanied by Generals Smith, Franklin, Emory and Dwight. The customary salutes were given, together with three rousing cheers.

On the 6th day of April, before the sun had hardly risen over the beautiful town of Natchitoches, the men marched out with their bundles on their backs, supplied with two days' rations, enlivened by the music of bands, and invigorated by the cool air of morning. They little thought then, that in a few days they would be retreating by the same road. A short distance from town they entered the piney woods, and during the rest of the journey towards Shreveport, the narrow road wound around among huge trees and scattered undergrowth of pines, over the rolling surface of a sandy, clayey, deserted country. During this day they passed several little clearings, graced with the meanest construction of log and mud houses. By night they came down a little declivity, and bivouaced on the level bottom of a small bayou, having marched fifteen miles.

Early the next morning they were again on the road, marching through a country of the same description as that of the day before, with occasionally some faint mark of civilization, in the way of fences and slab sheds. They

passed a rebel camp of instruction, composed of some half a dozen rough barracks, and a large sign with this inscription: "*CamP Bou re gard.*" After a march of twenty miles, they came to the village of Pleasant Hill, and bivouaced near by. Pleasant Hill, rendered illustrious two days afterwards by a terrible battle, is a town of about twelve or fifteen houses, situated on a clearing in the woods, of a mile or so in extent, and elevated a trifle above the general level of the surrounding country. That night, during a rain storm, part of the Regiment was ordered out on picket. It was an extremely disagreeable night, and very dark.

The cavalry, with several batteries of flying artillery, were several miles in advance, and kept up a continual skirmishing, in which numbers were wounded and a few killed. In the woods, about twelve miles before arriving at Pleasant Hill, they had quite a severe engagement, but the enemy fell back, and pursuit was continued. Just before reaching the second night's encampment, there was another sharp and spirited contest. The enemy was dismounted infantry or cavalry, and fought from behind trees. About forty upon our side were wounded, including some officers, and a few killed.

Bright and early on the following morning, the Regiment was again tramping along the road, cheered with the promise that they were to be marched only eight miles that day. About noon they came to a clearing, where were several buildings and a dilapidated steam saw mill, by the banks of a small stream. Here they were taken into a corn field, arms were stacked, and preparations made for a bivouac.

Up to this time, our men had not fired a single shot during the campaign. Yet from sounds ahead, and ap-

pearances along the road, it was evident that the advance was continually fighting and driving the enemy. It was the general belief that the rebels were unable to oppose our large army, and in falling back to Texas, were making feeble efforts to annoy the onward march of the Federals.

CHAPTER XXX

West of the forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number,
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.
KING HENRY IV.

The rest of the Nineteenth Corps at Bayou St. Patries was short. Scarcely were shelters pitched, and coffee boiled, when an order came, "prepare to march within ten minutes, with two days rations of hard bread." Sooner than one can write it, hard tack boxes were distributed along the ground, split open with axes, their contents stored away in haversacks, tents rolled up and strapped upon the backs of sturdy men, and they were swinging along the dusty road at a tremendous gait.

The sound of distant cannon that had been heard during the day, had now increased in volume to such an extent that every one knew there was fighting in front. Then how they were marched! It was at one time a double quick; again it would change to a fast walk, to be altered soon to a dead run; while a sudden movement ahead would set them all going at a hop, skip and jump. Every conceivable pace was adopted in order to comply with oft repeated orders, "Close up!" "Close up!" In such a way seven miles were traversed in an hour and twenty minutes.

As they drew near to where the battle was raging, a sight was seen that baffles all description. The cavalry and Thirteenth Corps were flying from the field in perfect rout and confusion. The rout of an army is the most

awful thing in the world. A painful and terrible spectacle! It is a disorganized mob of screaming, sobbing, hysterical, pale, terror-stricken men. Let a spectator once get within range of its magnetic influence, and he, too, will become unnerved, the blood will leave his cheeks, his voice will tremble, his eyes glare, and he soon will be likely to join the yelling throng. Amid such exciting scenes, our men shut their eyes and ears, and kept rushing along the road. Still thicker and denser came the frightened crowd, rushing past in every possible manner. Men without hats or coats, men without guns or accoutrements, cavalrymen without horses, and artillerymen without cannon, wounded men bleeding and crying at every step, men begrimed with smoke and powder—all in a state of fear and frenzy, while they shouted to our boys not to go forward any farther, for they would all be slaughtered. Our men paid no attention to the maddening appeals, for they knew they were not in very good condition to give advice, but kept crowding on as well as they could, for the road was almost blocked up with wagons, caissons, mules and runaway horses, while negro teamsters and cavalrymen were driving directly through the ranks.

Suddenly they came near the edge of a clearing, and filing off to the right of the road, formed a line of battle along the border of the forest, behind a rail fence. The enemy was advancing in the woods across the opening. Time was precious—not a moment was to be lost. The One Hundred and Sixty-First New York, Colonel Kinsey, which by chance was leading the Brigade, was instantly thrown forward as skirmishers upon the open field, which was between four and five hundred yards deep. Rapidly they moved with fixed bayonets to the opposite wood, temporarily to hold the enemy in check, while the

other Regiments could form in line of battle. The First Brigade, General Dwight, formed the front line, the One Hundred and Fourteenth being in the centre, the One Hundred and Sixteenth upon the right, the Twenty-Ninth Maine upon the left, the One Hundred and Fifty-Third having been left back to guard the train. The Second and Third Brigades, commanded respectively by General McMillen, and Colonel Benedict of the One Hundred and Sixty-Second New York, formed on either flank, and nearly at right angles to the rear.

Bullets were flying thick and fast, but they did not deter General Banks from riding along the front, to say a few cheering words to the men. "My brave men of the Nineteenth Corps," said he, "stand your ground, and we shall win the day." General Emory also rode up, and said, "Men, you must hold this position at all hazards; before the enemy gets past here, they must ride over me and my little gray mare."

Never can one forget the determined yet anxious faces of the men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, and others of the First Brigade, as they filed through that narrow and well-nigh obstructed defile, and formed in line of battle. There was serious work on hand. They took their position and kept it! They were like a stone wall that may be battered down, but cannot be moved.

The One Hundred and Sixty-First, by their bold movement, fortunately held the enemy in check for about twenty minutes, while the Division formed in line of battle. But when the surprise was over, they were compelled by overpowering numbers to fall back, being terribly cut up.*

* Captain George M. Tillson, of this Regiment, a resident of Chenango County, while kneeling behind a fence with his command, at the edge of the opposite wood, received a wound which resulted in the loss of his right arm.

Our men lay flat upon the ground, while the fugitives and skirmishers passed to the rear, to wait for the appearance of the enemy in force. The increased fire from the front indicated that the rebels were rapidly approaching, yet our men with much difficulty were restrained from firing, for fear of injury to friends.

Presently, a long line of rebel infantry came out in full view, directly in front. The over-confident and undaunted enemy, flushed with the excitement of victory, advanced exultingly forward, not knowing that concealed behind that fence steady arms and cool eyes aimed many a muzzle at their breasts. Every minute seemed an age. Nearer and nearer they came, when the order was given, and one terrific, blinding, stunning crash of fire sent many a man to the dust.

The rebels were appalled. They reeled and staggered, their lines quivered for a moment, and then they fled in discomfiture to the woods. Again the maddened and desperate foe came up in line after line, to be cut down like grass before the mower's scythe. For every one killed, two stepped forward to take his place. Our men loaded and fired with such rapidity, that it seemed not like the usual tremulous rattling of musketry, but like one continuous explosion. Such discharges from such rifles would check a stronger rebel force than this. The musketry of Champion Hill and Shiloh did not exceed that of Sabine Cross Roads.

Again the enemy halted, wavered, and fell back. Although thoroughly abashed, yet, recovering a little from the shock, he was still unwilling to yield the contest. Presently, the simultaneous roar of musketry on both the right and left, showed that the rebels were trying to flank the position. How anxiously our men hoped that the

Second and Third Brigades would also hold their ground, now that *their* time of trial had come. But one Regiment broke—the Forty-Seventh Pennsylvania, nearly a thousand strong, in the Second Brigade; but the veterans of the One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York were equal to the emergency, and closed the breach. The bullets hissed over the Regiment, and did but little harm. The men knew from the sounds that the enemy had been repulsed in both attacks. They were overjoyed at the unexpected and glorious results. They jumped up, flung their caps in the air, and indulged in boisterous shouts.

In the midst of the engagement, Colonel Morse was severely wounded, and Major Curtis took command.

Thus ended the battle of SABINE CROSS ROADS. Night had now covered this awful scene with her sable veil, and with the exception of a little skirmishing, and an occasional report of a rifle in the distance, all was quiet. The combatants laid down to rest; but not so the wounded. All over the field came up the wailing cries and shrieks of wounded and dying men, with no one to give them a drop of water or a word of comfort.

> "The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
> And thousands sank down on the ground overpowered,
> The weary to sleep, the wounded to die."

The bewailings of the men of Louisiana, Texas, Missouri and Arkansas, imploring for help, mingled and ascended with the piteous supplications of the sons of New England, New York and the West. From each and from all indiscriminately was heard the mournful and repeated cry: "Come and get me!" "Come and help me!" "Oh, my dear mother, come and relieve me!"

"I am faint!" "I am thirsty!" "I am cold!" "I am dying!" It was too much for human ears to hear, and hearts other than steel to endure. Insurgents met in arms brothers loyal to the Union, and perchance died friends.

The men were not allowed to slumber, and in their wakefulness they could distinctly hear the movement of army wagons, the rumbling of artillery, and the roll call of the enemy, which the clear air of that terrible night wafted from the opposite wood.

Shortly after dark, a body of mounted men, among whom were General Mouton and staff, rode up to the front, and to within a few rods of our lines, mistaking the cheers of the Federals as their signal of success. Our men, perceiving that they were "gray backs," with leveled muskets ordered them in. They discovered, but when too late, how fatally they had blundered. Instantly wheeling, they started off, when a well directed volley brought horses and riders to the ground. Every saddle was emptied, and some fifteen dead rebels left upon the field. The One Hundred and Fourteenth boys take to themselves much credit for doing this nice little job, and especially for dispatching Mouton, who, as it was subsequently ascertained, had seven bullet-holes through his body.

Leaving the men lying upon the ground, awaiting further orders, let us digress for a moment, and revert to the commencement of the fight, or the scenes and events of the morning. The battle commenced, or an obstinate and determined stand was made by the enemy, about 10 A. M., at or near Mansfield, a small town about three miles in advance of the clearing already described. The advance cavalry, it appears, drove in the pickets and

out-posts of the enemy to this point, where the rebel army was massed, prepared and waiting to receive them. The wily foe had retreated thus far to a point where the roads diverge to Texas, with just sufficient resistance to excite the over-zealous, and lead the unwary on. Beyond this, every inch was to be contested. The cavalry was led into a snare, overpowered, flanked, captured or driven back in confusion. Hotly pursued by the enemy, they for a little time kept up the fight, supporting the artillery. Cannon in the wood cannot be well and effectually handled, and are not of much service. Artillerymen were repulsed, or with their guns and horses captured.

The Thirteenth Corps, consisting of two Divisions, the Third and Fourth, scarcely four thousand five hundred effective men, under General Ransom, was next ordered into the engagement. It went in by detail, and was whipped by detail.

The Fourth Division, numbering some two thousand men, was the first to receive the shock of battle. It held the ground from twenty minutes to half an hour, and lost in killed, wounded and missing, eleven hundred and thirty-six men.

The Third Division went in with nearly the same number, and in about twenty minutes lost in killed, wounded and missing, three hundred and fifty. The men of the Thirteenth Corps fought with desperation a rebel force outnumbering them five to one, besides having a thorough knowledge of the surroundings, and the advantage of position.

Here was another exemplification of the folly so prevalent in the early part of the war, of throwing fragments against masses. The enemy took from us Nim's Battery, several pieces of the Chicago Mercantile Battery, a part

of the First Indiana and the Twelfth Regular Batteries—in all, some twenty guns. He captured, also, a large portion of the cavalry supply train, which improvidently had been crowded to the front, a large quantity of ammunition, with a number of hospital wagons and ambulances belonging to the Thirteenth Army Corps. It was a complete rout—a perfect stampede.

At this opportune moment, (it would have been more fortunate had it been a few hours earlier,) the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps, under circumstances the most trying and forbidding, took the field of disastrous conflict.

How well it performed its part, thereby saving the battle, and the army, the reader already knows. The highest compliments of commanding officers have been bestowed upon them. General Banks, in his official report of this campaign, said: "*The First Division of the Nineteenth Corps, by its great bravery in this action, saved the army and navy.*"

General Franklin, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, stated that "the enemy were decidedly repulsed in this attack, and the officers and men of the Nineteenth Corps *behaved exceedingly well.*"

From the official report of Major Curtis, commanding the One Hundred and Fourteenth, the following extract is taken:

The One Hundred and Fourteenth entered this battle with eighteen (18) commissioned officers, and three hundred and seventy-one (371) enlisted men, as its effective strength. Its casualties in the engagement were as follows, viz:

Lieutenant Colonel Henry B. Morse, right arm, severe.

First Lieutenant Norman M. Lewis, Company C, right arm, flesh.

First Lieutenant Edwin O. Gibson, Company D, leg, slight.

Private Charles Adams, Company B, thigh, severe; Privates Solomon White, Company C, face, severe; John Hanrahan, Company C, face, severe; Corporal Edward Lewis, Company D, head, slight; Private Joseph Smith, Company E, thigh, severe;* Corporal Eugene M. Utley, Company F, head, slight; Private James A. Locke, Company I, breast, severe, left in the hands of the enemy.*

* Died from wounds.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.
KING HENRY IV.

God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours.
KING RICHARD III.

After the battle of Sabine Cross Roads had ended, the troops were directed to remain upon the ground they had held so well during the day, and to keep wide awake and alert, for fear of a night attack by the enemy. Under cover of night, all lights and fires near the front lines being extinguished, the wounded as far as possible were removed from the field to the rear. To guard against surprise, a small picket force was thrown a short distance in front. Ambulances and trains of all kinds returned to Pleasant Hill. The First Division lay quietly upon their arms till near midnight. Then an order was whispered through the lines, when the men quietly jumped up and silently left the ground. It was a great relief to them to get away from the horrible sounds of that bloody field.

Tramp, tramp, all night long beneath the gloomy pines, on the road again to Pleasant Hill. The men were so worn with fatigue that they showed no disposition to talk, but urged forward their stiffened limbs in perfect silence. Many in the darkness fell out by the way, and were taken prisoners.

With the first streak of day, their ears were greeted with the rapid explosion of artillery in their rear, which

echoed and rolled through the dim forest. The men awoke from their lethargy, to ask the question, "What does all that mean?" A moment's reflection convinced all that the enemy had renewed the battle by shelling their late position at Sabine Cross Roads. It excited much merriment in the ranks, and called forth shouts like these:

"Johnny Reb, you are fooled this time!"

"How many Yanks you s'pose you are killing now?"

"Oh, that's a beautiful waste of ammunition!"

The firing continued but a short time. They had discovered the retreat of our army, and were now pursuing.

The First Brigade covered the retreat, yet they were not disturbed till just as they were coming out of the forest on the plains of Pleasant Hill. It was only a little skirmish of a few rebel cavalry, and was soon over. Our men shortly got into position for battle, and then had a little time to boil their coffee and eat their hard tack. This was the chosen spot where General Banks had decided to re-open the engagement. Selecting his own ground, he was confident of success. Here, the Thirteenth Corps, as far as possible, was reorganized, and the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps having arrived from the transports, the entire army was united.

Now, everything was in a state of intense activity. Staff officers were flying hither and thither, carrying orders; orderlies were galloping around with bundles of papers under their sabre belts. The Generals were either grouped together in close conversation, or riding up and down their lines, examining the ground and the troops. Squads of cavalrymen and lines of infantry were passing to and fro, their gay flags glittering in the sunlight.

By mid-day, the most careful preparations had been made for the coming onset. Our men did but little dur-

ing the heat of the day, only several times alter their position, while the enemy was feeling the lines with some pretty sharp skirmishing. There were no signs of any engagement, save the slow shelling of the woods, and a stray shot from some impetuous picket. The men kept close in the lines, by their guns, some lying down, some dozing, others eating the remnants of yesterday's ration, but all were ready to spring into action when the signal should be given.

The formation of the army in general terms was as follows: The First Division Nineteenth Corps formed the advance line, its Brigades being placed from right to left, in order of their numbers. The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps formed parallel lines in the rear, as reserves. The Thirteenth was in charge of the wagon train several miles back.

About 3 o'clock, the slow and continuous picket firing which had been heard during the day, gradually increased in rapidity and spitefulness. Away around from the right to the left, the crackling of rifles became more and more frequent. The storm was gathering, and was about to burst. A few pieces of artillery now added to the uproar, and a few shells passed over in close proximity to the heads of the men.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth was stationed in the woods, close by a ravine, at the time the battle opened, but was immediately ordered up away from the Brigade, far in advance, and posted close by the main road, in a dense thicket of bushy pines. General Dwight then rode up and told them they were expected to hold the road against all attacks.

Bullets and shells were now whistling over them in such close proximity, that the men prudently arranged themselves behind the huge trunks of several fallen pine

trees that happened to lie near, and watch for future events. They were wise, for soon they had to receive a galling fire from three sides, and those big logs saved the lives of perhaps one-third of the Regiment. They hugged the ground while a seething deluge of missiles poured over. The enemy were making a charge, as our men judged from the sharp, shrill screams, so well known as the rebel battle yell. They could see but little through the bushes, but the sounds that came to their ears were of the most exciting character. The roar of innumerable cannon, the sharp twang of bursting shell, the screaming of grape and canister, the incessant rolling of musketry, the cheers of long lines of charging columns, and the groans and shrieks of the wounded, all conspired to make it a time of grand and solemn interest. They saw the clay-colored rebels pass by on the left, running along in a skulking manner, loading and firing at the same time. The Regiment fired not a shot, but kept quiet in its place of concealment, its duty being only to hold the road.

It was hard to appreciate the fact that the brave First Division was compelled to give way before the impetuous charge of the enemy. Two Regiments came sweeping by on the right of the thicket where our Regiment lay, very much disordered, bearing off many wounded. The officers of the One Hundred and Fourteenth jumped forth from the copse, and with sword in hand attempted to stop the fleeing mass. They shouted:

"Come, boys, don't run any further; here's a Regiment right in here that will support you."

"Stop where you are! What's the use of making cowards of yourselves?"

"Are you going to leave the One Hundred and Fourteenth all alone out here?"

"You will be ashamed of this when the fight is over."

Their efforts upon the first Regiment proved of no avail, for the men only looked sulkily around, and ran out of sight. By the second Regiment their appeals were heeded. Men in squads stopped, and avowed they would go no farther. Their own officers joined in with those of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, and attempted to restore order. Their Colonel cried out, "Plant your colors, boys, and rally around them." Many of the men responded, "That's right; we'll stand by the flag, and not be disgraced after all."

With admirable courage they rallied close together, and with a yell rushed forward on another charge. Simultaneously with this movement, a heavy, deep wail of musketry broke out throughout the whole army. Then our men knew that the First Division and General Smith's command had united to decide the fate of the day by a grand charge. They saw the rebel line flee before the volleys of our troops. How joyfully they heard the good old Yankee cheers of victory, as they were caught up by one Regiment after another, till they were almost lost in the distance. Yet they had not quite finished the battle in their part of the field. A number of bushwhackers still held a position in the woods close by, and for half an hour kept up a galling fire. The One Hundred and Sixteenth New York returned this fire with interest, but were at length compelled to fall back for want of ammunition. The One Hundred and Fourteenth was ordered to run out to take its place, but did not reach the spot before a cavalry charge had drove them away and ended the battle.

The last rays of twilight were now glimmering upon the tree tops. The men were then placed in position, and ordered to be prepared for a night attack. The pre-

caution was unnecessary, as our men were still pursuing the routed enemy. A chilly fog settled down upon that dreadful field, and the air was oppressed with the sulphurous smoke of powder.

As the men lay upon the ground in line of battle, watching for rebels, they were more than ever impressed with the horrors that accompany war. There, in the stillness and solemnity of night, sobered from the excitement of battle, they saw sights and heard sounds that will always remain in their memories so long as they shall live. All around lay the dead and wounded. The air was filled with groans, and shrieks, and delirious yells. Such touching appeals for pity; such earnest prayers; such tender references to home and friends, from dying lips; such agonizing groans of pain; such maddening curses and blasphemies, were all enough to test the power of human endurance to the utmost.

In the early part of the evening, General Banks rode near the lines, and stopped a moment to gaze upon the prostrate forms of our weary boys. In a manner betraying great emotion, he merely uttered, "Brave men—brave men," and thoughtfully rode out of sight.

The battle of Pleasant Hill was more severe in its character than the contest of the day before, since the whole army—all its Divisions, Brigades and Regiments—were engaged. It was a close hand-to-hand contest, in which artillery could be but little used. It was in fact a succession of charges and counter-charges. No realizing description can be given of the carnage and slaughter. The whole number of killed and wounded on either side has never been published, to the knowledge of the writer. The loss in the First Division, in both days' engagements, was about six hundred. The casualties of the

One Hundred and Fourteenth were as follows: Luman Bentley, Company A, killed; Elmore Sharp, Company A, wounded, side, slight; James Sherwood, Company C, face, slight; H. I. Crumb, Company D, head, slight: Corporal E. G. Wilmarth, Company I, killed; Corporal Elbert Wedge, Company I, hip, slight; Corporal Lucian F. Barnard, Company K, killed; Corporal J. Q. Perry, Company I, face, slight.

A glorious victory had been achieved. The disgrace of the previous day had been wiped out. The losses and labors of the past were forgotten in the present grand result. Daylight was anxiously waited for, when the men could pursue the flying foe, and reap the more substantial fruits of victory. What was their disappointment, when at midnight the order was given to jump up, fall in, and commence a retreat. Thus, while the enemy was fleeing in utter demoralization in one direction, the conquerors were flying in another.

> "Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
> Yet neither conquerer nor conquered;
> So is the equal poize of the fell war."

Notwithstanding the mortification of our boys, a little deliberation convinced them that it was the only safe course to be pursued. Their empty haversacks and gnawing stomachs were proof sufficient that the army was out of provisions. Their cartridge boxes were also light. In a little while every one felt satisfied in marching back towards the river. Moving a short distance from the battle ground, the Regiment was halted, the ranks opened, and seven hundred rebel prisoners marched between the files.

During the remainder of the night, and throughout the next day, the 10th of April, the Regiment toiled on, marching and guarding prisoners at the same time. On

the evening of the latter day they encamped near a small bayou, on the place where they rested in their forward movement. They were relieved of the care of the prisoners, and a small ration issued to the starving men. They were too tired to eat. Falling upon the ground, in a few moments every man was in a deep slumber. Three days and nights had passed without a moment of repose, while they had marched over fifty miles, and fought two severe battles, with nothing to sustain their systems and appease the gnawings of hunger, except a few hard tack. Their powers of endurance had never before been so severely tested. Yet sleep was what they most needed, and when the morning found them rested, they devoured large quantities of raw pork and hard bread.

The 11th of April, the army continued its retreat. When near the town of Natchitoches, the troops turned to near the left of the main road, and at 4 o'clock came to the banks of Red River, at a little village called Grand Ecore. A large fleet of gunboats guarded the town, and numbers of transports, loaded with provisions, were lying at the landing. In a short time, the wagon trains were parked near the river bank, and the Regiments were assigned camping grounds in the forest to the rear of the village. The boys, overjoyed at the prospect of rest before them, commenced to sing to the air of a familiar army tune:

"In eighteen hundred and sixty-four,
Foot balls, foot balls;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-four,
Foot balls, says I;
In eighteen hundred and sixty-four,
We all skedaddled to Grand Ecore.
We'll all drink stone blind,
Johnny, fill up the bowl!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day.
KING HENRY IV.

Grand Ecore is a settlement of some eight or ten houses, situated upon a high bluff on a bend of Red River. It is the landing of the larger town of Natchitoches, some four miles distant. In its position and general appearance, Grand Ecore is precisely similar to Port Hudson, and is equally as strong for defensive operations.

Immediately upon the arrival of our army at this place, the engineers employed themselves in planning and constructing a line of entrenchments. Heavy details of workmen were taken from each Regiment, to engage in this undertaking. It was surprising to see how rapidly our men could build a line of effective breastworks, conforming to the old adage that "many hands make light work." In a few days a formidable series of log works encircled the army on the land side, reaching from river bank upon one side to river bank upon the other, a distance of two miles. In front of this line, a wide slashing had been made through the forest, as though an immense mowing machine had cut a swarth through the dense timber. At the extremities of this opening, gunboats were stationed, which were thereby enabled to rake through its whole length.

Luckily the enemy had not recovered from his severe drubbing at Pleasant Hill, in time to follow the army before it had established itself in this impregnable

position. Then he showed no inclination to renew the fight, but paid more particular attention to the fleet of gunboats, which had not yet returned from up the river.

On the next day after the arrival of the army, heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Compti, a place some ten miles above Grand Ecore. Serious apprehensions were felt for the safety of the fleet, but in the afternoon they arrived unharmed, with the exception of one gunboat, which had got so hard aground that her crew were obliged to abandon her, and blow her up. They reported having been attacked by a large body of rebels, who were easily repulsed, leaving great numbers of dead and wounded behind them, among whom was General Green.

The same evening, the Regiments of the First Brigade were drawn up in line before their camps, to listen to some remarks General Dwight proposed to make. After waiting a little time, the General, accompanied by his staff, rode up to the camp of the One Hundred and Fourteenth. When opposite the colors of the Regiment, he removed his hat and spoke substantially as follows:

"Soldiers of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York: I have sought this opportunity to express to you my thanks for the bravery you exhibited at the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, when you held your position so seeurely, and saved the army from destruction. I compliment you also upon your coolness and courage at the battle of Pleasant Hill, when you were surrounded by the enemy. You have proved yourselves worthy of the name of the soldiers of General Weitzel, from whom nothing but good conduct was expected. You have done your duty, and shall receive the gratitude of the country. Again I tender you my thanks."

The men responded to the speech with three hearty cheers and a tiger, when they dispersed to their quarters.

The same evening the following complimentary order was received from General Emory:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVISION, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
GRAND ECORE, La., April 12, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 13.

The General Commanding thinks it due to the officers and soldiers of this Division, to express to them his high appreciation of their gallantry and their efficient services in checking the advance of the enemy, on the evening of the eighth inst., and aiding in his defeat on the ninth.

By command of Brigadier General EMORY.

DUNCAN S. WALKER, A. A. General.

At this time, General Dwight was appointed Chief-of-Staff to General Banks, and Colonel George L. Beal, of the Twenty-Ninth Maine, (afterwards Brigadier General,) succeeded him in command of the First Brigade.

Frequently, flags of truce came down from the enemy, for the most part on business relating to wounded prisoners. On one occasison, though, he made use of the truce to indulge in a little *facetiae*. It was rumored that General Dick Taylor informed General Banks, that among the property captured was a large stock of paper collars. He said that his men had baked them, boiled them, fried them and stewed them, and found that they were of no use to him, and he would like to exchange them for hard bread.

Ten days the army remained at Grand Ecore, employed in camp duties, loading and unloading vessels, building breastworks, picket duty, eating and sleeping. It was the opinion among the soldiers, as well as the intention of General Banks, that the army would make another forward movement as soon as it had been sufficiently recruited. But when the river kept falling lower and lower, so that some of the boats were already aground,

and when the news was confirmed that the whole rebel force had passed around to the rear of the Union army, every one perceived that the only alternative for safety was to give up the campaign, and abandon the country.

April 19th, the order was received to be ready to march on the morning of the following day, with three days' rations. At the appointed time, tents were struck, and everything made ready for an instant movement.

All day long the men lay around under shade of trees, awaiting the order to start. When night came they built fires, and disposed themselves for sleep. The morning of the 20th found them lingering at Grand Ecore. Still another day passed, and darkness once more invited them to rest. At 10 o'clock P. M. the long delayed order arrived, and the men were aroused and started off upon another tramp. The movement was intended to be a secret one; but either rebel spies or careless soldiers had fired some of the largest buildings of the town, thereby notifying the enemy of the evacuation. The lurid light of the conflagration illuminated the way for miles.

After proceeding a short distance from Natchitoches, the army forded the now almost dry channel of Cane River. At this spot the One Hundred and Fourteenth were ordered to halt, and assist the wagon train in ascending the steep bluff on the north bank of the river. Stacking their arms, and relieving themselves from the weight of knapsacks and accoutrements, the boys went merrily to work. As each wagon got stuck upon the steep ascent, a crowd of men rushed forward, and grasping the wheels and other parts of the wagon, with gleeful shouts quickly pushed the heavy vehicle over the knoll. Again they returned to assist another unfortunate driver and his straining mules.

In this way they labored for five hours, till the first

gleams of morning showed that the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, forming the rear guard of the army, were near at hand. Seizing their muskets, the men pushed on to overtake their Corps. Though an extremely hot day, the Regiment marched very rapidly, with short rests at long intervals.

At 10 o'clock, a halt was made for a little time, near some negro cabins, for coffee and rations, and then on again, upon the winding road along the banks of Cane River. Continual cannonading in the rear showed that the enemy was vigorously pursuing and hampering General Smith's command. Once the Nineteenth Corps was halted, and formed in line of battle facing to the river, in view of an expected attack in that direction, but it proved to be only an alarm, and the men again fell into column and continued the march.

Darkness came, but it found no rest for the tired soldier. Midnight arrived, and still they were wearily tramping over the dusty road. By this time, they had marched over thirty-five miles, with no rest of any account, and with but one scanty meal. None but the hardiest constitution could endure it. Scores of men dropped out by the way-side, unable to move another step. One young recruit in Company E fell down in the road, and died from excessive fatigue.

The army became weakened by throngs of stragglers. All saw the necessity of making a forced march, and every one that was able kept in his place without complaining. It was known that the rebels were in front somewhere, attempting to cut off the retreat of the army, and it was understood by the men that if they made a rapid movement, they could either elude the enemy, or, falling upon him suddenly, find him unprepared for

battle. So they tugged on through the village of Cloutierville, and several miles beyond, when, at 1 o'clock, they halted for a few hours' rest, and to permit the stragglers to join their commands.

At 4 o'clock they were called up, and once more moved on. By sunrise, when near Monet's Bluff, at the crossing of the river, the sharp rattling of muskets ahead showed that the advance cavalry had come upon the enemy. The prospect of a battle aroused the lagging spirits of the men. The enemy was posted in a strong position, upon the summit of a rocky bluff, on the opposite side of the river, where the road enters the pine woods. Here he had posted his artillery, which could sweep the low plains upon which the Union army was advancing. Instantly, everything was in commotion, preparing for the coming contest. The wagons were closely parked; artillery was planted in advantageous positions; the troops were drawn up into line; vacant dwellings were prepared for the reception of the wounded; and every preparation made for the impending fight.

General Birge's command, the Third Brigade of the First Division, Colonel Fessenden commanding, and General Cameron's Division, Thirteenth Army Corps, were ordered to cross the river three miles above the ferry, and turning the left flank of the enemy, carry the heights in reverse, if possible.

In the meantime, the enemy commenced to hurl shell among our ranks. They caused considerable excitement, but inflicted but little damage. One shell came very near killing General Banks, as he sat upon his horse, giving some directions. General Franklin was suffering from a wound received at Sabine Cross Roads, and was unable to command his Corps at this time. General

Emory suceeeded him. He, in faet, condueted the battle of CANE RIVER.

Soon after the aetion eommeneed, the First Brigade was moved out to the left of the road, into a pieee of swampy woods, and were ordered to lie down and keep quiet until the roar of General Birge's eannon should indieate that the enemy had been attaeked upon his flank.

The flanking party was eompelled to make a wide detour, and hour after hour passed away without any general engagement, although the artillery was aetive, and our men were subjeeted to a vigorous shelling. Two Companies of our Regiment, Company A, Captain Turner, and Company F, eommanded by Lieutenant Thurber, were sent forward partly to support our artillery, but chiefly to keep down or piek off rebel gunners from their guns.

During this time, a loud and eontinuous booming of eannon eommeneed in the rear, apparently about five miles distant. As the thunder in that direetion kept inereasing, it took no amount of sagacity to pereeive that General Smith was engaged in a severe battle. All now felt that the situation was indeed eritieal. The enemy, having completely checked the advanee of our army by his strong position at Monet's Bluff, had now hurled most of his forces upon our rear. In after times, when discussing their eampaigns, our men were accustomed to say that at no time did they feel as gloomy, or have such doubts over the safety of the army and themselves, as at the battle of Cane River. They were in faet surrounded, and compelled to fight both in the front and in the rear.

The day was rapidly wearing away, while they lay in the woods, occasionally altering their position. Late in the afternoon, General Birge made a determined assault

upon the enemy's position, and shortly afterwards the First Brigade was ordered to charge. The men jumped up, and at a slow run silently rushed through the forest. As they emerged upon an open field in front of the bluff, the rebels, without firing a single shot, were seen fleeing from its summit. In a few moments they had all absconded. Simultaneous with this movement, the firing in the rear ceased, and the joyful news was announced that General Smith had defeated the enemy, driving him in great confusion, capturing many prisoners and cannon. Thus the well laid plans of the rebels had been frustrated, and the army saved from disaster. Despondency gave way to rejoicing, and the men could not refrain from boisterous cheering. They were immediately halted, and directed to prepare for supper.

In the battle of Cane River, the One Hundred and Fourteenth—and it was almost a miracle—escaped without the loss of a single man. The most of the fighting in this engagement was by General Birge's command. The number of killed and wounded, compared to the number in action, was very great. The buildings set apart for hospitals were filled with mangled and dying bodies, and scores of surgeons were engaged in their humane but bloody work.

It is the hour after the battle! All our readers who are familiar with the Homeric story of Machaon, Surgeon to Nestor, know how much and how fondly the bard dwells upon his courage in the battle, and his skill in his art. We are proud to think that such men do not live only in the "Iliad," but that in every age there have been, and in the present day there are many who are equally skillful and equally brave. During the fight, the Surgeon will brave death as fearlessly as any other one.

Without sharing the excitement of the combatants, he will be a great actor in the bloody strife. All ranks appeal to him for aid, and he obeys as promptly the call of the poor soldier as of the mighty General; he succors the fallen of the enemy, as well as the wounded of his own army. The lacerated and almost lifeless forms of his companions and friends are brought to him, yet he must stifle every rising emotion, for his hand must not tremble, the eye of the Surgeon should never be veiled with a tear.

Night comes, and all are asleep save him. A vigilant sentinel, he is awake amongst the wounded. He goes to one and another; here, hastily exploring a wound; there, searching for a bullet in the cavity of the human chest. His is the struggle between the blind force of destruction and the intelligent power of conservative science.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

So call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Where yonder pine does stand,
I shall discover all.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Within an hour after the battle of Cane River, a pontoon bridge was constructed across the river, and our men were again ordered forward. Over the bridge, up the steep ascent, and on through the "piney woods," they tramped. Darkness came on, and the road was made additionally gloomy by the shade of the forest. At midnight they halted and bivouaced by the side of a small brook.

Sunday, April 24th, the army commenced to march at 6 A. M. Passing a short distance, it became evident that the troops were marching in a wrong direction—upon an unknown road. A halt was instantly called, and scouts and staff officers were sent out to find if possible a path that led to Henderson's Bluff. Hours passed away in fruitless search, and yet the Generals were unable to learn their whereabouts. Such a dilemma could not find a parallel in the history of the war. *An army of over forty thousand men had actually become lost in the woods.* Altogether, it was an awkward predicament, yet the men could not regard it in any other light than that of a joke. They decided to dub themselves "The Babes in the Wood." If Artemus Ward could have been there, he

would have found a fruitful theme for a lecture. There was one consolation in this condition of affairs—the enemy could never have found them.

At length, after a long delay, it was decided to continue upon the road they were already pursuing, which, it was argued, at *some* place or another must emerge from the forest. Upon this venture the troops marched toward an uncertain destination. About noon the army suddenly came out upon an open cultivated country, along the banks of the Red River. As each Regiment issued into sunlight, the men commenced to sing a familiar tune, emphasizing the chorus with boisterous variations:

"O! ain't I glad I'm getting out the wilderness,
Getting out the wilderness, getting out the wilderness;
O! ain't I glad I'm getting out the wilderness,
Down in Louis-i-ann!"

It was ascertained that they were now near the Post Office of Cotile, five miles north of Henderson's Bluff. Anxious to reach the latter place for a night's camp, the troops crossed Bayou Jean de Jean upon a high bridge, and followed its course towards Bayou Rapides. In the twilight of evening, the army camped near the foot of the bluff. For the first time in several days, the men enjoyed a whole night's rest, so that on the following morning they started out quite refreshed.

April 25th—an extremely hot and dusty day—the column moved nineteen miles along Bayou Rapides. The track of the army from Grand Ecore was marked by burning buildings and by heaps of smouldering cotton. As was the case with the ancient Israelites, in their escape from Egyptian bondage, they were guided by a pillar of fire by night, and a pillar of cloud by day.

Such a useless and wanton destruction of valuable property was effected by stragglers and camp followers. For the purpose of gratifying a little revenge, or to satisfy a morbid curiosity, these men brought disgrace upon themselves and the service. The most strenuous exertions were made by the authorities to secure the incendiaries, but the evil did not cease till the army arrived at Alexandria.

At 2 P. M. of the 25th, the troops entered the above place, and were assigned to camp grounds around its outskirts. While entering the town, Captain Fitts, who had been some time absent, joined the column, and was welcomed with shouts of joy. Two days later, Surgeon Wagner and Captain Longwell rejoined the Regiment, from their trip North, and were received with gladness. Two days later still, Colonel Per Lee returned from his leave of absence. Upon assuming command of the Regiment, the boys sent up a hearty "three times three," which made the welkin ring.

The First Brigade encamped about a mile beyond the village, near the banks of Red River, just above the falls. It was stationed here for the purpose of guarding the fleet of gunboats which was anchored at this point, being unable to pass the falls by reason of the low stage of water. This circumstance, with others, convinced the men that their stay in Alexandria would be protracted. Accordingly, every preparation was made to establish a comfortable and permanent camp. Lumber and tools were called into requisition, to construct tent floors, benches and furniture. The men bathed, and washed their soiled garments. The officers commenced work upon their neglected accounts and muster rolls. For several days, parties of the enemy kept up a lively

skirmish with the different parts of the picket line, and frequently made such violent attacks as to drive in the posts.

At length, on the evening of April 28th, the commanding officers were satisfied that the enemy meditated a general attack upon the army. The First Brigade being situated in an exposed position in the advance, was ordered immediately to strike tents and move to town. This was very discouraging to the boys, inasmuch as they had just completed the construction of a comfortable camp. Their labors were thus thrown away, and leaving their little conveniences behind, they were marched to the left and rear of the village. Here they formed a line of battle, threw out skirmishers, and were ordered to lie upon their arms over night.

Although the rebels made considerable demonstration upon the advanced out-posts, yet the night passed away without the anticipated fight. The morning revealed the fact that the enemy had departed. The army was then camped on a new line of defense. In this disposition, the First Brigade was stationed close by the town, near the banks of Bayou Rapides. Here the men pitched their shelters. A series of entrenchments were planned, and details made from the Regiment to work upon them. In a few days, Alexandria was enclosed by a zig-zag line of breastworks, fortified in many places by artillery.

The Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps were encamped upon the main roads leading from the town, and several miles in advance of the entrenchments. In these positions they were often engaged in active operations with the enemy. Scarcely a day passed but that our men heard the sounds of artillery and musketry in the direction of the advanced posts.

The forenoon of April 30th, the Regiment was inspected and mustered for pay.

May 2d, the First Brigade went out with a forage train on the road toward Cheneyville, about eight miles. Not daring to proceed further, the command was ordered to return to camp, having obtained but little forage, though a number of the men found an opportunity to fill their haversacks with sugar and bacon.

From day to day the navigation of the lower Red River became more and more precarious. Hardly a vessel passed in either direction without being compelled to run a gauntlet of guerrilla sharp-shooters and artillery. In many cases, valuable steamboats were destroyed, and their crews and passengers taken prisoners.

Finally, on the 5th of May, the enemy sealed the passage of the river, and all communication between the Army of the Gulf and the outside world ceased. The last vessel that attempted to make the passage was the *John Warner*, escorted by two gunboats. Some twenty-five miles below Alexandria, the rebels opened upon the fleet with musketry and artillery, and after a short and sanguinary contest, the three vessels were captured and destroyed. Upon the *John Warner* was Lieutenant Gibson, who had started for New Orleans in charge of the muster rolls of the Regiment. He was wounded in both legs and taken prisoner. As soon as the news of this disaster reached the Regiment, the officers were compelled to write out new rolls. A like misfortune befell nearly the whole army, as well as the loss of a very large mail.

There was another place where the navigation of the river was even more seriously impeded; and that was at "the falls" above the town. As before stated, there was

above the falls a large fleet of the most expensive and valuable iron-clads, which were unable to pass the narrow and rocky channel of the rapids, at the present low stage of water. The situation was one of anxiety to the entire army, from the General to the lowest private. There seemed to be but one sad alternative, and that was that the army, shut off from its communications, must eventually abandon the place, and leave the Mississippi flotilla of gunboats to its fate. But Colonel Bailey, of General Banks' staff, had some hopes that by proper engineering labors the fleet could be saved. He submitted a plan to General Banks, which was approved and ordered into execution. It was simply this: that a dam be constructed across the river, about half a mile below the falls, where the bed of the river furnished a good foundation, and the current was comparatively slow. By this means it was expected that the water could be raised several feet higher on the rapids, when the vessels could easily float over, and a gap being blown out of the dam by a torpedo, they would pass to a place of safety.

Concerning this plan, General Emory, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, made the following statement: "It *may* have been originated by somebody else. There was a soldier, I have forgotten his name, of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York Regiment, *one of the best Regiments I had*, who came to me about it, after I heard it from Colonel Bailey. He told me that on one occasion he had assisted in getting a steamboat out of the Susquehanna, which is a more difficult river than the Red River." *

Immediately, large details of laborers were ordered

* The name of that soldier was Theodore Evans, of Bainbridge, Chenango Co., then Sergeant of Company H, since Lieutenant.

from the different Brigades, and under supervision of Colonel Bailey, the work commenced. Few were sanguine that the undertaking would prove a success, while very many derided the whole idea.

Concerning this remarkable work, we cannot do better than quote from the graphic words of Admiral Porter's official dispatch:

"The proposition looked like madness, and the best engineers ridiculed it, but Colonel Bailey was so sanguine of success that I requested General Banks to have it done, and he entered heartily in the work. Provisions were short and forage was almost out, and the dam was promised to be finished in ten days, or the army would have to leave us. I was doubtful about the time, but had no doubt about the ultimate success, if time would only permit. General Banks placed at the disposal of Colonel Bailey all the force he required, consisting of some three thousand men and two or three hundred wagons; all the neighboring steam-mills were torn down for material; two or three Regiments of Maine men were set to work felling trees, and on the second day after my arrival at Alexandria from Grand Ecore the work had fairly begun. Trees were falling with great rapidity; teams were moving in all directions, bringing in brick and stone; quarries were opened; flat-boats were built to bring stone down from above; and every man seemed to be working with a vigor I have seldom seen equalled, while perhaps not one in fifty believed in the success of the undertaking. These falls are about a mile in length, filled with rugged rocks, over which, at the present stage of water, it seemed to be impossible to make a channel.

"The work was commenced by running out from the left bank of the river a tree-dam, made of the bodies of very large trees, brush, brick, and stone, cross-tied with other heavy timber, and strengthened in every way which ingenuity could devise. This was run out about three hundred feet into the river; four large coal-barges were then filled with brick and sunk at the end of it. From the right bank of the river, cribs filled with stone were built out to meet the barges. All of which was successfully accomplished, notwithstanding there was a current running of nine miles an hour, which threatened to sweep every thing before it. It will take too much time to enter into

the details of this truly wonderful work. Suffice it to say, that the dam had nearly reached completion in eight days' working time, and water had risen sufficiently on the upper falls to allow the Fort Hindman, Osage, and Neosho to get down and be ready to pass the dam. In another day it would have been high enough to enable all the other vessels to pass the upper falls. Unfortunately, on the morning of the 9th instant, the pressure of water became so great that it swept away two of the stone barges, which swung in below the dam on one side. Seeing this unfortunate accident, I jumped on a horse and road up to where the upper vessels were anchored, and ordered the Lexington to pass the upper falls, if possible, and immediately attempt to go through the dam. I thought I might be able to save the four vessels below, not knowing whether the persons employed on the work would ever have the heart to renew their enterprise.

"The Lexington succeeded in getting over the upper falls just in time—the water rapidly falling as she was passing over. She then steered directly for the opening in the dam, through which the water was rushing so furiously that it seemed as if nothing but destruction awaited her. Thousands of beating hearts looked on, anxious for the result. The silence was so great, as the Lexington approached the dam, that a pin might almost be heard to fall. She entered the gap with a full head of steam on, pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three spasmodic rolls, hung for a moment on the rocks below, was then swept into deep water by the current, and rounded to safely into the bank. Thirty thousand voices rose in one deafening cheer, and universal joy seemed to pervade the face of every man present. The Neosho followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss, and stopped her engine, when I particularly ordered a full head of steam to be carried; the result was, that for a moment her hull disappeared from sight under water. Every one thought she was lost. She rose, however, swept along over the rocks with the current, and fortunately escaped with only one hole in her bottom, which was stopped in the course of an hour. The Hindman and Osage both came through beautifully, without touching a thing; and I thought, if I was only fortunate enough to get my large vessels as well over the falls, my fleet once more would do good service on the Mississippi.

The accident to the dam, instead of disheartening Colonel Bailey, only induced him to renew his exertions after he had seen the success of getting four vessels through.

"The noble-hearted soldiers, seeing their labor of the last eight days swept away in a moment, cheerfully went to work to repair the damages, being confident now that all the gunboats would finally be brought over. These men had been working eight days and nights up to their necks in water, in the broiling sun—cutting trees and wheeling bricks—and nothing but good-humor prevailed among them. On the whole it was fortunate the dam was carried away, as the two barges that were swept away from the centre swung around against some rocks on the left, and made a fine cushion for the vessels, and prevented them, as it afterwards appeared, from running on certain destruction. The force of water and the current being too great to construct a continuous dam of six hundred feet across the river, in so short a time, Colonel Bailey determined to leave a gap of fifty-five feet in the dam, and build a series of wing dams on the upper falls. This was accomplished in three days' time, and on the 11th instant the Mound City, Carondelet, and Pittsburg came over the upper falls, a good deal of labor having been expended in hauling them through, the channel being very crooked, scarcely wide enough for them. Next day the Ozark, Louisville, Chillicothe, and two tugs succeeded in passing the upper falls. Immediately afterwards the Mound City, Carondelet, and Pittsburg started in succession to pass the dam, all their hatches battened down, and every precaution taken to prevent accident. The passage of these vessels was a most beautiful sight, only to be realized when seen. They passed over without any accident, excepting the unshipping of one or two rudders. This was witnessed by all the troops, and the vessels were heartily cheered as they passed over. Next morning, at 10 o'clock, the Louisville, Chillicothe, Ozark, and two tugs passed over without any accident except the loss of a man, who was swept off the deck of one of the tugs."

On the evening of the day in which the last boat passed over the falls, the One Hundred and Fourteenth was ordered to march up near where the vessels were lying, and assist in floating them over the rocks. Arriving soon at the designated spot, the men stacked arms,

and went actively to work in conveying artillery and iron armor from the boats to below the falls. Having accomplished their labors, and perceiving their efforts crowned with success, at dark the men returned to camp. Immediately after breaking ranks before their tents, an order was received for the army to march in fifteen minutes. But quickly another order was announced, rescinding the former, and directing the troops to march at 7 o'clock of the next morning.

The great work having been accomplished, and the necessity for any further delay at Alexandria being removed, the army was to resume its retreat.

CHAPTER XXXIV

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.

KING RICHARD III.

Up higher to the plain! where we'll set forth,
In best appointment, all our regiments.

KING JOHN.

By daylight of the 15th of May, the entire army was in commotion. The white camps disappeared; artillery was hauled away from the breastworks; sick men and stores were transferred to vessels; and at the appointed hour, the troops fell into line and filed out of the streets of the town of Alexandria, where they had lived for seventeen days. Then they pursued the road that led along the levee of the Red River.

Having marched a few miles, the men heard in the rear the roar of distant explosions, indicating that the dam, the product of their labor and skill, was being blown to pieces. They also observed a huge column of black smoke ascending the sky, in the direction of the lately vacated town. Their surmises concerning this remarkable spectacle were soon confirmed by the news that incendiary soldiers had caused the destruction of the largest and finest portion of Alexandria.

As the boys watched the dark pall that overhung the doomed village, they could not avoid the reflection how many families were being then deprived of late happy and peaceful homes—how many men, once wealthy, were being suddenly driven to poverty and wretchedness—

how many sad and thrilling scenes were being enacted beneath that gloomy cloud of smoke!

As the army marched on, and the day wore away, this last vestige of Alexandria's fall disappeared beneath the horizon, and then the minds of the men turned to other subjects.

Through a region partly cultivated, and partly wooded, the army followed the windings of the river until nightfall, when they camped upon a cane field along the borders of a forest, and near the banks of a small bayou. A sugar mill was close by, from which the men secured a plentiful supply of sugar to add to their very scanty rations.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, the troops were ordered to continue the march. That day (the 14th of May) the army was delayed considerably, by the obstinate skirmishing of the enemy in advance. About noon, while the men were eating dinner, the immense fleet of transports and gunboats, which had left Alexandria behind the army, came sailing by in single file. The gunboats occasionally fired shell into the forests upon the opposite bank, as they passed along. Having marched but thirteen miles, the Regiment was encamped by sundown upon a bend of the river, where lay the charred wrecks of the *John Warner* and the two gunboats.

The ground where the men pitched their tents that night, was covered with envelopes and papers from rifled mail bags. Many of the boys, in searching over the muddy and torn fragments of letters, discovered missives which they themselves had written to friends. Tenderly written notes to lady-loves; official dispatches; business letters; newspaper correspondence; muster-rolls; affectionate epistles from sons to parents, had all been subject-

ed to the vile scrutiny of rebel guerrillas, and ruthlessly torn to pieces. Nothing did ever so excite the indignation of our men. They declared that the burning of southern towns was but a sweet revenge for such indignities.

At 7 o'clock of May 15th, the troops fell into line for another day's march. Moving a short distance, they were halted to permit the wagon train to pass by. With short marches and long rests, they made but little headway till near noon, when they branched off some distance from the river, and marched twelve or fifteen miles through a dreary, desolate wilderness region of country, abounding with cottonwood and cypress, and quite heavily timbered with oak. The sparse inhabitants of this section live upon shook making, or from the products of a few acres of ground, which, when properly cultivated, are very productive.

At some time this extensive forest, and the swamps and low lands surrounding, must have been completely and terribly inundated, there being well defined water-marks upon the trees, from twelve to fifteen feet in height. The few habitations, rude and primitive in their appearance, were well up on stilts, evincing they were surrounded by an element at times troublesome and disastrous. During the freshet season, the tenants must either lie up garret or abandon their homes altogether.

For several miles the army followed the course of Choctaw Bayou, which was crossed upon a boat bridge, and finally emerged from the swamp bottoms, some six miles south of Fort De Russey, and entered Avoyelles Prairie, or the interminable plains of Mansura. It was rumored that there were between twelve and twenty thousand of the enemy on the plains or in the neighbor-

hood of Marksville, prepared and waiting to receive us. A battle seemed imminent! Our brave soldiers, although weary and well nigh exhausted from previous fighting and marching, and the excessive heat, with courage unabated, were ready for the fray.

The woods and swamps, as far as possible, had been thoroughly scoured and reconnoitered, and as soon as our column reached the plains, the skirmishing was renewed with increased spirit and determination. The Sixth Missouri and Fourteenth New York cavalry, after making repeated charges, drove in the skirmishers of the enemy for a couple of miles, when he opened a fire of artillery, and drove our skirmishers back about half the distance. Here, being reinforced by the Sixteenth Indiana and Second and Twelfth Illinois cavalry, they held the ground.

General Grover, of the Second Division, Nineteenth Corps, who led the advance of the main army, formed in line of battle across the plains—the First Division, under General McMillan, within easy supporting distance—the whole being under the gallant Emory, as Corps commander. No demonstration being made upon the lines, the advance continued. Near sunset there followed another sharp skirmish, when night closed in upon the scene, leaving the Federals in possession of the ground recently held by the enemy, on the plains of Mansura.

Early the following morning, the familiar order "Fall in" resounded throughout the lines. About ordinary breakfast time, the column marched through Marksville, the capital of the Parish of Avoyelles. This is a town of four hundred inhabitants, situated in the midst of a fertile plain, but wore a dilapidated and deserted appearance. Its brick court house and jail were most striking specimens of ancient Spanish architecture, and were gro-

tesquely painted in variegated colors. Many of the residences were roofed with tile, and had hanging around them a great profusion of dormer windows and balconies.

From this point the various Corps and Divisions were placed in order for battle. It was more evident than at any time before, that they had a strong rebel force to encounter—that they were nearing a contest more terrible and sanguinary in its consequences and results than any before experienced. That the Confederate army had passed around to the front, and was intending to dispute further retreat towards the Mississippi, was quite certain.

General A. J. Smith's command, which had reached the plain upon a different road, from a point nearer to Fort De Russey, occupied the extreme right of the field, if possible, to flank the enemy; General Grover's Division the right of the centre; a heavy artillery force the centre; the First Division the extreme left, the First Brigade forming the front line.

Allusion has frequently been made to the appearance and disposition of contending armies, yet it is usually impossible to obtain only a limited view of a battle-field of several miles in extent, by reason of intervening hill and wood. The battle of Mansura was the only contest in which the One Hundred and Fourteenth ever participated, where every man was enabled to view the whole army at a single glance.

In the clear sunlight of a bright May morning, upon the green and floral surface of a beautiful plain, the marshalling of forces was transcendently imposing—a sight at once grand and inspiring. As far as the eye could reach, or aided vision extend, serried ranks, bristling bayonets, burnished guns, glittering sabres, waving

banners, and battle flags all tattered and torn, everywhere met the view.

> "'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at their array."

One would suppose there was force enough here to whip out all rebeldom, especially to swallow up and destroy every vestige of opposition to Federal authority in the State of Louisiana. But more than once during the war has there been unfolded the remarkable Bible truth, "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

It was not long before the cannonading, heard in the morning like distant thunder, was increased in severity—before the ball was fairly opened. Bisland excepted, the battle of Mansura, probably, was the nicest and sharpest artillery fight that took place in the Department of the Gulf. As our lines firmly and steadily swept the broad plains, reaching seven miles in length and five in breadth—closing in here and extending there, and changing position in another direction, shot and shell in the meantime being hurled forward to dislodge the enemy and silence his guns—he, with his customary cautiousness of superior numbers pitted against him, kept as steadily and as constantly falling back, till at length his forces were wholly driven from the field and lost in the wood.

Considering the severity and duration of the fire—the sharp and spirited skirmishing of both cavalry and infantry—the loss on both sides was trifling. While there was, as there always will be, a great waste of powder and ball in every battle, the rebels made some splendid shots. One thirty pound shot, it is distinctly remembered among others, cut up a variety of pranks, carrying

away the leg of a cow, tearing and ploughing up the ground, kicking up a dust generally, and, to conclude, at four bounds, each, if possible, more desperate than the preceding, passed a few paces to the front of the entire line of the Regiment.

The boys, in again meeting the enemy, proved themselves, by their orderly conduct, discipline and bravery, worthy of the reputation they had previously acquired. Although under a sharp fire, no one was seriously injured—but one only, E. H. Aldrich, of Company B, received the slightest hit.

From the plains the enemy broke to the left in a southwesterly direction, taking the Cheneyville road, giving the Federal troops an opportunity to pass the junction of this road with the one leading to Semmesport, in an opposite direction. The result of the past contest was achieved in opening a way for the further retreat of the army.

With the close of the battle of Mansura we end the chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march.

KING HENRY V.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading,
That you foresee not what impediments
Draw back our expedition.

KING HENRY IV.

The same afternoon that saw the victorious result of Mansura, the army was urged forward still further on their march. Immediately after the battle, the column crossed upon a "succotash" bridge—part pontoon and part logs—a small and nameless bayou, and came to the banks of Bayou De Glaise. The course of this stream is of a horse-shoe form, flowing from the Red River to the Atchafalaya. It is deep, and navigable a greater part of the year. Still later, the troops marched through a pleasant little village called Morcauville and soon after camped close by the bayou, upon cultivated fields.

May 17th, at 7 o'clock, the movement was resumed, the army winding slowly around the bends of Bayou De Glaise, through a fine agricultural country. About noon it crossed Bayou Yellow upon a pontoon bridge, passing through some rebel works which were commenced a year before, with the intention of holding the road and the crossing. They were well planned, upon an extensive scale, but the enemy being compelled to change his line of defense, they were abandoned unfinished. Stopping often, and resting an hour at noon, at 2 o'clock the army reached Semmesport, upon the Atchafalaya. The gun-

boat and transport fleet were all found to have arrived at this landing.

Semmesport is a name without a place. Although there were the ruins of several burned buildings, yet two small vacant dwellings comprised the town. The Regiment encamped near the river, under the burning and sweltering rays of a southern sun, more suffocating in their effects than had ever before been experienced. Partly surrounded by wood, which excluded the fresh air, with old Sol pouring in his rays, refined and concentrated, to breathe "the breath of life" was next to impossible.

As soon as our boys had pitched their tents and arranged the camp, they hastened to the bayou to indulge in the luxury of a bath. Regardless of alligators and other reptiles, hundreds of men were soon swimming and floundering in the water. In an instant a number of shots were fired upon the unarmed men, from a foe concealed in the bushes upon the opposite bank. It produced a most ludicrous scampering of throngs of living models for modern sculptors. Those who were not too badly scared, appeared in camp in the greatest variety of *en dishabille* costumes. But very many did not wait to compromise even as much as an under-garment to the requirements of civilization.

In the evening, Company K, with another detail from the Brigade, was sent across the bayou in boats, to establish a picket line. The guerrillas had fled; and our men met with no opposition.

Upon reaching Semmesport, it was learned that the Department of the Gulf had been consolidated with several other Departments, constituting the Military Division of West Mississippi, and placed under the command of Major General Canby. General Banks thus lost his

independent command, and was required to report to General Canby, who was at Semmesport awaiting his arrival.

The next day, the 18th, the Regiment lay in camp, improving this fine opportunity for rest. But the roar of General Smith's cannon in the rear, throughout the day, apprised them that the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps were enjoying anything else but a season of repose. At the crossing of Yellow Bayou these troops were engaging the enemy under General Polignac, who was preparing to attack the army at the time it should cross the Atchafalaya. A part of the Thirteenth Corps was in the engagement, the Nineteenth being held in reserve. After a desperate engagement, the rebels were defeated and driven from the field. In this battle the last gun of the Red River campaign was fired.

Surgeon Hutchins, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York, acting Medical Director of the First Division, called for volunteers to aid their surgical brethren of the West in caring for the many wounded, that had been removed to the hospital boats at the landing. Surgeon Wagner and his assistant, with others of the First Brigade, cheerfully responded, and labored at the operating table till after daylight the next morning.

At this date, the following General Order was published to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS,
SEMMESPORT, LA., May 18, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No 48.

Soldiers of the First and Second Divisions, Nineteenth Army Corps: It is my duty to express to you my high appreciation of your uniform good conduct throughout the late eventful campaign. This duty is rendered more imperative by the false reports of your operations, which have met you at this point. On the 8th of April, at the

first notice that our troops in the front were engaged, the First Division, the only troops of the Nineteenth Army Corps there present, marched in double quick time, seven (7) miles to the front; formed line of battle under the enemy's fire; checked him, and drove him back, under circumstances the most trying that could befall troops. The whole advance, composed of eight or ten thousand troops were thrown back upon you in utter disorder and confusion, pell mell, with the enemy. You formed line of battle under the enemy's fire and amidst the frightful disorder, with the regularity of forming for parade. You drove the enemy from before you and held the ground until ordered to fall back. The next day at Pleasant Hill, you of the First Division bore the brunt of the enemy's furious attack, and only one Brigade, that on the left, gave way, because it was unsupported, but it soon rallied and joined in the final charge, which drove the enemy from the field. On the 23d, at Cane River, you, supported by the Thirteenth Corps, found the enemy strongly fortified to dispute the crossing of the river. Led by the Third Brigade of the First Division, you turned his flank, and at the point of the bayonet drove him from the hill he occupied. At Alexandria you contributed your labor by day and night, for seventeen days, under the engineering skill of Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, to the great work which relieved the fleet from its perilous situation above the falls, restoring it to the country. This is, in brief, a summary of your services for the last two months, and I know when it becomes known to the country, the judgment will be, that you, at least have done your duty faithfully.

W H. EMORY,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

DUNCAN S. WALKER, A. A. G.

Early on the morning of the 19th, the army commenced to cross the Atchafalaya, a portion, with all the train, moving over upon a bridge of steamboats, which was another product of the engineering skill of Lieutenant Colonel Bailey. The structure consisted of twenty transports, anchored abreast of each other, from bank to bank. Over their decks, timbers and planks completed a bridge of nearly fifteen hundred feet in length. About the middle of the forenoon, the One Hundred and Fourteenth

was ferried over on the steamer *Emerald*, when it moved two miles up the river and encamped upon its banks, to await the crossing of the balance of the train and the army.

For two days the men rested in this place, busy with little else than catching mud fish, among the ditches and lagoons of an adjoining swamp.

At a little past noon of May 20th, the last troops, with all their appurtenances and appliances of war, were safely over. The signal was given, and the boat bridge floated apart and steamed up the river. All contact with the enemy was at an end.

Near sundown, the order came to march immediately. By the light of a full moon, the men tramped upon a wide and smooth road some three miles, to the head of the Atchafalaya, where it flows from the Mississippi and Red Rivers at their point of junction. The troops then turned to the right, and followed the banks of a deserted channel of the Mississippi, which that fickle river had cut off from its main current, in 1832.

Passing through the pleasant village of Red River Landing, the Regiment bivouaced at midnight near the little town of Williamsport.

May 21st, the troops labored on beneath a scalding sun, by the stagnant waters of Old River, another singular cut off, which, by the formation of a new channel of a few miles, some years since, shortens the present navigation about fifty miles. Toiling all day through a populous and wealthy country, at 5 o'clock the column turned away from Old River, and, marching a short distance through a forest, at length came out upon the levee of the Mississippi. The men greeted with hearty and joyful shouts "The Father of Waters," and breaking

from the ranks, made a rush to obtain a draught of the delicious water. Continuing down the river till sundown, the army encamped near the ruins of the village of Morganza. The One Hundred and Fourteenth occupied a rough field overgrown with rank weeds.

The next morning, Sunday, the Regiment received a large mail, the accumulation of many weeks, while the army was shut out from the world at Alexandria. Moving out three miles, the men were assigned a narrow strip of ground between the levee and the banks of the river, and ordered to make preparations for a permanent camp.

The campaign was now finished. Concerning the Red River affair, much has been unfolded, yet a great deal remains in obscurity, awaiting development by the pen of the impartial historian. For what purpose a large and splendid army was sent off into the wilderness of the Red River—what it was expected to do, and how the movement could in any way effect injury to the rebellion—are only matters of surmise, even among those who were participants in the campaign. That the plan originated in Washington, is proved by the fact that troops from three different Departments were engaged in it. That it was doomed to be a failure, was almost certain from the start, by reason of the nature of the country, the notorious treachery of the Red River, and the immense distance to be traversed and held. The ostensible reason was the occupation of Shreveport. But what was the object of capturing a comparatively insignificant town, upon the borders of the interminable and uninhabitable plains of the West, which could never be retained for further operations, on account of its great distance from a base of supplies?

King Cotton has been accused with having incited the

movement. Yet the soldiers in the ranks perceived throughout the campaign, that the authorities paid little or no attention to the lucrative blandishments of this monarch.

Whatever was intended to have been effected, it is certain the soldiers performed a great work. They had marched in the neighborhood of FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES. Deducting the time at different places, by halts in the advance and in the retreat, and in building dams, fortifications and bridges, which is more than half of the whole, there will be left, marching time, barely THIRTY-FOUR DAYS.

The battle of Sabine Cross Roads, and the march from Pleasant Hill and back, about thirty-five miles, all took place within the sum of TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

The march from Natchitoches, and the retreat to Grand Ecore, one hundred and six miles, including the battles of Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill, occupied less than SIX DAYS.

The distance from Grand Ecore to Alexandria, eighty miles, and including the battle of Cane River Crossing, which occupied nearly one-quarter of the time, was made in FOUR DAYS.

When it is remembered that every soldier carries upon his person a burden of from forty-five to fifty pounds, made up of his fighting equipage—of a part, at least, of his cooking and eating utensils—of the house he lives in—of the clothes he wears—of the bed he sleeps in—and often from three to five days' rations—and the magnitude of the work performed by the soldiers cannot fail to be comprehended. It seemed, at times, that they were "between the upper and nether mill stone," pressed on all sides—surrounded by enemies—hurried in the van and

by the rear-guard—crowded and urged forward by friend and foe. Never did men work harder or better, and with more determination. Sometimes it appeared that they must wither and fall under it—some did fall to rise no more!

If they failed to win battles, it is no fault of theirs. If they won victories, and failed to profit by them, they are not to blame for it. If they turned their backs upon the enemy, when his feet were flying from them, they are not cowards. If the dead were left unburied, and the wounded to perish upon the bloody field, they are not miscreants. The officers may have been whipped —the common soldiers were not.

To-day they are victorious!

CHAPTER XXXVI

Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hands of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance.

KING HENRY V.

In prospect of a season of rest at Morganza, the men went merrily to work constructing a comfortable camp. The officers' quarters were arranged close by the bank of the river; the cook tents were placed under the levee; between these were the Company streets.

The adjoining forests furnished abundant material for the construction of shady arbors. In a few days, the whole camp, tents, streets and all, were deeply embowered in a dense green covering of vines and boughs. So intense was the heat at this season of the year, that even this cool shade was not impervious to the burning effects of the sun.

During the day time, the troops could do but little else than lie in their tents in light costume, being continually drenched with the most copious perspiration. In early morning and late in the evening, they were employed in military exercises, or in gymnastic sports.

The effect of this climate upon the new Regiments was truly appalling. While the acclimated members of the One Hundred and Fourteenth were enjoying a complete immunity from disease, all around was daily heard the death march of military funerals. Scurvy and chronic

diarrhea were carrying off thousands of victims to untimely graves. The army was now in daily communication with New Orleans and St. Louis, and all the while news boys were running through the camps continually shouting, "Here's the New Orleans Era-a-a!" "Here's your Missouri Democrat and Republican!" "Latest Northern paper-rs!"

The appointment of General Grant to the command of the armies of the United States, and his subsequent operations in the Wilderness, were news which delighted the men to read.

Upon the day the army arrived at Morganza, an order was published which excited considerable comment among the troops. The substance of this order was that "the Nineteenth Corps hold itself in readiness to move either up or down the river at an hour's notice." Steamers were to be kept in readiness for this purpose. "Now," said the men, "we are to have no more marching; all the work we will have to do in future, will be to ride around and guard the river." Notwithstanding the hopes entertained, this order was never put into practical execution.

Although many Brigades and detachments were kept actively employed on long and arduous expeditions and reconnoissances, while the army was lying at Morganza, yet the First Brigade was singularly exempt from such labors. Never before had the Regiment spent forty days in such absolute idleness as at this camp. Whole weeks were passed in doing nothing else than lying in the doors of tents and watching the movement of steamers on the river, in reading newspapers, in angling for cat-fish, in making occasional calls upon Mike, the sutler, or in light camp duties. By day the camp bore a stillness that gave it the appearance of being deserted; but when

evening came, the latent spirits of the men were revived. Even the officers at such time were unable to restrain a disposition for jollity, and in the dead of night would pass around among each other's quarters, and pull down tents over the heads of sleeping inmates. The offenders, when detected, were court martialed, of course, and being invariably found "guilty," were sentenced to pay a forfeit, subject to the approval of Mike.

On the 11th of June, the Nineteenth Corps was reviewed by General Emory, as a prelude to a grand review announced soon to take place. Every one bestowed extraordinary care in the preparation of his toilet, and in the polish of his equipments. At 2 o'clock, the Regiment marched to the ground selected for the display, which was an open, grassy plain, half a mile back from the river. Some little time was occupied in the formation of the troops, and when at last the ceremony commenced, a black cloud had overspread the sky, which suddenly poured down a perfect torrent of rain. In an instant the scene changed. Neatly dressed men were quickly dripping and drooping objects of pity. Paper collars melted away—immaculate white gloves became horribly stained—brasses became tarnished to a dingy hue—glossy boots were plastered with mud. Drums refused to sound, and brass instruments uttered a discordant noise. The effect was so indescribably ludicrous, that the men forgot the propriety due the time and place, and burst forth in cheers and shouts of laughter, in which all joined, from the highest to the lowest. Nevertheless, the ceremony was carried through to the end.

"We are but warriors for the working day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field."

June 14th, the entire army was again reviewed in the afternoon, by Major General Daniel E. Sickles, who was in the Department of the Gulf, upon a tour of inspection. This time the parade passed off without anything to mar the beauty of the display. This was the grandest pageant that the Regiment, up to this time, had witnessed. General Sickles was a fine looking officer, and his deportment so graceful and dignified as to win the admiration of every soldier.

And yet another review occurred soon after. On the 25th of June, Major General Reynolds relieved General Franklin, and upon assuming command, reviewed the troops of the Nineteenth Corps. The affair passed off satisfactorily.

On Sunday, June 19th, a sad accident occurred. George Luther, of Company I, was drowned while bathing in the Mississippi. He was a worthy young man and an excellent soldier.

June 20th, the Regiment was paid off by Major Folsom.

About this time, several changes took place in the organization of the army, the most important of which was the disbanding of the Thirteenth Corps, and the consolidation of all the troops in the Department with the Nineteenth. Brigadier General B. S. Roberts was also assigned to the command of the First Division. He held this position but a few days.

On the last day of the month the men were again mustered for pay.

July 1st came, and found the camps in an unusual state of quietude. The soldiers were sleeping, or in shirt sleeves sitting in the shade, smoking pipes, chatting, and enjoying their *otium sine dignitate*. While all were

wondering at the continued inactivity of the army, the camp was thrown into a state of wild excitement.

"Be ready to proceed aboard vessels in half an hour," was an order that passed from company to company. "Strike your tents quickly, men," the officers shouted. Amid the scramble and flurry, the camps soon disappeared, and the ground was covered with a line of troops. At sundown the Regiment marched to the steamboat landing, in connection with the One Hundred and Fifty-Third New York, and Division Head-quarters, and went upon the decks of the steamer *Crescent*. A large number of vessels were arriving and departing, loaded with troops. Nearly the whole army appeared to have joined in the sudden and universal stampede. Some would have it that the enemy had made a sudden and alarming demonstration in some quarter, that required to be quickly check-mated on the part of the Federals. Strange things happen now-a-days. Perhaps New Orleans is in danger. Who can tell? Texas, Mobile, the Army of the Potomac, all had advocates among the men, touching their destination.

By 10 o'clock, the *Crescent*, having been loaded with soldiers, camp equipage, baggage and horses, turned into the stream and started down the river. When morning came, they found themselves below Baton Rouge, still gliding through the turbid current. Passing Donaldsonville, at noon they came in sight of New Orleans. Moving up to the crowded docks, General Emory disembarked, when the vessel floated out into the middle of the stream, and anchored.

This was really annoying to the men, to be confined upon a hot and crowded ship, in the midst of a great city. They fretted under restraint, and were anxious to

get into the turmoil and excitement of the town, and enjoy a few hours in sight-seeing. The afternoon wore away, as they lay around the decks, gazing upon the busy levee, watching the movements of every species of steamboats, and listening to the monotonous cries of stevedores, and the drowsy songs of gangs of negroes.

At sundown the sailors weighed anchor, when the *Crescent* steamed up the river about a mile, to a place called Bull's Head. Here the vessel was made fast to the dock, and the crew commenced to load on coal.

At daybreak of July 3d, the men were aroused and ordered ashore. Having formed a line, the troops tramped on the clean pavements, followed by a crowd of noisy boys and a troupe of swarthy female peddlers. Proceeding some distance through Tchopoutoulas Street, (pronounced Chop-o-tu-lah,) at the corner of Robbins Street, the column passed through a wide gate into the Alabama Cotton Press, one of those immense establishments which are so common in New Orleans.

It was a low brick building, occupying an entire square, with a hollow court in the centre. Its large yard and long corridors were empty; its powerful press was lying idle and rusty. Here the soldiers were quartered, and a strong guard was posted to prevent their wandering out into the city. Yet during the day a considerable number of the men secured passes, or by some species of cunning obtained access to the town. They wandered about the streets, and observed with interest the many curiosities of this peculiar city. Although it was Sunday, they found the shops and stores open, driving a lively business. Drays, cabs and cars rumbled through the streets. Around the doors of the theatres, crowds of people were assembled, seeking to obtain ad-

mission. Public squares were filled with sportive children. The great French market swarmed with a noisy, chattering, gesticulating multitude of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Creoles, Germans, Irish, Africans and Mulattoes. A perfect Babel of languages, yet all were in wonderful good humor, as they sipped their tiny cups of coffee, or partook of some dainty French dish. Nothing served to remind the stranger that it was the holy Sabbath, save the melody of the Cathedral chimes, or the occasional tinkling of some convent bell.

New Orleans, in the great number and elegance of its restaurants and drinking saloons, rivals any other city of the Union. These are thronged, night and day, by a hungry and thirsty multitude. Canal Street, running east and west, divides the city into two nearly equal parts. The lower portion is called "French Quarter." Here one may stroll for hours without hearing his native tongue, or be able to read a single sign over the shops. The streets are labelled *Rue de Bourbon*, *Rue de Royale*, and the like, while the bulletin boards contain posters in French. But the instant one crosses the wide promenade of Canal Street, with its double rows of trees through its centre, he finds that he is no longer "a straggler from another civilization," but is in a thorough-going American city.

With the exception of the City Hall and the Custom House, New Orleans is built mostly of brick and stucco. The finest churches and hotels are shabby, from the continual peeling off of their outer coat of plaster. Yet, take it all in all, New Orleans is really an elegant city; and were it not for the terrible epidemics that so often visit it, it would be a desirable place in which to live.

To return to the Alabama Cotton Press. It was found that preparations were being made for a voyage at sea.

Orders had been received for the Regiment to proceed aboard the steamer *Sophia*. Upon investigation it was found that she was a small, filthy, unseaworthy cattle-boat. Mindful of the bitter experience upon the *Thames*, Colonel Per Lee and the officers protested against being placed, with their men, upon such a craft. In the evening, other arrangements were made. Four Companies, B, G, K and E, under command of Major Curtis, were ordered to re-embark upon the *Crescent*, with the One Hundred and Fifty-Third New York. Soon, they were within the iron hulk of this side-wheel steamer, and at 7 o'clock the vessel had slipped her lines and moved down the river. The portion of the Regiment that remained, that night slept in the Cotton Press.

The next day—the 4th of July—many of the boys enjoyed an opportunity of witnessing a grand celebration in the Crescent City. Under the delightful shade of La-Fayette Square, converted into a vast amphitheatre, Generals Banks and Sickles delivered orations, and three thousand school children, aided by all the military bands of the Department, sang national airs. A couple of batteries, and the different bells of the city, were added to the chorus, by means of electrical machinery. Voices, bands, bells and cannon conspired to make it the grandest music ever heard.

When our men returned from the celebration, it was discovered that a few had been celebrating on their own account, and were unusually enthusiastic and exultant over the achievements which the day commemorates. However, all were sedate enough by 5 o'clock, to proceed aboard the propeller *Corinthian*, which was a second edition of the *Thames*, only a little better, the "rejected *Sophia*" being a good deal worse. At daylight of the 5th, they too set sail down the river.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.
KING RICHARD II.

In order to record events in their chronological order, let us follow the fortunes of the detachment which departed upon the *Crescent*. It was dark when that vessel left New Orleans, and in a short time the men were fast asleep. When the morning of the 4th dawned, the ship crossed the bar at South-West Pass. Soon the pilot was discharged, when the officer commanding, Colonel Davis, of the One Hundred and Fifty-Third, opened his sealed orders, and read as follows:

"You will proceed direct to Fortress Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Virginia, where you will report to the commanding officer, when you will receive further orders through Brigadier General Emory, commanding detachment of Nineteenth Army Corps. On account of the prevalence of yellow fever at Key West, you are ordered to avoid that place, unless obliged to put into port from stress of weather."

The question was settled. They were going to "Old Virginny." The men generally were glad of it, yet were serious when they strained their eyes to obtain a last glimpse of Louisiana. Their old stamping ground—the country where they had learned to be veterans—over which they had marched nearly fifteen hundred miles, and won six battles—where, in fact they had achieved all

the reputation they then possessed—they were leaving behind them forever. When they thought of the sacrifices there made—of the winning youth, of the noble manhood, of the brave leaderships there offered up—they were sad.

The first day of the voyage was one of great heat, and the sea as smooth as a pond. The men sweltered within the iron walls of the vessel, and were compelled to gasp for breath. It was an unpleasant 4th of July.

On the 5th, they hailed a man-of-war, with a monitor in tow. Another torrid day passed slowly away. It seemed that the sky overhead was a furnace, and underneath was a sea of molten glass.

The 6th was but a continuation of calm, hot weather. They passed within a few miles of Dry Tortugas, and had an excellent view of Fort Jefferson, one of the greatest defensive works in the United States. At noon they were in sight of Key West.

Several pleasant days passed, without anything of special interest occurring. The men were impatient to have the voyage finished, and were looking forward with dread to the time when they would round the dangerous Cape Hatteras. They were suffering every kind of discomfort, from being herded together like so many cattle within such narrow confines.

On the afternoon of July 9th, while sailing over a quiet sea, they passed Hatteras Inlet, and in the evening the light-house on the Cape was far astern.

The forenoon of the 10th, the *Crescent* came in sight of Cape Henry, and soon took aboard a pilot. As they sailed forward, the heavy stone walls of Fortress Monroe, the little rocky island of the Rip Raps, the shores, forests and houses every moment came more distinctly in

view. At 12 o'clock the vessel, among a fleet of steamers, dropped anchor close under the guns of the Fortress.

While the men stood upon the decks, and gazed upon the familiar and beautiful scenery, they were joyful in the hope that their voyage was now at an end. Soon they expected to be released from confinement, and enjoy the pleasures of wandering upon those green shores. Delusive hope! Colonel Davis immediately went ashore in a small boat, and soon returned with the order to "proceed to Washington." Here was a turn of events the most unexpected, yet all the more exciting.

"So, then," the men remarked, "we are not going to help Grant take Petersburg."

"What do they want to do with us in Washington?"

"Are they going to make a sort of home guard of us?"

Subsequent events could only answer such questions. In half an hour anchor was weighed, and the *Crescent* was ploughing the bright green waters of the Chesapeake. It was a beautiful day, and the men remained on deck to view the hazy shores on either side, and the white sails scattered over the bay.

At sundown, anchor was cast near a light-ship at the mouth of the Potomac River, the pilot being unwilling to risk the safety of the vessel, by passing over the shoals in the darkness of night.

By 4 o'clock of the morning of the 11th, the steamer was again under headway, moving up the Potomac. The shores of Virginia upon the one side, and Maryland upon the other, with their hills and dales and wood—their fruitful fields of grass and grain, especially in "My Maryland," which were being gathered in—greeted with delight our soldiers' eyes, and cheered and warmed their hearts.

For many long months, far away "down in Dixie," such variegated scenery, such bright visions of home and home life, had not before met their view. The labors of the more northern husbandman, and pictures more or less exact of their own little farms and homesteads, were with all their charms before them. After being so long upon the level low-lands of Louisiana, the hills in particular seemed endowed with fresh interest.

In passing Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington, all hearts throbbed with hallowed emotions —all eyes were eagerly intent. Sensations akin to veneration came over them, as they beheld through the deep green verdure the place where the good man died, and the tomb in which he was buried.

"There rests the Man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind;
There rests the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true;
There rests the Hero, who ne'er fought for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name;
There rests the Statesman, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart."

Fort Washington, built upon an eminence nearly opposite to Mount Vernon, presented a commanding and formidable appearance. Soon after, the massive white dome of the Capitol appeared in view, standing out like a cloud in the bright sky. Gliding swiftly by the tall spires and brick ware-houses of the city of Alexandria, at a few minutes past 12 the *Crescent* made fast to the docks at Washington, among a long row of other vessels laden with soldiers.

Instantly the docks were crowded with pie-women and news-boys. Well dressed citizens were there, too, in

goodly numbers. Pushing their way close up to the vessel, they greeted the boys with smiles and words of welcome. The men rushed to the side of the steamer, to view the unusual sight, and converse with the people.

"I tell you," said a gentleman in the crowd, "we're mighty glad to see you here, boys. These are pretty scarey times with us, and you are the only ones that can save us."

"Why, what's the trouble up here?" inquired one of our men.

"Haven't you heard," said a by-stander, "that the city is surrounded with rebs?"

"No; is that so?"

"Yes, and they have cut our rail roads and telegraphs, and we haven't heard from the North in several days. But the worst of it is, there ain't any soldiers here but three months' men and a few militia, to guard the city."

"Well, I reckon we can 'tend to them fellers," a soldier said, with a grim smile.

"We know it," "We know it," a chorus of voices responded, while joy glowed upon the countenance of every one in the throng.

The Capital of the Nation was in danger. Lively work was in prospect, and the men commenced to nerve themselves for the trials of battle.

With but little delay the four Companies, and the One Hundred and Fifty-Third, were marched off the boat, and the men set their feet upon the land within eight days from the time they left New Orleans. They were the first troops of the Nineteenth Corps that landed in Washington, and excited particular interest from having come so far from the South, and especially from their swarthy olive complexions.

The wharves and streets were filled with other troops, which proved to be the Sixth Corps, which had been detached from Grant's army, and sent to the relief of the Capital.

It was quite certain that the Nineteenth Corps was ordered North for the purpose of re-enforcing the Army of the Potomac at Petersburg, but the first transport arriving at Fortress Monroe at the exact time that the news of the rebel raid into Maryland was received, they were hurried forward to the defense of the Capital, and if necessary, of more northern towns and cities. The most trifling circumstances sometimes change the destinies of an army.

A few minutes after landing, our men were formed into line, and marched through the city, with music and floatting banners. At every step that they advanced, the excitement among the people grew more and more intense. The sidewalks were filled with men, women and children, cheering and waving handkerchiefs in the most enthusiastic manner. In the eyes of our men, everybody looked pale and ghastly, so they could not help from remarking to each other, "Why, how white these people are." "They look awful sickly." On the other hand, the citizens were astonished at the dark complexions of the soldiers.

As the column swung along over the pavements, the stones ringing with the steady tramp of feet, the boys continually heard remarks from the by-standers, that filled their hearts with a soldier's pride. A troop of boys heralded their approach, shouting, "The veterans are coming!" Even the ladies joined in with flattering words. "These are the real soldiers." "They know what it is to fight." "I haven't got any fears for the

safety of the city now"—were compliments they heard on every hand.

In one part of the march, the boys observed a volunteer militia company, composed of Department clerks and citizens, drilling in the streets. The sight threw the men into perfect convulsions. They saw men hitching and stumbling along, wearing stove-pipe hats and kid gloves. Some were seen in the ranks, with umbrellas over their heads; others were flourishing dandy canes; and all were attired in the latest style of fashion.

Passing by the Smithsonian Institute, with its cluster of red towers and pinnacles, and the massive marble pile of the Capitol, the troops emerged into the country upon the northern side of the city. Halting by the side of the road to rest, a couple of ladies came out of a house near by, and treated nearly all the boys with a delicious glass of wine. Such attentions on the part of the inhabitants were none the less appreciated, from the fact that for a year and a half our men had been in the inhospitable region of rebeldom.

Continuing their march three miles further, among groves and suburban residences, near sundown they reached Fort Saratoga, one of the many earthworks that form a chain of defense around the city.

The booming of heavy cannon on the left, and the occasional crack of a musket in the front, gave notice that they were near the enemy. While waiting for orders, the men laid down upon the ground and courted sleep. At midnight they were aroused, and ordered to throw away their old cartridges, and fill their boxes with new ones.

At 3 o'clock, the Companies were ordered out to man the rifle pits between Forts Saratoga and Bunker Hill.

During the forenoon of the 12th, the men lay in the trenches, while everything was quiet on the part of the enemy. Great numbers of citizens were constantly visiting the breastworks, extremely anxious to get a sight of the enemy, and view a genuine battle. In most cases, though, their fear was greater than their curiosity. Remaining a few minutes, they would skulk off to the rear, especially after our boys had told them monstrous and alarming stories concerning the strength and proximity of the rebels.

At noon they were moved to the rear of Fort Thayer, and ordered to encamp upon a knoll within a pleasant grove. From here details of sharp shooters were sent out upon different parts of the works, from Fort Saratoga across the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, to Fort Lincoln.

That night they received some bread and coffee, the first food they had tasted since landing. The same evening a part of the Sixth Corps made a charge in front of Fort Stevens, which brought to an end the siege of Washington. In the night the enemy fled, and the Sixth Corps instantly started in pursuit, while our men lay in camp awaiting orders to march.

Dismissing the detachment under Major Curtis, at this place, let us return and learn of the six Companies who, under charge of Colonel Per Lee, sailed from New Orleans on the propeller *Corinthian*, a day and a half later.

With trifling exceptions, the recital of their voyage to Washington would be but a repetition of that of the *Crescent*. After the excitement of learning their destination (when across the bar of South-West Pass) had subsided, their cruise was one of great monotony, sailing for the whole distance over a smooth and placid sea.

Captain Guptill, commander of the *Corinthian*, was a jolly Texan refugee, and formerly resided near the Forts of Sabine Pass. He was well acquainted with their position and strength, and related many interesting facts which rendered the stupendous "fizzle" of the Sabine Pass expedition even more ridiculous.

The men and officers, like those on the *Crescent*, suffered terribly from the heat, and would have been much more overcome, had it not been for the "cooler" in the private room of the Captain, upon the upper decks. He had met some of our men before, when he had charge of the *Southern Merchant*, on the bayous of Louisiana.

They passed in full view of Cuba and some of the Bahama Islands.

On the evening of July 9th, an incident occurred which relieved somewhat the tedium of the voyage. They spoke the barque *Mary Bently*, three days from Havana, freighted with sugar and molasses for New York. The master of the *Corinthian* and Colonel Per Lee boarded her, returning with a variety of fruit, among which were bananas, limes and sweet potatoes—also turtles and cigars—making altogether a nice treat. The wife of the Captain of the barque was somewhat frightened at their appearance, thinking their vessel might be the pirate *Florida*, but the faculty of Colonel Per Lee in playing the agreeable, and making himself at home among the tender sex, soon dispelled the old lady's fears.

By noon of July 12th, the *Corinthian* made fast to the dock at Fortress Monroe, and spent an hour coaling. Receiving there the order to proceed to Washington, the voyage was continued to that place. Sailing up the Potomac, the same charming scenery witnessed by the

others, was presented to view. They had an exciting race with the *St. Mary*, a side-wheel steamer, in which the latter was the victor.

At 1 P. M. of July 13th, they landed at the wharves of Washington, along with the other Regiments of the First Brigade, who disembarked from different vessels at the same time. Under the leadership of the Brigade commander, Colonel Beal, they marched through Washington, receiving a joyful welcome from the citizens.

Near sundown, the Regiment and Brigade were once more united at Fort Thayer. Instantly orders were put into execution, to commence the pursuit of the rebel army. Then began a campaign usually designated as the SNICKER'S GAP EXPEDITION, as described in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome.
KING RICHARD II.

In the moonlight of a pleasant evening, the column tramped along the military road, which passes from fort to fort around the city of Washington. For eight miles it continued in a westerly course, towards the river, moving in the deep shade of groves, past elegant residences, occasionally mounting some knoll, where the heavy embankments and white barracks of some fort loomed up in silent grandeur. At 10 o'clock they encamped upon an open, grassy field, near the little village of Tenallytown.

Resuming the march at 8 o'clock A. M. of the 14th, they passed through the town, and turning to the left, pursued what is termed the Ridge-road, following in the track of the Sixth Corps. Major General Q. A. Gillmore had been assigned to the command of the army, but just before leaving Tenallytown he was thrown from his horse, injuring him so severely that he was unable to proceed further, and the command devolved upon Major General H. G. Wright, of the Sixth Corps.

The march that day was one of extraordinary interest to the men. It was so novel and exciting to walk up and down the hills once more—to cross clear and babbling brooks—to rest in the shade of maple and beach forests—to sip pure cold water from springs gurgling out of rocky cliffs—to view waving fields of grain—in fact, to see all

the attractive features of a northern landscape. They passed through an extremely hilly and rocky country, abounding in large forests, alternating with beautiful fertile farms. The unfortunate husbandmen had lost nearly all their horses and cattle, they having been driven away by the rebel raiders, and of course were very demonstrative in their welcome to our troops. It was reported by the citizens that the enemy had re-crossed the river, driving with them two thousand head of cattle. At 5 o'clock the Regiment camped on a high hill near the Potomac.

On the morning of the 15th, the march was resumed, again passing through an uneven, but rich farming district. It was tiresome to the men to climb the hills, but this discomfort was compensated by the excellent water they found on every hand.

There was one thing in the march that astonished the soldiers of the Nineteenth Corps, more than anything else. Accustomed as they had been to the strictest discipline, as regards falling out of the ranks and straggling, and having read so much in the papers of the superior efficiency and subordination of the Army of the Potomac, they were surprised to observe all along the road, through a whole day's march, hundreds upon hundreds of the Sixth Corps. Every night, before they went into camp, the road would be lined with detached squads of stragglers, who had established little camps on private account, and were preparing to spend a night away from their commands. Yet these men all wore red, white and blue crosses upon their caps.

Passing through a little settlement called Rushville, and fording Seneca Creek, a swift mountain stream, at 4 o'clock the troops encamped upon comparatively level

meadows. They went to sleep that night supperless. At no time since entering the service had our men such scanty and poor rations, as had been issued to them here, within a loyal State, and near to the great depot of supplies at Washington. Had they been within an enemy's country, they would have subsisted upon the people, but the hungry men were very careful to restrain any propensity for "gobbling."

In the morning a new Commissary* arrived for the First Brigade, with a wagon train of provisions, when the men appeased their appetites.

July 16th, the Nineteenth Corps did not leave camp till 10 o'clock. Then the men marched through the dilapidated village of Poolesville, and a few miles beyond, when they were halted by the side of the road, to await the passage of the Sixth Corps over the Potomac River. Nearly all the afternoon they rested, in expectation every moment of an order to move forward.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock, they fell into line and descending a steep hill, crossed the dry bed of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and came to the bank of the river at White's Ford. An unusual sight here met the eyes of the men. From bank to bank, stretching across the water for six hundred feet, a column of soldiers were floundering, splashing and struggling against the current, while they were slowly moving over to the opposite side. Quickly the boys made preparations for crossing the stream. Removing their cartridge boxes and haversacks, they attached them to the end of their guns. Some divested themselves of their shoes and stockings, and others rolled up their trowsers to their hips. Then plunging into the cold water, they slowly felt their way

* Captain H. S. Ketchum.

over the slippery rocks. In the middle of the river the water was about waist deep, and there very many unlucky men who were carried off their feet, receiving a thorough ducking before they could recover themselves. A bevy of negro washerwomen had collected upon the Maryland bank, and were evidently in a queer dilemma as to how *they* could pass the formidable river. At length, seeing all other plans were futile, and perceiving that the army was rapidly leaving them behind, they frantically lifted high their crinoline, and rushed impetuously into the water, amid the convulsive shouts of thousands of spectators.

The troops entered Virginia, shivering and dripping from head to feet. The lines were soon re-formed, when the army marched in darkness some six miles further, and encamped at 9 o'clock, the Regiment occupying a newly harvested grain field.

Among our men so lately from the extreme south, there was a great amount of suffering by reason of the cold nights. They had not blankets and clothing enough to give them any relief.

The 17th of July, no orders came in the morning for the army to move. So the men lay around upon the ground, smoking their pipes, and enjoying the resting-spell, till 4 P. M., when they were ordered to break camp and renew the march. Going but a mile and a half, they were camped upon a field overgrown with blackberry bushes, which were loaded down with ripe fruit. As soon as the ranks were broken, and before the tents were pitched, every man was wandering around, with his tin cup in hand, gathering berries to add to his evening meal.

Everything went to show that this camp was intended

to be one of some duration. Accordingly, tents were pitched and streets arranged with extra care. Useless labor!

At 5 o'clock the next morning, the men were awakened with the order to march immediately. Soon, they were trudging along once more. Passing around the village of Leesburgh, by moving through corn fields they came upon the road above the town. Then they pursued a westerly course towards Snicker's Gap, about twenty miles distant. They passed through Hamiltonville—a pleasant little town, and a few miles further a burgh called Purcellville, which was a lengthy place, being built upon one street. The section of country through which the army moved was attractive, alternating with hills and dales, and well supplied with wood and water.

The clear cold spring, the running brook, the deep well, and an occasional draught from the "old oaken bucket," were in delightful contrast with the filthy bayou, the stagnant sink-hole, or even the muddy waters of the Mississippi and Red Rivers. Ahead of them during this day, the Blue Ridge towered up into the sky, a break in the range being designated Snicker's Gap. By sundown they entered the Gap, leaving Snickersville to the left, nestling in a valley far below. Over a rocky and precipitous road they passed through the mountains, and bivouaced, at 9 o'clock upon a level plateau between them and the Shenandoah River.

Here, at last, the enemy was found posted along the opposite bank of the river. Already an engagement had taken place, in which a part of General Crook's command, (known as the Eighth Corps, or the army of Western Virginia,) which coming from Harper's Ferry to cut

off his retreat, had been badly defeated and driven across the river.

The morning of the 19th, the troops were routed at 4 o'clock, to stand under arms till sunrise. They did not move that day, but while they lay quietly encamped, the grand old mountain peaks around and above them, robed in evergreen verdure, echoed incessantly with the crack of picket shots. How disdainfully those ancient monarchs looked down upon the petty turmoil of puny men below. How insignificant the battle seemed when compared with the centuries of storm and tempest those mountain crags had breasted.

Towards evening the trains were ordered back, and the troops falling into line, were marched forward and backward by some four or five orders in about as many minutes. Finally they stacked arms, and bivouaced for the night.

Early on July 20th, a reconnoissance in force was made, when it was found that the enemy had fallen back. The army was ordered to advance. Descending a steep declivity, our men arrived upon the banks of the Shenandoah. Plunging into the clear, swift current, they quickly emerged all dripping upon the opposite bank. Halting a few moments among some old stone mills, they moved on a couple of miles in the direction of Berryville. Here they were halted and formed in line of battle, in the edge of a beautiful wood, on, or near the encampment at one time occupied by their old commander, General Banks, previous to his engagement with Stonewall Jackson, and which culminated in his famous retreat.

All day they rested at this place, while a force several miles in advance was feeling the enemy. In the evening,

it was learned that the main portion of the rebel army had retreated far up the valley, and further pursuit was discontinued. After a terrible shower had thoroughly drenched the men and muddied the road, the troops commenced to countermarch. Soon they re-forded the Shenandoah, toiled up the mountain side, passed through the gloomy gap, and descended into Loudon County. Traveling all night upon the road over which they advanced, the morning sun dawned upon the weary men in the neighborhood of Leesburgh. The town was soon passed, and they were pursuing the pike towards Washington.

Before the war, Leesburgh contained over two thousand inhabitants, and was decidedly a fine town. There were quite a number of private residences, constructed principally of brick, and really imposing, with many evidences that they were once abodes of elegance and refinement, of peace and happiness. Stores and shops closed, and dwellings vacated, here, as well as everywhere in the South, told a tale of war and woe. Women, children and colored people appeared quite plenty, but the mind and intellect that mould, direct and animate society—nor the "bone and muscle," or the thrift of industry—were not there.

Passing five miles beyond the town, the Regiment encamped upon an open field. Those men who had strength enough to keep up with the column, were nearly broken down with fatigue, and indignant at the severe treatment they had received. They avowed they could not see the use of being rushed along in such a way, when they were only falling back to Washington. Since the evening of the day before, they had marched over twenty-five miles, upon a very uneven and stony road,

and with haversacks empty. Near this place they were joined by General McMillen's Brigade, which, having been sent from Fortress Monroe to Bermuda Hundred, had just re-united with the Corps.

In the evening of the 21st, the Regiment broke camp and crossed over Goose Creek, a large and deep stream, upon a rough structure of old boats, and the fragments of an old bridge that had been destroyed in the early part of the war. Upon the opposite bank they encamped.

On the 22d, they started at 8 o'clock. About noon they passed through the little village of Drainsville, rendered memorable from its having been the site of a severe skirmish between Generals McCall and Stewart, previous to the battle of the first Bull Run. The country here presented a much better appearance than one had reason to anticipate, as showing less of the effects of war. Agricultural interests were not entirely neglected. The labors of the husbandman were reasonably rewarded —sufficiently, at least, for the necessaries if not the luxuries of life. Many of the fences, particularly by the road-side, had been destroyed, yet private property as a general thing was respected. At 8 o'clock of a very dark night, the men sought out places to sleep, upon a rough and stony field.

The troops were in line at 7 A. M., of July 23d, and pushed on towards Washington. In the afternoon they went through a small place called Lewinsville, near which were the Freedmen's farms, where many thousands of runaway slaves obtained a livelihood, under the direction of government officials. Soon after they arrived within the defenses of the city. Passing by several large camps, and under the guns of a large fort, they descended a

steep and deep gorge to the Potomac, and crossed the famous chain bridge. Coming out upon the Maryland side, they continued down the river about a mile, and encamped upon a high table land, near a small fortification known as Battery Vermont.

It was generally known that from this place it was intended to forward the troops to City Point as rapidly as vessels could carry them. Having driven the enemy out of Maryland, and far up the Shenandoah Valley, this large army was now more needed at Petersburg. Our men saw but little encouragement for rest, although the ten days they had been in this Department they had marched over one hundred and twenty-five miles.

CHAPTER XXXIX

March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

KING RICHARD III.

On the evening of the 25th of July, the exciting intelligence was received that the enemy was again in Maryland. Orders were given to be ready to march in the morning, with four days' rations in haversacks, and eight days' in the wagons. All night the Quartermasters and Commissaries labored to supply the men with food and clothing. The sick, of which there were quite a number in camp, were sent to the hospitals in the city.

It was not till 10 o'clock A. M. of the 26th, that the army was ready to move. Another campaign was opened. Moving toward the city as far as Tenallytown, the column passed north upon the Rockville pike. Till late at night the men toiled on over a stony road, among the fertile farms of Maryland. In the evening they passed through the pleasant village of Rockville. About five miles from this place, the troops bivouaced at midnight among some fields of grain. They enjoyed but three hours' sleep, for at 3 o'clock in the morning the shrill notes of bugles, and the rattling of innumerable drums aroused them for the labors of the day. Soon after they were again upon the rough pike. The sight of such a long column of troops was a great curiosity to the people. At every house the windows were filled with inquisitive faces. Husbandmen left their work in the fields, to gaze

upon the uncommon spectacle. In places, crowds of citizens were assembled by the road-side, and cheered on the weary soldiers. During the day the men passed successively the little villages of Seneca Mills, Middlebrook and Clarksburgh. In the afternoon they marched through Hyattsville, a small, and ancient appearing place, and bivouaced a few miles beyond, in an oat field.

At 5 A. M. of July 27th, the army started forth. Urbana, a neat little town, was soon passed. Before 8 o'clock, the troops were ordered into camp upon the banks of the Monocacy River. Here was the battle ground where General Lew Wallace was defeated by the rebels, before they advanced upon Washington. The *debris* of a battle was still lying scattered upon the hill side and in the fields. Fragments of bloody clothing, muskets, old shoes and caps, cannon balls and cartridge boxes, were found upon the camp ground. A fine stone arched bridge across the river had been demolished, and a beautiful rail road bridge near by was considerably injured, but owing to its peculiar construction it completely baffled the efforts of the enemy to destroy it. It was composed almost entirely of lattice-work of small iron bars. It could not be blown up nor burnt, and artillery could have but little effect upon it, for cannon balls would either pass through it, or only cut off one or two unimportant bars. In times of war, to rail road corporations, such bridges are invaluable.

In expectation of remaining a day or two at least, the men pitched their tents and were making themselves comfortable, when at 4 P. M. orders came to move immediately. While the Sixth Corps passed the river near the ruins of the bridge, the Nineteenth marched two miles up the river, when they also waded through the stream.

Continuing a few miles further, just at sundown the column entered the beautiful and loyal city of Frederick. The citizens were all in the streets, witnessing the approach of the army. From windows and from house tops, flags were flying. Well dressed and handsome ladies were flirting handkerchiefs, or throwing bouquets into the ranks. By the sidewalks, pails of water and lemonade, or baskets of cake and fruit, were placed for the soldiers to help themselves as they passed along. Little children ran through the lines to distribute knick-knacks. Women overloaded the haversacks and pockets of the men with all manner of goodies. Such cordial and generous treatment of the poor, dirty, ragged soldiers, almost brought tears to the eyes of the grateful boys; inspired in their breasts new courage, revived their pride and self-respect, and made them feel that after all they were not merely worthless machines.

The nature of the soldier's life gives to him the special attribute of generosity. Whenever they observe it in others, they are particularly touched. It is no uncommon sight, upon a hard march, when the men are suffering for want of sufficient food, to see a party of soldiers sitting together upon the ground, with their haversacks between their knees, counting out their scanty pile of hard tack, so as to make an equal distribution. He who has been most frugal of his rations, is willing to share with him who has devoured his supply at a single meal. If a soldier had succeeded in obtaining a back-load of fire wood, when he arrived in camp he was sure to divide the coveted fuel among his nearest comrades.

> "He who is truly dedicate to war.
> Hath no self-love."

After the troops had passed through the city, a halt of an hour was made, to allow the Sixth Corps to move ahead. Advancing four miles, the Regiment bivouaced at midnight upon a wheat field. About this time General Hunter, in command of the Department of Western Virginia, took control of the army.

At 5 o'clock on the 29th, the column was in motion upon the road to Harper's Ferry. It was a very warm day, and the roads were dusty. The country was delightful. Grain was being harvested, and crops generally were looking thrifty. Apple and peach trees were laden with fruit. Jefferson, through which they passed, was quite a pleasant town, but ancient in appearance, as are usually all the places in this section.

Crossing the Kittoctan Creek, upon a covered bridge, Petersville, six miles, and Knoxville, nine miles from Jefferson, were successively passed. About half a mile from Knoxville is the little settlement of Weaverton. Here was a large woolen factory, and the hamlet was composed mostly of buildings for operatives. A citizen by the way-side informed the men that the factory had "busted up," and from appearances they thought it had, decidedly.

Two miles distant is Sandy Hook, located among the high mountains which here envelope the Potomac. From this place, the troops moved along a narrow ledge that had been dug out from the precipitous sides of a stupendous mountain which jutted out into the river. The road was scarcely wide enough for the column to pass, yet most of its surface was monopolized by a rail road track. Turning around a brow of the mountain, Harper's Ferry was brought to view. Opposite the village the river was crossed upon a pontoon bridge, and the column entered the town.

Harper's Ferry has been so often described by journalists and authors, that it seems almost superfluous to add any further account of this remarkable place; yet, a few words concerning the spot of which Thomas Jefferson wrote that it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to visit, may not be inappropriate. It is situated at the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, within the recesses of a deep and narrow gorge. By a great convulsion of nature, these waters appear to have forced an outlet to the sea by breaking through the rocky barrier of the Blue Ridge. The mountain range is thus divided into three precipitous peaks, respectively called Maryland, Loudon and Bolivar Heights. At the foot of Bolivar Heights is located Harper's Ferry. A strip of level land, scarcely wide enough for a single row of buildings, is occupied by the ruins of the government arsenal, while the business part of the place is crowded back upon the steep sides of the mountain. It is the greatest source of wonderment to the visitor how a town of five thousand inhabitants could possibly have been built upon such a contracted and inappropriate site.

Whichever way one may turn, he is continually impressed with the idea that there is not room enough for even a respectable Swiss cottage. The streets are very narrow, and so far elevated above each other that where a building on one street presents an imposing front of several stories, upon an adjoining one there can be seen only its roof. Of course there are no cross streets, but footmen pass from one terrace to another by means of stairs.

The town itself has but few attractions, but the scenery in the neighborhood is really romantic. Magnificent mountains, upon all sides, extend hundreds of feet above the river, with craggy, overhanging, almost perpendicu-

lar rocks, their heavy brows being deeply set with tents and fortifications, and making a scene indescribably grand and picturesque.

One cannot visit Harper's Ferry, and gaze upon her mountain summits and lofty peaks, without being impressed with the idea that here might well have been executed the finishing stroke in the stupendous work of the world's creation, and that the odds and ends of the constructive material were indiscriminately thrown together.

Here is not a freak of nature. This is not a capricious work, but a grand conception, a wonderful display of knowledge, a masterly commingling of the terrific and the sublime. As our men entered Harper's Ferry near sunset, they were particularly impressed with the beauty of the reflected sun-light upon the tall cliffs, gilding their crests, burnishing their slopes, and crowning them with a resplendent halo of glory.

The column marched close by the engine house in which John Brown rendered himself so notorious. The windows and walls still bore evidences of the unequal contest. Crowding through a narrow street, our men passed through the village of Bolivar, and finally encamped about a mile beyond the heights, upon an open, uncultivated, fenceless country. Pitching their tents upon a rocky slope, they enjoyed a grateful sleep, after a fatiguing march of twenty miles.

On the morning of the 30th, the camps were quiet, the army rested. Information came during the forenoon, that the enemy was moving towards Pennsylvania, and had destroyed Chambersburgh. Instantly the army was again put in motion. By 3 P. M., the men commenced to retrace their steps through Bolivar, down the steep

streets of Harper's Ferry, across the pontoon bridge, and upon the narrow road beneath the overhanging rocks of Maryland Heights. In the darkness of the night they traversed the Frederick pike, passing through Sandy Hook, Knoxville and Petersville. By midnight they groped their way into a meadow near the Kittoctan Creek, and spread their blankets upon the grass and slept. The Eighth Corps, which joined the army at Bolivar, during the night turned to the left upon the Middleton road.

At 6 A. M. of the 31st, the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps continued their march toward Frederick. From the city they pursued the Emmettsburgh Pike, two and a half miles, and encamped in a beautiful piece of wood. The day was extremely hot and sultry, and among troops that had not been inured to a torrid climate, the effects of the sun's rays were truly disastrous. In the Sixth Corps, over two hundred men fell down in the road, from sunstroke.

August 1st, the Regiment rested in its romantic camp, in the shade of the grove, having heard that the rebels had re-crossed the Potomac. A number of accidental shots were fired during the day, which produced an alarm in camp, and the men flew to their arms, but the difficulty was soon explained, and the excitement ended.

The beautiful day of August 2d broke upon a peaceful camp. The men were now sufficiently rested to enjoy sight-seeing, and strolled into the town, and wandered about, gazing upon the fine churches, and stores and residences of the really elegant city of Frederick. By noon, the order arrived to march. Passing out of their forest camp, and around the outskirts of the city, they moved towards Monocacy Junction, upon the road previ-

ously traveled. At the same ford they waded the river, and went into camp near the rail road bridge.

At this time the forces were augmented by the arrival of General Grover's Division, and the whole detachment of the Nineteenth Corps that had been ordered from Louisiana was placed under command of General Emory, General Dwight remaining in charge of the First Division. This assignment of commanders remained the same till the close of the war.

"Old Brick Top," as the boys familiarly called General Emory, owing to his sandy hair, was always a great favorite among his troops. Throughout the whole length of their service, "Brick Top" was loved and respected by every man in the ranks. They laughed at his eccentricities, and forgave him his rough, profane manner, for they knew that under a coarse exterior was a kind and generous heart. He looked upon his soldiers as his children, and the boys regarded the old man in the light of a father. When he was cross, and indulged in oaths, his men anticipated favors from him; when taciturn and sad, they knew that something had displeased him. Notwithstanding his age, and his petulant disposition, on the battle-field he was as fresh and active as any young man, while nothing could disturb his equanimity, for he was as cool as an iceberg.

General Grant had also arrived at this place, and taken up his Head-quarters in a small house close by the rail road track. As soon as it was rumored around that the Lieutenant General was on the ground, the men sought to obtain a glimpse of the august personage, as he walked up and down in front of his Head-quarters. His appearance at this time gave rise to the conjecture that different plans and new movements were about to be inaugurated.

Soon it was announced that General Hunter had been relieved, and that Major General Philip H. Sheridan was assigned to the command of the army, to which had been added a large force of cavalry. The geographical Departments of Western Virginia, Susquehanna, Middle Department and Washington, were united under his command, forming what was termed "The Middle Military Division."

General Sheridan was a man but little known at this time, and many were the expressions of surprise that an officer of so little distinction should be placed in charge of such an immense command.

For nearly two days the army lay at Monocacy Junction, *in statu quo*. Finally at 4 P. M. of August 4th, the order came to move, provided with four days' rations. At 6 o'clock the column forded the Monocacy, by the ruins of the stone bridge, and bivouaced upon the opposite shore, along the track of the Baltimore and Ohio rail road. Through the night, troops were constantly moving by rail toward Harper's Ferry. At 1 o'clock the order came for the First Brigade to jump aboard a train then lying upon the track. The Ninetieth New York was left behind, to proceed North on a "veteran furlough." The box cars were very crowded, even their roofs contained scarcely a hanging-on place, being covered with officers and men. Soon the whistle blew, and the ponderous train moved off through the darkness.

By daylight the men found themselves under the ledge of Maryland Heights. Quickly unloading from the cars, they were marched around the brow of the mountain, and a short distance up the river, when they commenced to ascend a steep zigzag path up the side of the heights. About half way to the summit of the mountain is a nar-

row and comparatively level plateau. Here the Regiment was halted, and ordered to go into bivouac. After the men had pitched their shelters among rocks and scrubby pines, many of them clambered to the loftiest peaks, to enjoy a view of the surrounding country. From such commanding elevations, in a clear day, they obtained a magnificent landscape view of a region for twenty miles around.

The great Shenandoah Valley stretched out before them, far beyond the range of vision, enclosed in a blue, hazy border of mountains, dotted here and there with the spires of villages. On the other side, the alternating fields and green forests of Maryland rose and fell like swells in the ocean. Far below their feet, the Potomac rolled through a deep gorge, within which Harper's Ferry looked more beautiful as distance lent enchantment to the view. In the streets of the village, and over the surrounding heights, miniature forms of men were bustling around like ants upon their hills. Occasionally a line of troops could be seen moving in the distance, appearing like a thousand-legged worm creeping over the ground. Long rail road trains, resembling gigantic serpents, crawled around the foot of the mountain. On the peak, monstrous cannon were planted, and strong barracks were built for a garrison. A signal party was there, with flags and telescopes, perpetually conversing with other parties at almost invisible distances.

Before daybreak of August 6th, the Regiment was aroused by reveille, and ordered to be ready to move by daylight. At 7 o'clock it was again under headway. Before noon the men had exchanged the heights of Maryland for the heights of Bolivar, and were in camp near the ground they had occupied a week before.

For three days the army remained inactive—long enough for a little rest—long enough to review the unsatisfactory campaigns of the past month—long enough to conjecture concerning the future. The men were becoming disgusted with marching hither and thither, in pursuit of the enemy, but never able to find him. It seemed to them useless labor to pass between Monocacy and Harper's Ferry, three times in a single week.

When, on the 7th of August, General Sheridan arrived and took command of the army, they expressed many hopes that the nervous little man with smiling face and black, glistening eyes, would inaugurate a more effective mode of warfare. His influence was instantly felt. He seemed to be the perfect embodiment of energy, and possessed the faculty of infusing the same spirit throughout the whole command. It became a common remark among the troops: "We can see now that somebody has got hold of this machine, who knows how to run it." They bestowed upon him the familiar cognomen of "Little Phil.," and appeared to be as much pleased in it as the soldiers of Napoleon did in conferring upon their commander the title of the "Little Corporal."

CHAPTER XL

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle.

OTHELLO.

After the most elaborate preparations had been made, at 5 o'clock of the morning of the 10th, General Sheridan started his entire army from its secure camp upon Bolivar Heights, for a campaign up the Shenandoah Valley. With light step, and with bodies invigorated by the rest of the past few days, the men stepped off rapidly upon the hard, smooth pike. They soon passed a little settlement called Halltown, formerly a station upon the Potomac and Winchester rail road.

The town, and the rail road had alike suffered from the effects of terrible war. As our men advanced, they were amazed at the great beauty and fertility of the Shenandoah Valley. At a distance of about eight miles, on either side were seen ranges of smoky blue mountains, enclosing a rich, rolling, lime-stone country, interspersed with beautiful farms and houses, and clusters of forests. In such a lovely paradise war had committed her worst ravages. The advance and retreat of many large armies through this region, had blighted its fair surface with ruins of burnt dwellings, had caused its fields to grow to weeds, and had swept it of nearly all its fences.

At 9 o'clock our men entered the village of Charlestown, a place rendered historic as being the scene of

John Brown's trial and tragic death. As the troops marched through the almost forsaken town, the entire army struck up and sang the familiar John Brown song, accompanied by the stirring music of drums and bands. The column passed close by the ruins of the court house and jail, and caused their dark bare walls to echo with the shouts of thousands of voices uttering these familiar words:

> "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
> But his soul goes a-marching on."

A few demoralized citizens and a group of ragged children were all the visible inhabitants of this once populous and wealthy place.

Beyond the town, the General made a new disposition of troops. The Eighth Corps was sent to the left of the pike; the Sixth Corps to the right; the Nineteenth occupied the centre. All moved off in parallel columns. Up hill and down, through a hot day, the men wearily tramped up the valley, continually feasting their eyes upon a variegated landscape. Occasionally, they would pass the stone mansion of some member of a "first family," surrounded with those appurtenances that gave it the air and style of a residence of English nobility. At other places were observed filthy little huts, inhabited by pitiful specimens of "poor white trash." This latter class of people seemed to have a wretched knowledge of the King's English. In one instance, an officer observing a young lady standing in the door of a house, rode up to her, and inquired if he could purchase a canteen of milk and a loaf of bread. Her reply was characteristic of the jargon these people employ. She said: "We hain't got no bread. We hain't got no milk. We're clean done

gone up a spout, so ye kin tote yourself away from h'yar." The officer felt perfectly satisfied, and "toted." In this section very many of the men, women, and even children, have an inordinate love for tobacco, and in nothing can a stranger touch their hearts so easily as by making them presents of plug or pig-tail.

After a laborious march of eighteen miles, the Regiment was ordered to bivouac at 5 P. M., within sight of the village of Berryville. No sooner had preparations been made for a night's rest, than another order came to go on picket. Marching out in advance of the army, the One Hundred and Fourteenth was distributed through fields and roads, in detached posts of three or four men.

Without sleep during the night, at 5 o'clock of the 11th, the Regiment was called in, and commenced another day's labor. Marching through the small village of Berryville, which had but one church, it joined the Brigade, and then, turning to the left of the road, took up a line of march across the open country, paying no attention to any line of road, but apparently moving under guidance of a compass. They marched by the flank, slowly feeling their way, leaving Winchester some five miles to the right. During the forenoon, the roar of cannon towards the front showed that the advance cavalry was engaged with the enemy. That day our men tramped over rough, rocky fields, through deep, tangled forests, fording clear running streams, pushing over stone walls, or tearing down rail fences, to make a passage for the column. At sundown they camped near the village of Newtown.

At an early hour of the 12th, the shrill bugles called up the men to renew the march. In a short time they came to the valley pike. This celebrated thoroughfare is, perhaps, the best specimen of a macadamized road in the

country. Notwithstanding immense armies, with their ponderous wagon trains and artillery, had continually passed to and fro for three years over this road, without a single repair upon it, our men found it as smooth and as hard as the best pavement. Not a rut or a mud-hole marred its wide, even surface. The mules trundled the army wagons over it with comparative ease, while their hoofs gave out a metallic ring. Stonewall Jackson once transported several locomotives from Martinsburgh to Staunton over this pike.

The army moved alongside the pike through the adjoining fields, in parallel columns, while in front the advance kept up a continual fire upon the rebel rear-guard. In the afternoon they passed the attractive little village of Middletown, beyond which a couple of miles, they camped upon an open, level field. It was reported that a few miles ahead, the enemy had made a determined stand upon the banks of Cedar Creek, where he offered battle. A fight on the morrow was in prospect.

Before daylight on the 13th, the troops were ordered to stand under arms till sunrise. Throughout the day the Nineteenth Corps remained quiet in camp, while ahead the Sixth Corps was skirmishing with the enemy, who was gradually falling back, until finally he occupied an almost impregnable position on Fisher's Hill.

General Sheridan's Head-quarters were at the same house which had been used for that purpose successively by Fremont, Sigel and Hunter.

The rations of our men were now exhausted, and the supply train was captured and destroyed the evening before, by Mosby's guerrillas, who, having passed through Snicker's Gap, were hovering in the rear. The boys employed their leisure in seeking something to eat. Sheri-

dan was not that kind of an officer who devotes his time and energies in executing stringent orders against "gobbling." Accordingly the men were privileged to wander about the fields, and satisfy their appetites with what corn and apples they could find. In the afternoon an inspection of arms and accoutrements was held, and in the evening a train arrived loaded with provisions.

The 14th and 15th of August, the army remained in camp, patiently watching the enemy, neither party feeling disposed to strike the first blow. In the meantime, the wily Mosby was making sad havoc with its communications. His operations at length compelled General Sheridan to fall back. The movement commenced at 11 P. M. of the 15th, the Nineteenth Corps taking the lead, the Sixth closing the rear. By the light of the moon, our men chatting along the pike, passed the villages of Middletown, Newtown and Kearnstown. Daylight found them upon the outskirts of Winchester. Halting a short time for coffee, the column entered the place with an unusual display of flags and the music of bands.

Winchester was once a town of five thousand inhabitants, and exhibited many well marked traces of culture and refinement. Although built upon an uneven and rocky surface, yet in connection with its surroundings, it was all the more romantic. There were many elegant residences, and some as beautiful grounds as our men had seen in Virginia. But war had sadly left its impress. Places of business were closed, and instead of the hum and din of traffic was heard the rattling of musketry, the boom of cannon, and the clash of arms. Old men, women and children were the principal inhabitants. In no place that our men visited in the South, did there seem

to be proportionally so large a number of old people. At almost every door and window sat gray-headed men or women, with care and sorrow depicted upon their wrinkled faces. At a short distance from the northern edge of the town, the Regiment bivouaced upon the sloping, extensive and well shaded grounds of a once splendid mansion, owned by one Colonel McDonald, of the rebel service, recently taken prisoner. Adjoining this place were the ruins of the late mansion of the quondam Senator Mason, presenting a picture of complete and perfect desolation.

At 4 A. M. of the 17th, the men were ordered to move, much to their regret, as they were so comfortably and conveniently located. In an easterly direction they tramped the Berryville pike, and soon entered a narrow gorge through which flowed a stream called Abraham Creek, which our men were often obliged to wade. Presently they arrived at the steep banks of the Opequan Creek, (pronounced O-*peck*-an,) a deep and powerful stream. This, too, they were compelled to ford, and then clambering up a steep ascent, they had a level road to Berryville, which they reached about noon. The Regiment went into camp upon the same spot they had occupied in making their advance.

It was at this place that twenty-five or thirty wagons of a supply train had been captured by Mosby, since the troops had passed over this ground before. It seemed strange, indeed, that so short a line of communication as twenty miles could not be kept open. But Mosby was indefatigable as well as venturesome, and his raids were so well planned and executed that he held the entire army at bay. Small squads of his guerrillas were continually prowling about the camps, rendering it un-

safe for the men to wander outside, even for a short distance. Several of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, being too careless in this respect, were captured.

For fear of losing a portion of the train, if permitted to remain longer in this neighborhood, on the 18th the army was ordered to retire in the direction of Charlestown, thirteen miles distant. Without breakfast, our men marched out some four miles, and formed a line of battle, to await the approach of the rebels, who, it was reported, were advancing. Not making their appearance, at 2 P. M. the march was resumed. Towards evening they bivouaced some three miles from Charlestown, near the pike.

They remained in this position till Sunday, August 21st, there being constant firing in the direction of Berryville. About noon of the latter day, the skirmishing changed from the front to the rear. Hurriedly the troops were started off on the road in the direction of Charlestown. Reaching this place within an hour, the Nineteenth Corps was posted in line of battle along a road leading from the north of the town. Preparations were made for a severe engagement.

With an instinct common to old soldiers, the men, as soon as the line was formed, bustled around to construct a temporary breastwork. Stone walls, rail fences, barns, piles of fire wood, were quickly torn to pieces, and their fragments, added to what little earth could be thrown up, soon made for them quite a serviceable line of defense. In an incredible short space of time, the boys had placed themselves under good protection from the rifle balls of the enemy.

From the rapid skirmish firing, it was evident that the Sixth Corps and the cavalry were having lively times in

the advance. After several hours had been passed in suspense, darkness came, but did not close in upon a field of battle. The boys regaled themselves with a cup of coffee, and contentedly laid down behind their breastworks to rest. At midnight they were quietly aroused, ordered into line, and further retreat continued.

At 3 A. M. of the 22d, the Regiment arrived upon its old camp ground upon Bolivar Heights. Before daylight the entire army had posted itself across a peninsula of highlands defending the town of Harper's Ferry, which lay below them in the valley of the Potomac. The Eighth Corps occupied a position on the left, near the Shenandoah River; the Nineteenth in the centre; the Sixth upon the right, reaching to the Potomac.

Three times within as many weeks, had the men returned from different expeditions to Harper's Ferry. It was reported by prisoners, that among the rebels, Sheridan's army had acquired the cognomen of "Harper's Weekly," by reason of its periodical visits to the above place.

It was clear that the General was pursuing a Fabian policy, in pursuance of orders from the Commander-in-Chief. He avoided an open contest, yet he was constantly near the enemy, and sought in every way to annoy him. He endeavored to prevent him from joining his main army at Petersburg, while, on the other hand, the rebels were evidently practicing similar tactics. Whenever one army would fall back, the other would immediately follow, menacing its rear, until the former was compelled to halt and offer battle, when the movements would be inverted; the late advancing army quickly retreating, would be pursued in turn by the other. The two forces were probably about equally matched in num-

bers, in munitions and material. They both embraced the choicest and most experienced soldiers in their respective armies. The celebrated troops of Stonewall Jackson on the one hand, and the famous Sixth Corps on the other, had achieved the highest reputation in the war. Both armies were led by able and successful Generals. Sheridan and Early were strong antagonists, and each had good reasons for being wary of the other.

The troops under Sheridan, which by accident had come together temporarily, in a time of emergency, were now permanently organized into a distinct army, and dubbed with the title of "The Army of the Shenandoah." It included the Sixth, Eighth and Nineteenth Corps of infantry, and a Cavalry Corps under General Torbert. It was in fact an army of observation, to watch the enemy against a northern invasion.

CHAPTER XLI.

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

KING RICHARD III.

As soon as the troops had arrived upon the heights around Harper's Ferry, another line of breastworks was constructed, which were planned and built with more skill and care than heretofore. Shovels, picks and axes were distributed among the men, with which they went merrily to work, throwing up the dirt, felling trees and placing the logs to sustain the embankments.

The enemy having followed close upon the heels of the retreating army, in the meanwhile was keeping up a constant show of hostile intentions. By day and by night they persistently harassed our picket line by their sharpshooters. The rebels had also concealed themselves behind temporary earthworks and in rifle pits. For six days the two armies laid near together, watching each other with great intentness. Like wild beasts, they were crouchingly eyeing each other, afraid to move for fear of being thrown off their guard—each ready to spring when the first evidence of weakness in his opponent should be apparent. Reconnoissances were frequently made, which invariably resulted in finding the enemy in large force, and consequently a repulse and a retreat. Before daylight every morning, the Regiment was ordered up to stand under arms.

August 27th, a reconnoissance in force was made by General Crook's Corps, which resulted in a loss of about three hundred killed and wounded; but the important discovery was made that the main body of the enemy's force had departed. Instantly, orders were issued to be ready to march. The day wore away in preparation for another "see-saw campaign."

At 4 A. M. of the 28th, reveille sounded. It was not till 8 o'clock that the bugle at Brigade Headquarters sounded the "assembly," notifying the men to form in line. In a few moments more the General and staff mounted their horses, and with the Brigade flag moved out into the road. Again the bugle warbled forth the "forward," and then all over the heights the stationary lines of troops commenced to march towards the road. Once upon the dusty pike, the long line went crawling at a steady pace up the valley.

It should not be supposed that soldiers upon a march are compelled to observe the regular cadence of step, and move in all the precision of a drill or a parade. On the contrary, the men are allowed to adopt whatever gait they may choose, carry their guns and equipments in any position most conducive to ease, converse, or shout as much as they please, and in fact are subject but to one restriction, and that is they must keep their relative places in the line. If a soldier is taken sick, he can easily secure a card from his Surgeon, who always rides in the rear of his Regiment, if his complaint on investigation proves to be genuine. Whenever the ambulance train may come along, this card is a voucher to the ambulance officer that the bearer is entitled to a ride.

At stated times during the march, the bugle at the head of each command repeats from the head of the army the

calls to "halt" and "lie down." For a few minutes the organization of the army is lost. The lines are broken up, some of the men scattering around to repose upon the cleanest grass, others starting for brooks or springs, and many opening their haversacks to appease their appetites with cold meat and hard tack. If it is in the night time, adjoining fences will be quickly torn down, rails piled up in heaps, and roaring fires will be instantly started, around which throngs of men will stand and warm their chilled bodies. At the end of ten or fifteen minutes, the clear, sharp notes of a distant bugle will be repeated by one bugler after another, until the hills, valleys and forests echo with the familiar sounds of "attention." Then the men will jump up, and bustle to their places in line, and the entire army will be instantly formed. Again, toot, toot, toot, will come the brazen order to move forward, and away the ponderous mass of men, horses and wagons sweep ahead.

An army, when viewed as an unit, is a majestic and sublime spectacle. It conveys to the mind of an observer a more overwhelming idea of power and momentum than a sight of Niagara Falls or a herd of wild cattle can ever produce, because he appreciates that here is not only a great accumulation of muscular strength, but an immense concentration of human intellect, of mental force. It is mind and nerve, as well as strong arms, that makes an army appear to be the highest perfection of earthly power. When viewed in detail, an army loses much of its inspiring and romantic effect. A single soldier separated from the great machine—all begrimed with dust, ragged and hairy, harnessed up with a great profusion of wide leather belts, burdened with a dirty knapsack, haversack, canteen, etc., from which are

suspended greasy frying pans, little rusty pails and hatchets—is not a very poetical appearing object.

Once more our men were obliged to tramp upon the well-known road to Charlestown. When within sight of the town, the Regiment halted to rest in the shade of a forest, while the advance was carefully feeling the way. Presently the men were in the streets of Charlestown, again shouting the John Brown song. The inhabitants of this place stated that they never saw a body of United States troops pass through their town without hearing that same old tune. They must have been greatly annoyed by it, and for the sake of personal comfort must have wished that John Brown had never been born. One thing is certain, that his trial and execution cost them a fine court house and jail. At some time during the war, the Union soldiers had completely sacked and destroyed these once beautiful edifices, leaving scarcely their bare walls standing. Upon the white front of the court house, ruthless hands had inscribed in charcoal marks a variety of poetical and anti-slavery sentiments.

Charlestown at one time contained a population of fifteen hundred souls, and was really a beautiful southern village; but its churches, buildings, gardens and fences had suffered more horribly from the effects of war than any place our men had before visited. The people, of course, were uncompromising secessionists.

A short distance beyond the village, the Nineteenth Corps turned to the right upon a small "dirt road." About two miles from town, at 6 P. M., they encamped upon the summit of a knoll. Orders were at once issued to fortify the position. Before bed time an excellent breastwork was constructed, behind which the arms were stacked, to be in readiness for a night attack. The men

distributed themselves among their shelters, and by the time the bugle sounded the tattoo, all were fast asleep, save the cooks, who were droning over their fires and kettles, or the watchful sentinel on his post.

In the afternoon of the 29th, loud and rapid cannonading was heard in the direction of Bunker Hill. The news was soon received that a division of cavalry had been attacked and driven some distance by an overpowering force of the enemy, but that the disaster was afterwards reclaimed by the timely arrival of a division of the Sixth Corps, who severely repulsed the rebels.

Five days our men lay in camp upon the knoll, in a meadow, constantly held in readiness for an instant movement, or a night attack. Artillery was posted, breastworks were strengthened, the strictest vigilance was observed upon the picket line, stringent orders were issued, the most rigid discipline enforced, the drums were not allowed to sound the camp calls. Yet the enemy delayed the impending battle. Guerrillas were hovering around the lines, attacking unarmed or solitary soldiers, and cowardly fleeing at any considerable force.

The camp was an exceedingly inconvenient one, by reason of the scarcity of water. There were no streams in the neighborhood, and the only available supply of water was from a well in the yard of the quaint old mansion of one Washington, which was situated in a piece of wood in front of the camp. The finest residences in this section are often found at quite a distance from any highway.

August 31st, the troops were again mustered for pay

At 10 P. M. of September 2d, an order came to be ready to march at 4 o'clock the next morning. At the appointed hour the whole army was put in motion. Line

after line of troops were seen filing away to the left, across cultivated fields, tearing down the fences before them. The crops were not abundant, and grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less, before the advance of the army. The inhabitants, of course, were anything but pleased with their lot. During that day's march, our men were stimulated in their labors by hearing the joyful news that General Sherman had captured Atlanta. At 11 o'clock, a halt and a rest was made upon their old camp ground near Berryville.

Advancing about a mile upon a narrow road, in a north-easterly direction, the First Brigade was formed into line beneath the crest of a gentle slope, in a rough, open field. Instantly, a sudden roar of musketry, mingled with deeper tones of artillery, burst forth upon the opposite side of a piece of wood toward Berryville. While our men were astonished at the amazing suddenness of the attack, they loaded their pieces and patiently awaited further developments. In a few moments the tumult of battle died away, and as twilight deepened into darkness, all was still as though sinful man had never disturbed nature's repose. It was learned that while the Eighth Corps was making preparations for a night's encampment, it came suddenly upon a force of the enemy, which was repulsed after a short but spirited contest.

The Regiment was ordered to bivouac. Before the shelters were pitched, the darkened skies poured down torrents of rain, converting the camp ground into a swamp. The fires were suddenly extinguished, and being deprived of warm suppers, the men rolled their bodies in drenched blankets, and laid down upon the damp earth. Those who could not sleep, amused themselves in shouting and annoying their neighbors. One

man said that he had to paddle with his hands and feet to keep his head above the water. Another grumbled a good deal at being camped, as he said, "in the middle of a mill pond." Another one declared that they would have to come along in the morning with a gunboat, to pick up the men. A comrade responded to the latter statement, by saying he could keep afloat as long as he had on a pair of government shoes.

When the first glimmering rays of daylight came, the men crawled forth from muddy depressions in the spongy soil, to be gladdened by the genial beams of the king of day. After breakfast, all hands commenced digging another line of entrenchments. Scarcely had their work been half completed, when an order came to move.

A new and more defensible line was to be established. A quarter of a mile to the front the Regiment marched, and was posted upon the top of a gentle hill, from which a good view could be had of the surrounding country. Apparently not the least disheartened by the useless task of the morning, the boys again commenced to throw up a new breastwork.

It is astonishing what an elasticity of temper old soldiers possess. The most discouraging circumstances cannot disconcert them. They acquire the habit of thinking that a carefully laid plan or a fond hope is liable at any time to be blighted by some contradictory order. It is their destiny, and they cheerfully submit to their fate, without troubling themselves enough to grumble or ask questions.

The men were stimulated to work rapidly upon their new defenses, from hearing angry skirmishing on the picket line, and from the prevalent rumor that the enemy was disposing his lines for an assault. It was undoubtedly true that the whole rebel army was but a mile or so

distant, and that they were giving alarming proofs of a battle. By sundown the tired veterans laid down their implements, with the gratifying feeling that their works were effectually completed.

"We can hold this hill now, against ten thousand men," said one man.

"How we can mow the cusses down, if they try to come up that slope," joined in another, with a self-complacent chuckle.

"Artillery hain't any kind of show against that breastwork," still another suggested.

The morning of the 5th opened with the crack, crack, of muskets on the picket line. In a little while the pickets posts were seen to be falling back before the rebel skirmish line. Our men were then ordered behind their works, and then waited and hoped for a chance to try their new defenses. But as soon as the enemy came in sight of the formidable works, he beat a hasty retreat. Rebel prisoners subsequently stated that their army was formed for a general attack that morning, but when their skirmishers discovered the impregnable position of the Union army, they abandoned their plan and fell back to Winchester. With the exception of a little picket firing, they no longer annoyed our boys in the neighborhood of Berryville.

The army remained in this camp for two weeks of rainy weather, doing but little else than drill. Several reconnoissances were made at different times, which resulted in finding the rebels but a short distance off, and prepared for battle. On one of these occasions the Sixth Corps captured an entire Regiment—the Eighth South Carolina—which called forth a congratulatory order from General Sheridan.

The 11th of September was a day set apart by the President, for thanksgiving over the recent victories at Atlanta and Mobile. Accordingly the Regiment was drawn up in line at noon, to listen to the reading of the Proclamation by Adjutant Coope. Prayer was also offered up by Sergeant Southworth, of Company A.

On the morning of the 17th, the news flew through the camp that General Grant had arrived at the army Headquarters. The remarks became general around campfires: "*Now* we shall have lively times." "Old Grant will stop this playing with the enemy." "Look out now for a big fight." "Some of us fellows won't be living in a few days." Their opinions were based upon pretty strong logic, and were found to have been correct.

General Grant had given his orders to General Sheridan in these significant words: "Go IN!"

CHAPTER XLII

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

KING RICHARD III.

On the 18th of September, an order came to send to the rear all superfluous baggage, and be ready to march at 3 P.M. The camps were now thrown into commotion, with the most careful preparation for what every one felt to be severe work. An inspection of arms and ammunition was had, tents and baggage were carried away, and at the designated hour the camps had disappeared, the pickets had been called in, and all was ready to move. But another order came, changing the time of marching till 2 o'clock of Monday morning. So the men re-pitched their shelters, to enjoy part of a night's sleep. At midnight, drums and bugles re-animated the camp, and this time there was no failure in the immediate execution of the order to march. In a short time the men were trudging along upon the pike towards Winchester, twelve miles removed. Before daylight they had accomplished about half of the distance, without anything of importance occurring.

A glaring and blood-red sun arose over the Blue Ridge, and ushered in the fatal day of the 19th of September. Oh! how many a healthy and cheerful young man never saw the decline of that fiery orb! What horrid scenes of carnage and death were witnessed, before yonder burning sun had hid himself behind the western mountains!

Simultaneously with the appearance of daylight, the roar of cannon along the front proved that the cavalry had fallen upon the enemy, and also convinced the men that a battle was imminent. Yet they had been deceived so often within the past two months, by the appearance and noise of fighting, without coming to any general engagement, that they could hardly believe that severe work was near at hand.

Hour after hour of the forenoon passed away, in which the troops of the Nineteenth Corps gained but a few miles, being delayed by the movements of a wagon train in their front. All the while the sounds of battle kept increasing, and our men apparently were arriving no nearer the scene of conflict.

Finally the trains were turned off from the road, and closely parked upon a high knoll near the Opequan Creek. Then the troops were hurried forward at a sharp pace down a steep declivity, through the clear stream of the Opequan, and into a deep gorge where flowed the turbulent waters of Abraham Creek. Here they came upon the revolting and sickening indications of battle. A large hospital tent erected near the road, was filled to overflowing with a gory mass of mangled and suffering humanity. Upon either side of the pike was crowded cavalrymen with horses, who, having finished their part of the battle, in developing the position and numbers of the enemy, were standing one side to let the infantry pass by.

On the steep slopes of that narrow defile, among rocks and bushes, were also a throng of skulkers and non-combatants. When our men perceived that these cowardly fellows had not dared to go any further, they knew to a certainty that a battle was to be fought. The instinct of a confirmed straggler is an infallible indication of coming

danger. He educates himself in the study of probabilities to such a degree that he always makes "a point" when he incurs the disgrace and penalties of skulking.

Our men conversed with the cavalrymen as they trudged by.

"Are there many Johnnies ahead?" they asked.

The usual reply was, "Oh, yes, plenty of them, and they are gritty this morning. They mean to fight to-day."

"Have you had much of a fight?"

"Yes, we've had a close twist, but we couldn't budge 'em, and we had to wait for you fellows to come up."

Our men believed that the contest surely was to be one of unusual severity, in which General Sheridan's gallant and dashing cavalry had been unable to budge the enemy. What splendid soldiers these cavalrymen were! After fighting all the forenoon, there they stood, quietly holding their horses' bridles by the way-side, as cool and collected as though they had been doing nothing uncommon, while patiently awaiting their next orders.

Shortly the troops came out of the ravine upon a high rolling country, covered with farms, which stretched out before them two miles to Winchester. Several strips of narrow wood intervened between the army and the town.

The Sixth Corps was already here, in formation of battle upon the left of the pike, its lines reaching beyond the range of vision. Skirmishers and a few pieces of artillery were also banging away at long range.

The Nineteenth Corps was moved about half a mile to the right of the road, and placed in position for battle, behind a belt of forest. The Second Division was disposed as the advance line, and our First Division formed several hundred yards in its rear, as a reserve and a support. The Brigades were consolidated into a close col-

umn by Regiments, of which in the First Brigade the One Hundred and Fourteenth was the leading Battalion.

It took a long time to make all these elaborate preparations, and the torrid sun had already passed the zenith. Yet General Sheridan wanted to be certain that every thing was exactly ready before he made his onward movement. He rode rapidly up and down the lines, taking careful note of all the dispositions, and making several corrections. To every general officer he gave in person this order: "When you hear my bugle sound the forward, do you repeat the call, and move immediately upon the enemy." The men were annoyed at the delay, and commenced to say to each other:

"What is the use of keeping us so long in suspense?"

"If we are going to fight, why don't they put us in, and have it done with?"

Finally, away across the fields came the faint notes of a distant bugle. The strains were warbled forth from hundreds of brazen throats, and instantly the immense army silently and majestically commenced to move slowly forward. In front of the Regiment, the Second Division was seen to disappear in the forest. Soon our men began to tramp in the shade of huge trees, where nothing was heard save the rustling of multitudinous feet, and the crackling of little twigs upon the dry leaves. It seemed as though every one was holding his breath, in the dread stillness that preceded the impending crash.

Now a few shots were heard a short distance ahead, and immediately the solemn woods roared and echoed with the crash of thousands of muskets. Then yells and shrieks, the hissing noise of missiles, the heavy, deep base of artillery, the humming of fragments of shells, joined in the confusion of unearthly sounds. So suddenly did

the battle of the Opequan open, that many were struck down before they had time to realize their danger.

The line kept moving forward during these exciting moments, struggling through a deep thicket. A light gleamed through the trees in front, and quickly the men came out into the sunshine. Before them was a broad, undulating field, and there, upon the opposite edge, along the border of a forest, was a long line of rebels in full view, save when the smoke of their volleys partly obscured them.

Our men took but one quick, nervous glance, and perceived the terrible situation. The Second Division was routed, and was pouring back across the field upon our lines. As soon as the steady and well-formed column of the One Hundred and Fourteenth was exhibited to the rebels, they desisted from shooting upon the fugitives, and concentrated their whole fire upon this single unprotected Regiment. The result was perfectly horrible, revolting, heart-rending. It seemed but an instant of time before scores of our noble men were lying bleeding upon the ground. Still the heroic Regiment kept moving forward in the open field, leaving its track distinctly marked with the prostrate bodies of brave comrades. The men were restrained from firing, because the Second Division had not all retired from in front of them.

With inflexible determination, the rapidly thinning ranks struggled forward, breasting not only a deluge of lead and iron, but a torrent of frantic fugitives and wounded men. It was a moment of such delirious excitement and terror, that men before accustomed to the sights and sounds of battle, quivered and paled at the prospect before them. Once a visible shudder passed through the line of the Regiment, and it appeared to be

wavering, but Colonel Per Lee rode up and down before the men, and making himself heard above the din of conflict, encouraged and strengthened them with cheering words, as well as by his gallant example. But in a moment he, too, was struck down, and Major Curtis assumed command. The Major's horse had been killed, and on foot he was compelled to direct movements.

The doomed Regiment had not proceeded in this stubborn manner more than five hundred feet from the forest, before it was discovered that it was all alone in the unequal contest. Immediately the remnant of the command was halted, and down the men laid flat on the grass.

It appeared that at the time the One Hundred and Fourteenth cleared the wood, the great danger of the army became apparent, and the other Regiments of the First Brigade were ordered to deploy upon our command in line of battle. In the bustle and excitement of the moment, their movements were slowly and bunglingly performed. Thus, while the One Hundred and Fourteenth was struggling and bleeding, exposed to the enemy, the remainder of the Brigade was maneuvering in the concealment of the forest. When at last the entire line was formed, it advanced only to the border of the timber and opened fire from that point. Our Regiment presenting the only exposed line, received the converging fire of an entire Brigade of rebels. Not only in its front but upon either flank the enemy's balls were pouring, while over the heads of the men was a perpetual halo of fire and smoke from bursting shells.

As they were reclining on the ground, they began slowly and deliberately to deliver their fire upon the enemy. Loading their pieces upon their backs, they rolled over and took careful aim upon the distinct forms

of the rebels across the field. The effects of their firing must have been terribly galling upon the enemy; still he held his line in plain sight, waving his blood-red battle-flags in token of defiance. On the other hand, our boys seemed to have enjoyed no exemption from his attentions by lying upon the ground. The veterans of Stonewall Jackson fired amazingly low, so that the grass and earth in front of the Regiment was cut and torn up by a perfect sheet of lead. Their bullets sought the hiding places of the men with fatal accuracy, and by ones and twos and threes, they went crawling to the rear, with their blue clothes defaced with streaks and clots of crimson gore. Blood was on everything—was everywhere. Blood was bedraggled upon the pure grass—was spattered upon bushes—was gathered in ghastly puddles upon the ground. Upon one side was a sigh and a groan; on the other followed a shriek. Here was heard a few parting words of endearment; there a dull heavy *thud*, as a ball entered the vitals of some fated comrade.

For one long mortal hour our boys held the enemy in check. They retained their ground so tenaciously, and punished him so severely, that he dare not follow up the rout of the Second Division, and carry out his cherished plan of turning the right flank of the army. The line that our Regiment held was a vital point for the salvation of the army—a necessity to the acquirement of victory. At length the men were cheered to observe that the rebels had retired to the cover of the wood; and then a mere remnant—all that was left of the Regiment—sprang to their feet, and under a heavy fire, in a steady line moved back to the forest. Here they were united to the left of the One Hundred and Sixteenth and One Hun-

dred and Fifty-Third New York, these being the only Regiments of the Brigade remaining at that place, since General Beal and the balance of his command had been ordered in the early part of the action far around upon the right flank of the army, to guard against a threatened attack in that direction.

The labors and suffering of our men, even now, were not ended. The small force of three Regiments was directed to charge across the same field where the One Hundred and Fourteenth had "offered up its glorious sacrifice" but a short time before. Although dreading the renewal of the awful scenes and trials of the past hour, the few survivors closed up the shattered ranks, gave a defiant yell, and rushed forth upon that hard contested field.

Again they were compelled to stem a murderous volley, yet with undiminished courage kept steadily on their course. The color-bearer was shot down, but their flag was still borne aloft, for Lieutenant Breed had seized it, and was carrying it before the Regiment. Having reached a line of rail fence, running lengthwise of the battle ground, the little command was halted, and ordered to open upon the enemy, who was but two hundred yards removed. Reclining behind the fence, the men began a violent file-firing. Having recovered from the first excitement and nervousness of battle, they were now cool, determined, in a state of deliberate exasperation. They were losing dear comrades all around them, but all their tender feelings, for the time being, had gone, and they thought only of deep and bitter revenge.

Here the noble and gallant Breed was mortally wounded in the side, and borne with great danger from the field. Just before going into the fight, he called his

servant and said to him: "William, go and fill my canteen with water; it may be the last you will ever bring me." Sure enough, it was the last. About 11 o'clock at night, in a house occupied by wounded officers, he sank away. His last audible words were: "Thank God for victory! I am dying."

The enemy was almost entirely concealed in the forest, but the smoke and the singing of bullets gave proof of his dangerous presence. Great columns of white smoke puffed out of the thicket in front, and shell exploded around them with a metallic concussion, or went plunging and bounding to the rear. A correspondent stated that after the engagement, the position of the Brigade behind this place "was distinguishable by a long, straight line of dead and dying, here and there piled one upon another; the prostrate and bloody ranks telling with matchless eloquence how the American soldier can fight."

At length the cartridges became exhausted, and the men were ordered back to the covert of the wood. Jumping up, they faced about, and marched slowly in retreat. There was a moment of confusion in the ranks, but the officers soon quelled it. Once in a place of comparative safety, the boys looked mournfully around, and appreciated for the first time how heavy and sad had been their loss.

But no time or courage was to be lost in giving vent to their sorrow, for the enemy was presenting a bold front once more upon the open field. Quickly replenishing their cartridge-boxes, they moved up to the edge of the timber, and re-opened a persistent and vigorous fire from behind logs and trees. For over two hours they continued in this work, with little loss, and eventually saw the rebels retire out of sight again.

Back in the woods were heard shouts of command, and the tramping of many feet. Soon a line of fresh troops, with buoyancy and confidence depicted upon their countenances, appeared in sight. It was the Eighth Corps, coming to their relief. The little fragment of a Regiment was called back, its lines formed and united with the Brigade, and marched off some quarter of a mile to the left. Then it was held in reserve for a movement by the Eighth Corps.

The hour for Early's doom had come. General Crook was not tardy in his preparations, but immediately charged his Corps against the stubborn rebels. With a cheering "hurra" his broad, steady lines plunged out of the woods, and majestically moved slowly forward, firing all the time. The enemy replied with terrific volleys, and checkered over the fields with forms of men; yet with unflinching bravery the Eighth Corps faltered not a moment.

Our boys were soon overjoyed in seeing the rebels retire before the irresistible impetus of that magnificent charge, and to observe the Eighth Corps disappear in the wood where the enemy had so strongly held his position throughout the day. Then our Brigade was ordered to follow on. With bounding hearts and light feet the men crossed unimpeded the blood-stained field, and entered the opposite forest.

At this juncture, General Sheridan rode along the front of the Brigade; and as he was passing, he was heard to say to a member of his staff: "Go, tell General Custar that now is his time to strike. Give him my compliments, and order him not to spare one d——d ounce of horse-flesh."

Within the wood the boys saw hundreds of dead rebels

lying around in every imaginable posture. They felt a grim satisfaction in the thought that very many of those lifeless forms were brought low through their personal exertions.

The battle was not yet over, for the firing and cheering continued unabated ahead. In a moment more they came out of the timber, when a glorious sight burst before their view. A vast amphitheatre of fields and farms lay in front, as far as the spires of Winchester, within which thousands of men in serried ranks were triumphantly crowding and pressing upon the retreating foe. Occasionally he would make a feeble resistance behind some stone wall, and again he would scatter and fly away from the near approach of our victorious columns.

Away to the right a dull thunder arose. Looking in the direction of the setting sun, our men saw the most impressive and soul-stirring sight it was ever their lot to witness. Custar's cavalry was making a charge. Ten thousand horsemen were pouring down at a keen gallop, upon the already discomfited enemy. Ten thousand sabres glistened and quivered over their heads. Ten thousand chargers threw up a great cloud of dust that obscured the sun.

> "Shouts, laughs and screams are reveling in the wind!
> The neigh of cavalry."

Oh! it was glorious to see how terror-stricken the rebels were, at the discovery of this impetuous charge. They broke and ran in perfect dismay. The cavalry poured upon and rushed through a great herd of stampeding rebels, capturing prisoners, cannon and flags—striking here and striking there—until they had all

passed out of sight, behind a knoll that concealed the village of Winchester. Then the roar of cannon ceased, the battle lines were broken up, and a victorious army of joyous men filed slowly and quietly across the fields to camping grounds.

The battle of Opequan had ended, save a few distant shots from the pursuing cavalry.

The First Brigade was marched around to the north of the town, and as the last gleam of twilight shone over the western hills, the men built their fires and prepared their camps on a field about half a mile from Winchester. After they had discussed their little meal, and exchanged hearty congratulations over the splendid result of their day's labors, expressing at the same time sincere sorrow over their lamentable losses, and pouring out words of mutual sympathy for the suffering wounded, tired nature wooed them to rest.

While the weary soldiers slept, telegraph wires flashed over the loyal North the thrilling news of Sheridan's great victory at Winchester. As the country rejoiced, thousands of family circles were bereaved. Sons, fathers and brothers were groaning and bleeding upon the floors of buildings back of the battle-field, or were yet suffering upon the chilly ground. Very many, alas! lay stiff and cold in death.

In the battle of the Opequan, the One Hundred and Fourteenth lost, in killed and wounded, *one hundred and eighty-eight men*, being *three-fifths* of the entire number it took into action. No other Regiment in the army suffered to such an extent as this. These figures show how well and nobly it performed its duty.

The tree dies, but in its very decay nourishes the roots of the new forest; the silk worm dies, but his fabric does

not perish; the wave wasting along the strand, in its recession completes the fullness of the one succeeding; so no vital current which that day was spent and spilled like water, was so mighty for our triumph as that which flowed in deep red furrows from the hearts of these brave men.

So great is the number, it is impossible to bestow separate eulogy upon the fallen dead on the field, or upon those who soon died from terrible wounds. We can do little more than mention the names of Merrill and Smith, of Company A; Newton and Nichols, Brown and Newell, Carpenter and Jackson, of Company B; Durfy, Duran and Newton, of Company C; Cramphin and Bennett, Collins and Gifford, Walby, Devaney and Steve, of Company D; Horton and Skillman, McNeil and Wood, Corbit and Toombs, of Company E; Weaver, Miller and Davis, of Company F; Sunny and Cahalin, Holmes, Thompson and Short, of Company G; Breed and Ayles[illegible]th, of Company H; Pangborn and Wallace, Savage and McCullough, of Company K.

They were noble soldiers and true men all. Numbers of them, with many others, and some who barely escaped with their lives, exhibited a heroism worthy the Spartan band of Leonidas, at the pass of Thermopylæ.

We close the narrative of the battle of Opequan, and this melancholy chapter, with the following complimentary orders from General Dwight, issued a short time after the engagement:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR STRASBURG, Va., Sept. 20th, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 30.

The Brigadier General Commanding congratulates the Division on their share in the battle of the 19th inst., near Winchester. The

style in which you repulsed the attacks of the enemy is worthy of all praise. It was the same enemy you had beaten back at Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill, and you treated him in the same manner.

You have again shown that order, firmness and courage will always prevent the enemy from breaking your lines. You also found that the same order and firmness enabled you to break the lines of the enemy. Confusion and unsteadiness alone lead to a repulse.

You have lost some of your best officers, and most beloved comrades. The untarnished honor of the First Division is their reward. They are happy in the arms of victory.

By command of

BRIGADIER GENERAL DWIGHT.

J. G. LEEFE, A. A. A. General.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR HARRISONBURG, Va., Sept. 26, 1864.

MAJOR O. H. CURTIS—SIR: I am directed by the Brigadier General Commanding this Division, to express to the officers and men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York Volunteers, his high appreciation of the noble conduct displayed, and signal service rendered by the Regiment on the 19th inst., during the engagement at Winchester. The loss sustained but too clearly attests the position held, and the devotion shown by the Regiment on that day, exposed as it was for three hours to a heavy cross-fire of musketry and artillery.

The General, while regretting the severity of the loss, rejoices that so gallant a body of men is attached to the Division under his command.

You are requested to publish this to your command.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. G. LEEFE, A. A. A. General.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course.
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
KING HENRY VI.

Early on the morning of the 20th of September, the army was started up the valley in pursuit of the vanquished enemy. The diminutive Regiment, now scarcely larger than a Company, fell into its place in the Brigade, and went tramping across the fields, until it came to the pike, near the little settlement of Kearnstown. Then, keeping a little to the left of the road, the men adopted a regular, even gait, for a long day's journey. During the forenoon, they passed through Newtown, a small place with two churches and a ruined academy, and in the afternoon went through Middletown, a village of similar appearance, and of about equal size. There was considerable delay in passing Cedar Creek, a deep and powerful stream, but eventually the way was cleared, and the Brigade passed upon a very respectable bridge.

The ears of the men were again greeted with the booming of artillery. The cavalry, after a whole day's pursuit, had discovered the enemy Another victory was to be fought—another victory won. A mile beyond Cedar Creek, the Brigade was camped at dark within the recesses of a deep, wild ravine.

The troops were awakened at early dawn of the 21st, by the sounds of battle The enemy had evidently made a stand, and was ready to risk another engagement for

the salvation of the valley. Scouts and pickets reported that two miles distant, the rebels were posted upon the verge of a high, steep, rocky bluff, running at right angles to the valley, called Fisher's Hill. At the foot of the rugged barrier flowed a rapid stream by the name of Tumbling Run. Added to this almost impregnable position were a formidable series of earthworks.

Here, indeed, was a situation presenting strong discouragements to any further advance on the part of the Federals. Yet, from the movements, the men judged that Sheridan had determined to drive Early from the bluff, and pursue him still further up the valley. After the battle of the Opequan, our boys had acquired a wonderful confidence in their General, and believed that he was adequate to any undertaking.

As there was no immediate movement in the morning, the men went out to the peak of a hill in front of the camp, and took a survey of the surrounding country and the enemy's position. A magnificent landscape was presented to their view. In front, and towering over them, the bold, precipitous brow of the Massanutten Mountain broke off suddenly to the banks of the Shenandoah River, close under its base; its long range stretching off before them in the distance, divided the valley into two parts. On the left was the Luray valley; on the right was the Shenandoah proper, contracted to much narrower limits than below this point. Rising out of the centre of the latter valley, was a singularly appearing hill, in the form of a cone. Upon its apex a gap had been cut in the forest, a tower constructed, and rebel signal flags were fluttering in the breeze. Just in front of this eminence were the "gigantic natural parapets" of Fisher's Hill, where the enemy was entrenched. Between the two

armies was a beautiful fertile vale, in which was quietly nestled the little village of Strasburg. The men observed that our pickets were upon the outskirts of the town, and from the occasional puffs of smoke, they perceived that they were exchanging shots with rebels upon the opposite eminences.

Till 11 o'clock, the men were not disturbed in the enjoyment of this beautiful landscape. The Brigade was then ordered to the right of the pike, where a line of battle was formed, behind a little declivity. The boys thought that surely the time for action had come, but they were agreeably disappointed, lying here all the afternoon, concealed from the foe. Sheridan was undoubtedly feeling and studying the enemy.

Nothing but the slow, desultory firing of the pickets broke the monotony of the day. Finally, at 4 P. M., the line was ordered to advance. Down the side of the hill it descended, crossed a heavy embankment of the Manassas Railroad, and halted in a hollow. Again they waited a long time for orders to advance. The Sixth Corps passed by in a forest to the left, and soon sharp musketry and cannonading indicated that it was seeking a position near the enemy's works.

At sunset the Regiment received orders to go on picket. Leaving the Brigade, it marched through the dingy, dilapidated village of Strasburg, and from the southern outskirts of the place, the men were posted to the banks of the Shenandoah River. A pleasant night in quietude was passed, but the morning sun brought with it the clamor of battle.

Throughout the 22d, the Regiment remained on picket upon the flank of the army, not engaging in the exciting scenes of the battle of Fisher's Hill, which was fought

that day, except the sharp firing upon rebel pickets, concealed in thickets upon the other side of the river, might be said to be a participation in the battle. Near the reserve post was a large vineyard, where the men regaled themselves with most delicious grapes, to the infinite horror of the proprietor. Many of the officers and men strolled into the town, and chatted with pretty secession damsels. Some partook of an inferior dinner at a little country tavern, for which they paid a confederate price.

As the day began to decline, the din of battle towards the front increased. The roar of artillery became incessant. Back of the town, on a little eminence, was a small deserted earthwork, named Fort Banks, from the former commander of the Nineteenth Corps, who once made a famous retreat through this place. Our batteries were planted behind the defence, and opened with great fury over the enemy's works, some two miles distant. Shot and shell flew over the roofs and steeples of the village, in a screaming torrent, to the great alarm of the peaceful inhabitants. Finally, near sunset, the men on sightly posts saw the glorious Nineteenth Corps make a charge. In a few moments more, all was still—the battle was over. Then came the joyful news that the enemy was defeated, and was flying before the pursuit of our army.

The Eighth Corps and the cavalry, having worked their way around upon the flank of the enemy's position, at 5 o'clock fell upon his left and rear. The Sixth and Nineteenth Corps were ordered to charge upon his front which effected his entire discomfiture. Twenty-one cannon were captured, besides a great number of small arms, wagons and flags, and thousands of prisoners.

Our men knew not how to express their happiness,

when every courier that came down the road brought additional particulars of the great victory. In the midst of their rejoicings an officer came, who ordered the pickets to be called in, and the Regiment to join the army. Soon, Strasburg was left behind, and they were swinging along the pike at a smart pace. In a short time they descended a steep ravine, crossed Tumbling Run upon a fine stone bridge, and climbed the rocky sides of Fisher's Hill. The road was lined with squads of rebel prisoners, and filled with cannon and material—the trophies of victory.

Through all of that night the men toiled on in thick darkness, and by daylight had made twelve miles, reaching Woodstock, where the army was encamped. Marching through a dirty street, enclosed by unpainted and rickety buildings, they found the Brigade, but a short distance beyond the village. Their stay at this place was short. After four days' rations had been issued to the troops, at noon the army was again put in motion. Five miles were traversed in the afternoon, through a rugged region, crossing with some delay and difficulty a couple of swift mountain streams, and having passed through the quiet country village of Edinburgh, they camped in a deep pine forest.

Again, on the 24th, the pursuit was continued. They traveled near the base of the Peaked range of mountains, close by the banks of the Shenandoah River, which had now been reduced to a small stream. The grading and ruined bridges of the Manassas Gap Railroad also ran abreast of the pike. For five miles the march was kept up with regularity; but when near the settlement of Hawkinsville, a long halt was made, for the cavalry had come up with the rear of the rebel army, and were en-

gaged in a severe skirmish. At length they succeeded in driving the enemy, when the march was resumed. Two miles further on, the troops arrived at a pleasant little village called Mount Jackson. Here were extensive store-houses of the Confederate Government, full of all manner of army material. There were here, also, long rows of hospitals, filled with the rebel wounded of Winchester and Fisher's Hill, whom the fugitives had been unable to carry further, and had left to the care of the Yankee pursuers.

In a short time the public store-houses were in flames, the conflagration presenting a sublime and impressive spectacle to the gaze of our men, but was a terrible sight to the horrified citizens.

Upon the other side of the town, the rebels had made a determined stand. Already the roar of cannon indicated that another battle was imminent. Cavalrymen were standing by the side of the road, to allow the infantry to pass by, which proved that they had been unable to dislodge the enemy. Upon the left of the village, the Sixth Corps was formed in line of battle, and the Nineteenth was arranged in the same formation upon the right. When everything had been made ready, the line advanced. Fording a deep and rapid stream, called Mill Creek, the First Brigade, leading the advance, swept across a wide field, entered a strip of timber, and emerging upon the other side, discovered that the enemy was fleeing. Again the troops moved off by the flank, and fording the north fork of the Shenandoah, pushed rapidly after the rebels, who were now in full view. Upon either side of the pike, the two Corps were marched in such a manner that a formation for battle could be instantly made. Skirmishers and light batteries were sent ahead, who

immediately opened fire on the enemy's rear guard. Onward the great army swept, crowding and pressing the retreating foe.

It was the fortune of the One Hundred and Fourteenth to be detailed as skirmishers during that afternoon's chase, and the men really enjoyed the sport. The gray backs made a halt behind every wall and fence, but our boys, as soon as they had exchanged a few shots with them, to learn their whereabouts, ran forward on a charge, upon which the Johnnies ludicrously scampered off for another line of defense.

The batteries of the two Corps were engaged in an amusing rivalry to keep ahead of each other. Galloping far in advance of the skirmishers, they loaded, fired, limbered up and moved on again, with surprising celerity.

The rebel wagon train was in sight, and the men could hardly be restrained from rushing ahead and capturing it; but General Sheridan's orders were emphatic not to drive the enemy too fast, for the cavalry riding up the adjacent valleys would be unable to cut off his retreat.

In such an exciting manner the army traversed ten miles of an undulating, fenceless country, passing a little village called New Market.

At sundown, the rebels made a decided stand behind a stone wall. As it was growing dark, and the troops were extremely weary from marching and fighting seventeen miles, the pursuit ceased and the army rested. Our men being early relieved from picket, made their camp in the hollow of a small valley.

During the whole day's skirmish, but two men in the Regiment were wounded; Loren H. Janes, Company C, and Edwin J. Sawtell, Company B.

At 7 o'clock of the 25th, the army was put in motion.

The rebels had left during the night, and the troops found no impediment to their onward course. After a fatiguing march of fifteen miles, over a high rolling country, in the evening the column arrived at the handsome town of Harrisonburgh. About half a mile to the west of the village, the Nineteenth Corps was camped upon level pasture fields. War had committed but few devastations in this section, and that night the troops found abundance of fence fuel and forage.

March 26th, the army was out of rations. It was over one hundred miles distant from a base of supplies, and its rear was infested with guerrillas. It had therefore reached the fullest limit to which it could pursue the retreating rebels. The cavalry Corps, by reason of its greater mobility, kept on with the chase still further up the valley, until it arrived at the impassable barrier of Rockfish Gap, when it, too, was compelled to retire.

For two days the Regiment lay quietly encamped near Harrisonburgh, sleeping, foraging and strolling over the town. This place is the capital of Rockingham County, with a population of about one thousand inhabitants, containing four or five churches, an academy, and some tasteful dwellings. A square in its centre is occupied by the county buildings, and a splendid public fountain of pure running water. At the time of its occupation by our army, its churches and public edifices were filled to overflowing with wounded rebels.

On the evening of the second day, the Regiment received orders to return down the valley as a guard to a wagon train. This duty, seeing it was devoid of peril and extra hardships, was bestowed upon the Regiment as a kind of favor, in consideration of its past gallantry and heavy losses. But the boys hardly saw it in that light,

and expressed a decided preference to any hazardous duty in the front, rather than perform the labor of the Invalid Corps in the rear. They said they did not want to be looked upon as "dead-beats," or "condemned Yankees." But the order was issued, and they must cheerfully obey. Accordingly, at 5 o'clock A. M. of the 28th, the One Hundred and Fourteenth bid good-bye to the army, and started off alone down the dusty pike. A long but empty wagon train was under its especial protection. The diminutive Regiment was distributed through its length, and those who preferred it were allowed to ride upon these jolting vehicles. Not many miles had been made before the train was met by Lieutenant Colonel Morse, in company with a body of cavalry, returning from detached service at New Orleans. He immediately took command of the Regiment. This day the men rode and walked twenty-five miles, to near Mount Jackson.

At sunrise of the 29th, the train moved on, passing during the day the villages of Mount Jackson, Edinburgh and Woodstock, encamping at dark but a little distance from Strasburg. In that day's journey, parties of guerrillas hovered around the train, and captured a couple of our men, who had wandered away from the road. In the evening, a number of the officers paid their respects to their former lady acquaintances in the village.

Early on the 30th, the train started forth, passing successively the villages of Middletown, Newtown and Kearnstown, parking at 4 P. M. upon the outskirts of Winchester. After the men had partaken of their suppers, many of them visited the town, and in passing around among the churches and hotels converted into hospitals, they found most of their comrades who had been wounded at the battle of Opequan. They learned to their sorrow

that numbers of them had gone to their last camping-ground—were now filling hallowed and cherished graves. Among long rows of iron cots, they found here and there a suffering friend, to whom they extended the hand of sympathy, and cheered with kind and hopeful words.

October 1st, the journey was resumed. Several insignificant villages, in the course of the day, were passed, the most important of which were Bunker Hill and Darksville. After dark, they arrived at Martinsburg, the depot of supplies for the army of the Shenandoah, and bivouaced west of the town, among the camps of several militia Regiments, whose occupants were very much astonished at the bold and deliberate manner in which our men appropriated fuel and pigs, and at the rapidity with which their supper was prepared.

For three days the Regiment remained in the vicinity of Martinsburg, awaiting the freighting of their train. On the last day the men were marching through the village to the ruins of the depot, and ordered to assist in the loading of oats and bread upon the wagons. In the evening some of the men obtained passes to visit the town.

Martinsburg is the capital of Berkley County, situated upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and bears a decayed and dingy appearance. It has suffered heavily from the war, yet its people as a general thing were thoroughly, radically loyal.

At daylight of October 5th, the supply train was ready to move to the front, and the men were soon prepared for their long tramp up the valley. Owing to obstacles in the way, they marched but ten miles, and camped at 8 P. M. near Bunker Hill.

On the 6th, they made fourteen miles, without anything

of importance occurring, and encamped a mile beyond Winchester, near a large stone flour-mill.

On the 7th, their monotonous journey over an oft-trampled road was continued without intermission to near Middletown, when their lagging spirits were revived by the sight of guerrillas a short distance ahead of the train. The Regiment formed a line of battle and moved toward them, through a piece of wood, but the rascals fled upon its near approach. The train and its escort again moved on. Crossing Cedar Creek, and when almost in sight of Strasburg, they met another train, with the intelligence that Sheridan's army was falling back, and was already within twelve miles of that town. This was pleasant news to the boys, for now they had nothing else to do than to pitch their tents and await the arrival of the troops.

All day of the 8th, they remained in camp upon the heights near Strasburg, without seeing any signs of the army. It was reported that General Sheridan had halted the troops on Fisher's Hill, to give battle to the enemy, who, it was rumored, was closely following him.

The morning of the 9th brought the booming of distant cannon, indicating that Sheridan was fighting the second battle of Fisher's Hill. In this engagement he captured eleven pieces of artillery, an immense number of wagons and quantity of provisions, and sent the enemy "whirling up the valley." At 9 o'clock the Regiment was ordered to break camp, and move with the train several miles to the rear. Retracing their steps, and recrossing Cedar Creek, they encamped upon an elevation within the edge of a forest.

On the afternoon of the next day, the army was seen approaching. Soon the troops were spread over the ad-

jacent fields, like a swarm of locusts, making all necessary preparations for a permanent camp. General Sheridan, having burned all the grain and forage in the Upper Shenandoah, had leisurely fallen back far enough to keep his communications safe, and was establishing a line of defense which should hold the richest and most fertile part of the valley.

For such a position, the course of Cedar Creek presented rare facilities. Taking its rise near the base of the North Mountains, it flows through a deep gully diagonally across the valley, and pours into the Shenandoah at the foot of the Massanutten Mountain. Behind the bold bluffs that skirt this stream, the army was placed in *echelon*. On the right, the Sixth Corps was stationed well to the rear. In the centre, upon the pike, the Nineteenth Corps was further advanced; and in the extreme front, near the base of the Massanutten, the Eighth Corps was upon the left. Cavalry guarded the flanks, close up to the North Mountain, as well as the narrow opening of the Luray valley. The position was rendered doubly secure by the construction of a series of heavy earthworks.

In this situation, the army, after the severe labors of the past month, settled down to the quiet duties of camp life. The One Hundred and Fourteenth for some time remained detached, and in its old camp on the hill. At length, on the 17th of October, it was relieved from the irksome duty of guarding a wagon train, and ordered to report back to its Brigade. Marching about a mile, it was assigned to an exceedingly rough, thorny, stony, sideling spot of ground, for a camp.

Although the rebel army, reinforced and re-supplied with artillery, had come back to Fisher's Hill, yet the

two bitter antagonists, being only a few miles removed, regarded each other with singular apathy. With the exception of an occasional feeble reconnoissance, neither army seemed disposed to break the monotony of their inactivity. General Sheridan took advantage of this period of idleness, to make a short visit to Washington.

When, on the evening of October 18th, the last tap of the drum had ceased to call the men to sleep, the boys little dreamed that the oft-defeated and badly whipped Early could possess enough elasticity and vitality to assume the offensive and renew the contest.

CHAPTER XLIV

Prepare you, Generals ;
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
JULIUS CÆSAR.

'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night,
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
IBID.

Lost, and recover'd in a day again !
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory !
KING HENRY VI.

The boom of cannon, the terrific rattle of musketry, and a rebel battle yell, simultaneously broke upon the ears of the drowsy men, and suddenly aroused them from deep slumber. Rubbing their sleepy eyes, they jumped up, and rushing out of their tents into the darkness of a foggy morning, soon collected their scattered faculties enough to perceive that the enemy had attacked them with great vigor. It seemed almost beyond the range of comprehension, that the lately vanquished rebels would dare to fall upon them in their strong position. Yet the incredulous men could not dispute the evidence of their senses, in hearing the appalling tumult of battle that came roaring across the fields from the direction of the Eighth Corps, upon the left flank.

A dim, rose-colored haze, glistening through a misty air, announced the breaking of the bloody day of the 19th of October. Immediately the long roll sounded in all

the camps, and called the troops to arms. The One Hundred and Fourteenth formed a line of battle before their camp, and awaited orders. Already bullets were whistling over the knoll in front of the Regiment, and the half-awakened men were more thoroughly aroused by observing that the rebel screams were drawing nearer and nearer.

Among events that were becoming every moment more and more exciting and bewildering, a great crowd of fugitives was indistinctly seen in the morning fog, approaching and rushing headlong down the hollow to the rear of the Regiment. In another moment an order came by a staff officer, for the Regiment to move out in line upon the summit of a hill in front of its camp. No sooner was the movement executed, than the men found themselves in the same discouraging situation they had experienced in nearly all their previous battles—being compelled to struggle against a torrent of panic-stricken fugitives.

The awful conviction came to the mind in a moment, that the Eighth Corps, so gallant in all its former engagements, had been entirely and instantly changed into a disorganized mass of stragglers. So suddenly and silently did the enemy rush upon their camp, that many were unable to arm or dress themselves, before they were compelled to seek safety by flight. They came running to the rear without hats, coats, or even pants.

One gaze upon this dejecting spectacle satisfied our men that they were to endure a trial more fiery than any they had ever experienced—were again called upon to bear the heaviest brunt of battle. Already shells and bullets were banging and humming about their ears, but they could not discern any rebels, by reason of the den-

sity of the fog. A few moments of intense anxiety ensued, when the gray-backs appeared in sight, dashing impetuously towards the Regiment. A withering volley greeted them, and seemed to stagger them. With marvelous rapidity and precision the men loaded and fired, in the doubtful hope that they would be able to check the enemy's advance. But, although they made desperate and heroic efforts, they soon felt that they were too few in numbers to cope against the hordes of rebels who were swarming all around their front and flanks. Yet, not tolerating the thought of hazarding the salvation of the army by retreating, they stubbornly held their line against most fearful odds, and amid most frightful carnage.

Among all who offered up their lives on that dreadful hill of slaughter, there was one more especially beloved and honored. Captain Knowlton, an officer eminently distinguished as a brave, genial, honorable and accomplished soldier and comrade, was instantly killed in the foremost of the fight, loading and firing among his men. His loss to the One Hundred and Fourteenth was irreparable; his life was necessary to complete the proud record of the Regiment; his popularity was such, that a chill struck the heart of every man who saw his handsome form breathless and bleeding on the crimsoned ground.

In a few moments the contest on the hill became absolutely hopeless. Already rebels were within a few rods of the flanks, shouting, "Surrender! you sons of b——s!" Another minute of ineffectual slaughter ensued, and then the shattered Regiment was forced to retreat. A short distance back was another knoll, and there the Brigade line was formed. Again the exasperated men struggled to hold their ground, but the effort was only momentary,

for rebels were on their flanks, rebels were in their rear, still hoarsely yelling, "Surrender! you d—d Yankees!" rebels were pouring in an irresistible torrent against their front. Once more the Brigade fell back some quarter of a mile, and established another line in connection with the Sixth Corps.

There seemed to be now some faint hopes that the day could be saved, for at this time all the available troops were united, and they were no longer compelled to fight by small detachments. An obstinate resistance was now made, but it proved of no avail, for the rebels were still breaking away the left flank. The time came when the Army of the Shenandoah, lately triumphant in victory, was in danger of annihilation, and was compelled to retire, humiliated by an undeniable defeat. Again and again the noble army halted and faced the enemy, attempting, in the last extremity, to reclaim the disasters of the day. Again and again the rebels persistently broke to pieces or doubled up the left flank. It seemed as though our troops could never wrench themselves away from the impending perils of that everlasting flank movement.

Four miles of an inglorious retreat had been passed, in which every hill, wall and grove had been contested before relinquished, when at last the army had uncovered its flanks. The incessant rattling of musketry ceased, and the battle was only protracted by a little long-range artillery firing.

Now that the crisis was over, General Wright, commanding the army, gave the order to take up a regular line of retreat. It was a humiliating alternative, but what else could be done? The army was wofully shattered. The Eighth Corps had become entirely disorgan-

ized, and was already straggling miles in the rear. What was left of the Sixth and Nineteenth, were in no condition to assume the offensive. Twenty-four cannon had been lost; over two thousand prisoners captured; all the camps and earthworks had been occupied; wagons, ambulances, camp equipage and army material were all gone. So great a calamity had never before befallen the Union arms.

Breaking to the rear by Regiments, the army started forth for a long march down the valley. Gloomily our men tramped across the fields, depressed in spirits, languid in body, hungry and thirsty. They feared that their former victories had all been rendered profitless by this one miserable defeat. They reflected with what a crushing weight the news of this battle must fall upon the North, and they trembled for the Union cause. They were anxious to reach the Potomac in safety, and hoped to be able to check a Northern invasion. They expressed their regrets a thousand times, that General Sheridan had not been with them.

Amid such sad reflections, there seemed to be an unaccountable disturbance among the troops near the pike. Staff officers and orderlies were galloping over the fields in headlong haste. Yankee cheers were heard in the distance. While wondering what all the commotion meant, a staff officer rode up to Colonel Davis, (who was commanding the First Brigade, in the absence of General Beal,) and gave the following thrilling order: "*General Sheridan has arrived on the field, and says he shall stop this retreat.* The General directs that you halt where you are, face about, form a line, and advance to the position you last occupied, in yonder wood."

In a few moments the men were performing the novel

movement of advancing towards the enemy. Such a queer turn to events called forth many amusing remarks. Said one man:

"If the General only knew how awfully we've been whipped, he wouldn't try another fight just now."

"Oh! well!" said another, "Phil. understands himself. *He* can put a different tune to this, if any man can."

"Oh! won't it be gay," chimes in another, "if we only flax the rebs after all their fuss this morning!"

Without meeting any resistance, the troops occupied a strip of timber. Here a halt was made, and active preparations were put on foot for a determined advance and attack. In a few moments the men had thrown together a low, rough breastwork of stones, logs and rails, had filled their boxes with fresh ammunition, and felt ready for their next orders. The loud cheers that had been heard all the while toward the left came nearer and nearer, until finally General Sheridan came in view, amid the lights and shadows of the forest.

The sight of that little man instantly inspired confidence in the men, and threw them into a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm. The men jumped up, flung their caps into the air, and cheered with deafening vehemence. The rebels heard the shout, and thought the Federals had received a reinforcement.

They were right; a powerful reinforcement had arrived, but it was only one man. He rode rapidly along in front of the Regiment, his great black horse white with foam, his face beaming with smiles, his black eyes glistening with intense meaning, his gauntleted hands making nervous gestures, and all the while he was talking to the men, in an easy, animated manner.

"Boys," he said, "I am glad to see you looking so well." "I tell you this thing would never have happened

if I had been here this morning." "We're going to get the tightest twist on those rascals you ever saw." "We're going to whip them out of their boots." "We're going back to take supper in our old eamps." "Our eannon will all be taken back this evening." "They'll be the sickest lot of devils you ever saw, before they get out of this scrape."

The General devoted a long time to the study of the position and the formation of the army. The sun passed over their heads, and the afternoon was wearing away, while the men were anxiously waiting, and the enemy, apparently contented with his morning's victory, was quiet and reserved.

Near 2 o'clock, the skirmishers commenced to fire rapidly, and hurry back upon the lines. The enemy was now advancing. The men laid down behind their little defense, leveled their guns, and, in the midst of a profound silence, awaited the appearance of the rebels. Soon their long gray line suddenly entered the shade of the forest, when a stunning, deafening volley instantly burst forth from the ground, almost in their faees. When the blue eolumn of smoke cleared away, the rebels were gone. This little suecess, as a prelude to more important events, gave courage to the men.

About 3 o'clock, an order came for the entire line to advance. The eritical and momentous hour had now arrived in whieh the safety and honor of the army, the question of Northern invasion with all its horrors and devastation, and perhaps the fate of the rebellion, was to be decided. As the men jumped up and mareheed in breathless silence through the autumnal forest, they felt that glory or defeat, the salvation or ruin of the country, depended upon the issues of that moment.

In a few minutes they came to the edge of the wood.

Then a deep roar broke upon the summer stillness, in which the very skies seemed to quake. Then an overpowering torrent of shells, grape and bullets tore through the devoted ranks, with murderous effect, followed by a stifling, acrid cloud of smoke, which hovered over the assailants, and dimmed the horrid sight. A gentle slope lay before the Regiment, on the summit of which, but a short distance off, the rebels were concealed behind a stone wall.

So sudden and terrible was the onset, that the line at once became completely paralyzed, and was brought to a dead halt. Colonel Davis galloped in front of the Brigade, and waving his sword in a dramatic manner, shouted, "*Double quick*—CHARGE!" "Charge!" "Charge!" was screamed along the lines, when a wild, passionate yell arose over the din of conflict, and the men leaped forward into a sharp run:

"A fiery mass
Of living valor rolling on the foe!"

They had but a short distance to go, but every inch of it was a bloody one. Scores upon scores dropped from the ranks in that sanguinary charge. There were more lying upon the ground than there were survivors running ahead.

Two officers of the Regiment, and among the best, fell mortally wounded. Lieutenants Burch and Lewis were both young men of bright promise, and had acquired enviable reputations among their men. In the excitement of the moment, the boys consoled themselves with the hope that their wounds were not mortal. But after a season of patient suffering, they gently yielded up their lives to the cause of American Liberty.

"My God!" said Colonel Davis, "it is all over with

us. No mortal man can ever clear that field." It was a false prediction. Nearer and nearer they approached to the stone wall, which the rebels were holding with tenacious obstinacy. Now their bayonets leaped from their scabbards, glistened a moment in the air, and then over the fence they poured in a tumultuous stream, while the rebels scattered and fled in perfect dismay. A triumphant cheer proclaimed the turning point in the battle of Cedar Creek. From thenceforth, there was nothing but a succession of glorious achievements. A halt was ordered, for the purpose of re-forming the broken lines.

General Sheridan again rode in front of the Brigade, and again was welcomed with joyous shouts. He said: "You are doing splendidly, but don't be in too much haste." "Now lie down right where you are, and wait until you see General Custer come down over those hills, and then" (here suiting the action to the word, he raised himself in his stirrups, and made an impulsive gesture with both hands,) "by G—d, I want you to *push* the rebels!"

Presently a great cloud of cavalry was seen flying across the fields to the left. In an instant up rose the men, and after the Brigade line had been slightly altered, they gave another hearty, inspiring cheer, and rushed forward on another impulsive charge. This time the rebels offered scarcely any resistance, but at the first onset broke and ran like a herd of stampeding cattle. From that moment all organization in either army was entirely lost. Among our men, those who had the longest wind and the strongest legs were soon far ahead of their comrades, in this exciting and exhilarating chase. Yet all moved along in the current, as fast as they could, and every heart pulsated with intense delight. Mounting some elevated spot before them, they observed in the valley a

spectacle that caused them to laugh and scream with joy. They saw thousands of rebels indiscriminately mingled together, wearily jogging along, exhibiting nothing but their butternut-colored backs, hurling away their guns and knapsacks in their fright, their courage all oozing out at the ends of their toes, and not daring even to turn around and respond to the fire of the boys. At times our men approached so near to the flying mob, that they could tantalize the poor fugitives with shouts like these:

"Ah! Johnny Reb, we'll learn you to take a joke."

"Say, you Jeff. Davis' pimps, how do you like our style?"

"You are looking after the last ditch, ain't ye?"

"Get out of the way! the mudsills are coming!"

In derision of the morning fight, they were constantly adding this expression: "Surrender, you d——d rebels!" "Surrender you sons of b——s!"

On the other hand, they were no less delighted in hearing the shouts that proceeded from the rebel crowd.

"Run, boys, run!" their officers screamed. "The Yankee cavalry are right on to us!"

"Great God! we're flanked; now every man for himself!"

Hundreds of miserable, panting, terror-stricken rebels were overtaken and captured, until the fields behind the army were dotted over with scattered squads of prisoners. Their usual remarks to their captors were, "Well, I suppose you have run me down." "It seems to me you 'ns fight better this summer than you ever did before."

In this manner four miles were traversed; and although the men had eaten nothing during the day—although they were trembling and staggering under their excessive fatigue, were perspiring under a torrid sun, were gasping

with their tongues rolled out of their mouths—they avowed they would "follow the cusses to Richmond."

They were now drawing near their old camp grounds, where Sheridan's prediction was to be fulfilled. As they passed over the battle-field of the morning, hundreds of wounded comrades raised themselves upon their elbows, and joined their hoarse voices to the glad shout of victory. At length they planted the colors upon the breastworks of Cedar Creek. Halting upon the high bluff that overlooked the plains in front, they witnessed a magnificent cavalry charge by General Custar, and eventually saw rebels and horsemen disappear in a confused, struggling mass, behind the hills of Strasburg. This grand and inspiring spectacle was a fit termination to the glorious events of the day. As the sun threw his last rays into the valley of the Shenandoah, a single battery roared forth a parting salute to the fugitive enemy; and as darkness came on, all became hushed to a profound and refreshing stillness.

The men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth had fought their last battle. At this singularly inopportune moment, when the victory was completed, and the last gun discharged, a noble soldier fell. Lieutenant Thurber was struck by a grape shot fired from one of our cannon. The last offering that the Regiment laid upon the battle altar of freedom, was among its dearest and best. After eight days of uncomplaining suffering, he slept in peace, lamented by all who knew him.

As the men stood by the breastworks, an order came for the troops to move to their old camp, and bivouac. Scarcely had they built their fires, and ranged themselves about them, to chat over the thrilling and glorious events of the day, when another order came in words like the

following: "Information has come from the front that the cavalry are capturing more prisoners and cannon than they can possibly take care of. The First Brigade is therefore ordered to march immediately after the cavalry." Hungry and weary, they joyfully seized their muskets and started forth for a night's march, feeling grateful that they were permitted to participate in the still greater enjoyments of victory. Crossing Cedar Creek, they soon came upon the track of the cavalry charge. The road, and even the adjoining fields, were filled with cannon, caissons, wagons, mules, horses, ambulances, and squads of prisoners, all mingled together in a state of inextricable confusion. The farther they advanced, the more astonishing and bewildering were the sights. Whole batteries were found standing in the pike, the horses all harnessed and ready to move at the word, but the drivers and cannoneers had fled. Ambulances, filled with wounded, had become jammed and locked together, and were abandoned. Wagons were overturned in the gutters, scattering their contents in every direction. The men stumbled over great piles of *debris*, or walked around innumerable heaps of dead horses and men. At times a single cavalryman was found guarding a cluster of prisoners.

The amount of material captured from the enemy at Cedar Creek was incredible, and it is likely that its full value has never been computed. It is sufficient to say that the enemy lost nearly all his artillery, besides every piece that had been taken from us in the morning. Tents, baggage, supplies and camp equipage, were nearly all recovered; in addition to which were two hundred rebel wagons and ambulances, with their mules and horses, fifteen battle flags, and over two thousand prisoners.

When near the village of Strasburg, the Brigade bivouaced upon a hill. No fires were permitted; so the men sought for places to lie, rolled themselves in their blankets, and overcome with their superhuman exertions, were soon fast asleep.

The battle of Cedar Creek was, probably, the most singular contest of the whole war. It was a great defeat in the morning, but in the evening it was a greater victory. A change in the issues of the battle so completely astonishing, was effected without reinforcements; in fact, the victory was achieved by about half the number of men that were surprised and repulsed early in the day. The only difference between the two engagements was, that in the morning the army was commanded by a weak and inexperienced General—in the afternoon, the brilliant and accomplished Sheridan turned the fortunes of the day. To General Sheridan justly belongs the honor of gaining so signal a success.

The list of casualties in the One Hundred and Fourteenth, on the 19th of October, is the best commentary upon the heroism of a Regiment already distinguished. It lost one hundred and twenty-eight men, in killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, being full half it took into the engagement. As at Winchester, Port Hudson, and other places, the bravest and best were offered up, so the battle of Cedar Creek formed no exception. The victory of that day required the choicest blood—the costliest sacrifices.

In this long roll of honor, in addition to those already named, we would particularly mention the names of Sergeants Washburne and Skinner, Privates Smith, Decker and Havens, Gaffeney, Sill and Avery, of Company A. The last three were recruits, having been with the Company

but a few days. We may mention, also, with a soldier's pride, Sergeant Chamberlain, Corporals Wood and Sisson, and Privates Jones and Woodmansee, of Company C. This last named soldier seized the colors when Lieutenant Breed was struck down, on the 19th of September, and carried them to the day he fell. That morning, after the surprise, he went out in advance of the Regiment, and planted the flag, and was shot down with the staff in his hand. We cannot forget the gifted Alfred A. Morse, a recruit, and Corporal William J. Spicer, of Company D; Sergeant Johnson and Private Fuller, of Company E; Sergeants Wakeley and Utley, Corporal Lewis E. Tew, and Privates Dunham and Gritman, of Company F; Sergeant Henry D. Mason, Corporal Charles F. Green, and Private Angus S. Arnold, of Company H; Privates Palmer, Rhodes and James McKee, of Company I; Private Edwin R. Combs, of Company K.

Among the prisoners, and the number was not large, two officers were taken captives. Captain Underhill, after a long confinement in Libby and Salisbury prisons, was finally exchanged, and enjoyed the satisfaction of again performing duty with his Company before its muster-out. Lieutenant Thompson succeeded in escaping from the rebel guard in the neighborhood of Woodstock, and after several weeks of thrilling adventures, hair-breadth-escapes, and extraordinary hardships, he arrived within the Union lines, and was joyfully welcomed by his comrades. The others taken prisoners, sooner or later, were mostly exchanged, some only to die under the flag of their country. A few—one or two, at least—did not come back, but pined away in the wretched and loathsome cells of a dungeon, famishing of cold, and nakedness, and hunger.

The following complimentary dispatch from the President must close the account of the battle of Cedar Creek.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, October 22.

To Major General Sheridan:

With great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army, the thanks of the nation, and my own personal admiration and gratitude, for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19th.

Your obedient servant,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CHAPTER XLV

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

KING HENRY VI.

Refreshed with sleep, the men awoke on the morning of October 20th, to be invigorated by the balmy air of an autumn day, animated by the proud recollections of yesterday's achievements, and strengthened by a warm breakfast. Upon the hill north of the village of Strasburg they rested during the forenoon, while other troops were collecting and carrying away the prodigious proceeds of Early's rout.

In the afternoon they fell back about a mile, and camped in a beautiful grove. They remained here but one night, and early on the 21st they marched over Cedar Creek, and then all the troops of the army were camped upon the identical grounds from which the rebels had so unceremoniously driven them before daylight of the 19th. Upon the same familiar spot where our men had so often drilled and paraded, they pitched their shelters, and made the most elaborate preparations for an extended stay.

Among the first things that duty and affection prompted them to do, was to collect the bodies of their dead comrades, and tenderly bury them in a row upon a beautiful grass plot, marking each grave with an inscribed board.

From this time ensued a long period of inactivity and idleness. While the armies in other parts of the United

States were engaging in the most stupendous campaigns of the war, the Army of the Shenandoah henceforth was but a silent spectator in the closing scenes of the great drama of rebellion. Its labors were completed at the battle of Cedar Creek, for after that contest the enemy was perfectly content to seek no longer for the occupation of the valley.

Parades and reviews were about the only events which served to break upon the monotonous routine of camp duties. At the evening dress parade of October 22d, an order was read, which being the only one of the kind ever issued from the Regimental Headquarters, possesses deep significance as a recognition of undoubted gallantry. Its importance compels us to publish it entire:

HEADQUARTERS 114TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR MIDDLETOWN, Va., Oct. 23, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 80.

The Lieutenant Colonel Commanding takes pleasure in announcing to the men of his command, his entire approval of their conduct during the late engagement of Cedar Run, on the 19th instant. The Regiment was among the first engaged, and was foremost in the final charge that cleared the works that had been gained by the enemy in his first attack.

The following promotions for meritorious conduct on that day, are hereby announced, and will rank from this date:

COMPANY A.—Fourth Sergeant Elijah Snell, to be First Sergeant *vice* Joseph G. Washburne, killed; Third Sergeant Charles W. Slawson to be Second Sergeant *vice* Samuel A. Delevan, discharged; private Elmore Sharp to be Second Sergeant *vice* William W Slawson promoted.

COMPANY F.—Private William C. Potter, to be Corporal *vice* Lewis E. Tew, killed.

COMPANY G.—Private William Potter to be Corporal and Lance Sergeant.

COMPANY H.—Private Alonzo B. Merchant, to be Sergeant.

COMPANY I.—Private Earnest Johnson, to be Corporal.

COMPANY K.—Corporal Sylvanus D. House, to be Lance Sergeant.

Honorable mention is also made of Sergeant John C. Stoughton, Company E, and private Stephen Barber, of Company K, for gallant conduct during the battle. The Lieutenant Colonel wishes it to be understood that these men have fairly earned their promotion by courage and steadiness on the field of battle, and would hold them up as an example to the enlisted men of the Regiment.

While we rejoice at our great victory gained, we are called to mourn the loss of many of our gallant comrades who fell while pressing forward in the cause of their country. The memory of such heroes as Knowlton, Burch and Thurber, and a host of others, will always be green in our heart.

By command of

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MORSE.

C. L. BROWN, Acting Adjutant.

A large quantity of Regimental baggage, which had been stored in New Orleans, arrived about this time, and as the cold weather was approaching, the men were newly supplied with blankets and clothing.

Six months had nearly passed, in which the Regiment had not received a cent of pay. To their infinite joy, their old friend, Major Alton, arrived on the 26th, and doled out from his iron box his bright new greenbacks. Five days afterwards, they were again mustered for pay.

The First Brigade at this period was subjected to several changes in its commanding officer. Colonel Davis, of the One Hundred and Fifty-Third New York, Colonel Dudley, of the Thirtieth Massachusetts, and Colonel Love, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York,* severally commanded at different times, but eventually General Beal returned to the Brigade, and remained in charge of it until its dissolution, at the close of the war.

Colonel Dudley was a regular officer, and took great

* All these officers subsequently became Brevet Brigadier Generals.

delight in rigidly enforcing all the little technicalities and formalities of military discipline. Among the means which he employed to establish in the Brigade, what he was pleased to term an *esprit de corps*, he had an especial weakness for reviews. These fatiguing displays, from their frequency, at length became perfectly stale and unprofitable to the men. Upon November 7th, a review was held more interesting and imposing than anything participated in for a long time. It was the well remembered occasion upon which General Sheridan reviewed the Nineteenth Corps. At the termination of this grand pageant, General Sheridan passed high encomiums upon the steadiness and soldierly bearing of the men.

It had been rumored for some time, that in consequence of the rainy weather, the muddy roads, and the approach of winter, the army could not be supplied at so great a distance from a base, and would soon be compelled to fall back down the valley. Such proved to be the case. After remaining nearly three weeks at Cedar Creek, an order finally came for the troops to march on the morning of November 9th. At 10 o'clock the camps were broken up, and the men tramped down the pike. Through Middletown and Newtown the army passed. About a mile below the latter place, at 4 o'clock, the column halted, and the different commands were assigned to carefully selected camping-grounds. Before dark, they were all arranged in a strong defensive position, upon a series of hills that run across the valley. The Nineteenth Corps was in the front, of which our First Brigade held the extreme advance line. The One Hundred and Fourteenth was posted upon a small circular knoll, close by the pike, flanked upon both sides by the other Regiments of the Brigade.

Camp Russell was the name given to the encampment,

in honor of a General by that name, who fell at Opequan, attached to the "Bloody Sixth." It was intended to be the winter quarters of the army. Accordingly, the men began to make provision for the rigors of a Virginia winter. In the absence of lumber, they had recourse to the adjoining forests for logs and fire-wood. With no other implements than their axes, they constructed neat and commodious huts, while stone walls and mud holes furnished them abundant material for fire-places and chimneys. Some of the most curious specimens of Yankee ingenuity were often displayed in the architecture and furniture of these little edifices, exciting the wonder and frequent merriment of the natives.

In a few days the whole army was completely housed, when began a long season of dreary inactivity, which was rendered gloomy by the most inclement weather. With the exception of an occasional parade or review, the chief employment of the men was on picket duty, or in digging breastworks, which were being constantly carried forward, under the immediate superintendence of Lieutenant Eddy, of the Brigade staff.

For the first few days after their arrival at this camp, the rebels persistingly and continually annoyed the pickets. Finally, on the evening of November 12th, they made such serious demonstrations that a battle seemed imminent. The troops were called into line, and the First Brigade was ordered to move forward on a reconnoissance. At the sight of our battle array, the enemy scampered off.

After the men had marched five miles, skirmishing and maneuvering, but failing to discover any considerable force of rebels, in the afternoon they returned to camp, and were never afterwards disturbed by the sounds of picket firing.

November 24th was a National Thanksgiving day, towards which our men had been anxiously looking for several weeks, seeing it was announced that the Northern people were to set before them that day a turkey dinner. When at last the time came, many of them were grievously disappointed in not even getting a taste of turkey meat. Although immense quantities of fowls were distributed—and the gift was really munificent—yet it was hardly appreciated, from the fact that but few were fortunate enough to secure the coveted wish-bones and drumsticks. In the afternoon the Brigade was called together, when services were held appropriate to the occasion.

One evening the troops were hurriedly ordered into line, when a telegram announcing the great victory at Nashville was read, and General Dwight delivered a short but thrilling speech.

The army about this time became very considerably reduced in numbers. The Sixth Corps was ordered to join the army of the Potomac, and most of the Eighth Corps were sent off to the frontiers of Western Virginia. Subsequently, when the glorious tidings of the capture of Savannah were received, an order came for the Second Division of the Nineteenth Corps to sail to the above named city, and hold it while Sherman untrammeled could proceed with his "Grand March." When all the troops had departed, the Army of the Shenandoah was composed of little else than the First Division Nineteenth Corps, and the Cavalry Corps. The diminished army still held its position at Camp Russell, embedded in mud and snow, suffering the most keen and windy weather.

Christmas day was an occasion of much rejoicing, and was passed in various amusements.

A camp rumor for some time prevalent, that the army was to fall back, was definitely settled on the evening of

the 29th, by marching orders. But the One Hundred and Fourteenth was excepted in the orders, being directed to remain in the earthworks, to protect the lumber and stores of the Brigade, until these also could be removed.

At daybreak of the 30th, the troops were on the road to Winchester, leaving the Regiment alone among their deserted quarters. In the afternoon, the commanding officer, who, also, for the time being, was Commander-in-Chief of the valley above Winchester, with the field and staff and a couple of line officers, made a raid upon the ancient town of Newtown. The splendid dash of the *troupe* at full gallop through the village, took the inhabitants by surprise, and they were about to capitulate on easy terms. Suddenly, by a strategic movement, they were flanked by the enemy, who appeared in crinoline and calico, and after a resolute resistance, by the force of arms they were obliged to surrender. The insurgents, proud of their superior tact and skill, won the day. Later, after the smoke of the contest had subsided, the Commander of the Department, having effected his escape, attended by a field officer and an orderly, made a reconnoissance by moonlight!

It was a source of much discomfort to many of our gallant Yankee officers, that they did not sooner learn that there were so many admirers of Southern chivalry, so many aiders and abettors of Southern rights, in the little town of Newtown, in the "Old Dominion." They flattered themselves they could materially have aided Union interests by inducing them, if not by sabre and sword, by the attractive power of eloquence and good looks, to espouse the cause of the despised Puritan and Saxon, as between the proud Cavalier and Norman. Nevertheless, the work of "reorganization of society"

had begun!—some having already, with full purpose of heart, adopted the beautiful language of pious Ruth, in Scripture: "I pray thee not to depart from me; where thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

January First, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Five!

"On frosty wings the demon fled,
Howling, as o'er the wall he sped,
Another year is gone!"

Of pain and anguish—of desolated homes—of sorrow and death—what, "Old Year," has been thy record? Of great joy and comfort to all afflicted people, what have been thy tidings? Departed year! year of mixed good and evil! year of sanguinary strife, of disappointed hopes, of wrecked happiness in many lands! We sigh not, we sorrow not, that thy record is closed, and thy race is run; but we shall never forget thee, painful as the remembrance will ever be, because of the sad events that occurred in our own dear land during thy existence.

A "New Year!" Whatever of hopes or fears—of joyous anticipations or evil forebodings—may be awakened by thy advent, we gladly turn from the bitter recollections of the past, to hail thy appearance—to joyfully greet thy coming!

Near 11 o'clock of New Year's morning, moving orders came. Huts were uncovered or pulled down, the men taking their shelters, tortoise-fashion, on their backs, and about 2 P. M. were on the road to Winchester. The night before there had been a light fall of snow, which was considerably drifted. The day was not altogether the most agreeable for moving. With the bright sunshine and clear sky of a May morning, there were the piercing winds

and bitter cold of a Northern winter. Passing through Winchester, where were now General Sheridan's Headquarters, by sundown they arrived within the main camps of the army, at Stevenson's Depot. A ruined stone building and a few rough shanties composed the railroad station, around which, within the radius of a mile, were the tents and cottages of Camp Sheridan.

The First Brigade was comfortably established under the protection of a deep forest—the same forest in which the rebel General Hood had once wintered *his* army. Near its border the Regiment was directed to locate itself. For a day or two the rations had became somewhat shortened, and for lack of convenient arrangements for cooking and sleeping, the men were anticipating, that night, a supper from "airy nothing," and beds upon a sheet of snow. Altogether, they were not disappointed. Scarcely, however, was the encampment reached, before each soldier was provided with a comforting potation, to revive and sustain his drooping spirits, by Captain Ketchum, Issuing Commissary of the First Brigade. An invitation was also extended by the Captain, in conjunction with Captain Thomas, Commissary of First Division, to the officers of the Regiment, to take supper, breakfast and lodging at their Headquarters, in an old stone church. Ketchum's heart was large enough to embrace the whole Regiment, and he regretted that his house was not.

The church, in appearance and style of architecture, was very ancient, and of the Quaker persuasion. According to their custom of building houses of worship, it was divided into two compartments, with sliding or folding doors between. To accommodate the Hicksites and the Orthodox, it was sub-divided by a cross-partition, making in all four large rooms. Two of these were filled with

commissary stores; one of the remaining was used for an eating room, the other for a sleeping apartment, the officers occupying one vast bed upon the floor.

After a little something for the "stomach sake," and to comfort the inner man, with well seasoned rails heaped upon the crackling fire—there being an immense stone fire-place in each room—supper came. And such a supper for a soldier, hungry and tired! It was worthy a nabob or a king! Here is the Bill of Fare: Pork, potatoes, beef, oysters, pickles, sour-krout, soft bread, tea and coffee. If this would not suffice to satisfy the demands of exhausted nature, if not the most fastidious taste, what would? To the forethought and unbounded generosity of our Commissary, Division and Brigade, this timely entertainment was due.

It was the holy Sabbath, 'tis true, but it was "New Year's Evening," and good feeling, even to jollity, prevailed. After supper, the mail having been distributed, the Colonel read a letter from a couple of young ladies of Brooklyn, Long Island, addressed "To the Bachelors of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York." It was a very felicitous affair, and there were some who personally appreciated the sentiment it contained.

The new Chaplain, having been with the Regiment but a short time, was present, but demeaned himself with that propriety which dignified his position, while passing the transition from a citizen's to a soldier's life. Arousing from a nap, and rubbing open his eyes before the fire, he was asked if he ever saw such a church as this. With a nod and a heavy wink, he seemed to say "Amen," but said he had always been opposed to sleeping in church before. He declared that it was the first time he ever attended a Quaker meeting, but he had always been of

the impression that the "spirit moved" in a different manner from that he was seeing.

Camp Sheridan promised, as certainly as anything in military could, to be their permanent winter quarters. Upon the following day the men commenced the construction of about a hundred log "shebangs," as their rustic houses were familiarly termed in army parlance. These completed, they settled down to a staid and stupid life. Weeks and months slipped by, with but few incidents occurring worthy of the simplest mention. The record of the next three months can all be summed up in a few words. Sleeping, reading, writing, playing games, cutting fire-wood, occasionally spending a night upon the picket posts, or participating in a parade, were the sole employments of the time.

January 20th, the thunder of saluting cannon announced to the troops the signal victory at Fort Fisher. A month later, an hundred guns roared forth the rejoicings over the capture of Charleston and the occupation of Fort Sumpter. Such thrilling successes convinced the men that the spring campaign would forever seal the doom of the Confederacy.

February 27th, General Sheridan bade adieu to the Nineteenth Corps, and with an immense force of cavalry started forth upon a raid up the valley, and "On to Richmond." Our men were never under his command again. His subsequent career and brilliant exploits around Petersburgh, and in pursuit of General Lee, are already familiar to our readers. He had not been gone eight days, when the tidings of a great victory indicated his victorious progress.

Thirteen hundred and eighty prisoners, the last remnant of Early's army, were marched into camp one

evening, having been captured by General Sheridan, in the battle of Waynesboro. A portion of the One Hundred and Fourteenth was detailed to guard this ragamuffin crowd, until the cars had carried them all away. A detachment of the Regiment also went in charge of a squad to Harper's Ferry.

Major General Hancock was now assigned to the command of the army, to which were added portions of his "Veteran Corps," as it was inappropriately termed.

Stevenson's Depot every week assumed more of a business air, until restaurants, bake shops, photograph galleries and Jew stores, had grown up like mushrooms, on every hand. These establishments served very materially to lessen the finances of the soldiers. Other strong inducements were also presented to incite them to part with their hard-earned money. Certain days were set apart as market days, when the citizens of the country about were permitted to come to the picket line, and dispose of their farm and garden products to the troops.

March 10th, the wallets of the men, which had become literally barren, were replenished by Major Cramer, United States Paymaster.

Through the exertions of Chaplain Robinson, and the labors of others, a house of worship was constructed of logs, and, by appropriate religious service, formally set apart for sacred use. Religious meetings were frequently and regularly held.

In view of a protracted season of rest, some of the officers sent for their wives to come and visit them. It was not long before scenes of domestic life were witnessed about the camps, and well-dressed Northern ladies were "keeping house" within rustic "shebangs."

Sundry young officers, and some without straps—all

single, of course—and some who were languishing in solitude, sought for opportunities to play the agreeable among the fair damsels of the neighborhood. Among others, there was one spot that was particularly attractive. A staid farmer and his demure companion, formerly from Pennsylvania, residing near camp, were happy in a family of eight marriageable daughters, of ages ranging in an inverse ratio from "charming twenty-seven" to "sweet sixteen." If they did not belong to the F F. V 's, they were gay, and rumor said "purty." Their house, which was not very small, was so densely populated that it went by the name of "the *Corral.*"

On the 14th of March, General Emory reviewed the First Division. This was the last time the men saw their favorite Corps commander in his official capacity, as six days afterwards the Nineteenth Corps was discontinued, in compliance with orders from the War Department, and General Emory was sent to the Department of the Cumberland. Upon taking leave of his old command, he issued a parting order, which was couched in the most tender and touching words; and then, after taking by the hand many of his past associates, he departed for his new station. From that time the Nineteenth Corps, as an organization, ceased to exist. The First Division, though, remained unbroken, and afterwards was known by the name of "Dwight's Division."

April opened with glorious news of the progress of our arms on every hand. Phil. Sheridan was adding fresh laurels to his brow at Five Forks, and a hundred guns were fired to his honor at Stevenson's Depot. It was evident that the Confederacy was fast fading away, and the men believed it would meet its final doom before the expiration of their term of service.

Again, on the afternoon of April 3d, the rapid and regular booming of cannon informed the troops of still another victory. Soon it was announced that Petersburgh had fallen, and that Richmond had been occupied by General Weitzel. It is impossible to describe the jubilant effect these glad tidings had upon both officers and men. They cut up a greater variety of capers, pigeon-wings and summersaults, than any frolicsome school boy had ever attempted or dreamed of. They continued their celebration till late in the evening, when, having become additionally hilarious by artificial means, they perpetrated some of the worst possible jokes, and made some very luminous and ludicrous speeches. The motto that night was, in the language of Henry the Fifth:

> "The man that will not follow *Bourbon* now,
> Let him go home."

The exultation of the occasion was suddenly checked in the "wee small hours," by the reception of an order which read: "be in readiness to march at 10 o'clock in the morning."

Weeks before, preparatory orders had been received, which had been repeated with greater stringency and particularity within the past few days. The fall of Richmond doubtless hastened if it did not decide the forward movement, in order to check any advance or demonstration of the enemy down the valley. That night was a busy, sleepless one, the hammering of boxes and the rumbling of army wagons every where being heard. Surplus baggage and dispensable articles must be disposed of; the sick, and those unfit to march from wounds, had to be sent to the rear.

CHAPTER XLVI.

P. John. The word of peace is render'd;
Hark, how they shout!
Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.
P. John. And let our army be discharged too.
And good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us; that we may peruse the men.

KING HENRY IV.

Between 4 and 5 P. M. of April 4th, the Army of the Shenandoah abandoned its winter quarters and moved up the valley, led by the One Hundred and Fourteenth. The roads were heavy from recent rains, and the trains were heavily loaded to meet the necessary supply, yet fair progress was made. In passing through Winchester, the column hurrahed for the new commander of the Middle Military Division, General Hancock, who was standing in front of his Headquarters. Some, though, did not regard the General in a very respectful manner, owing to a distasteful General Order requiring the troops to wear shoes instead of boots, at this wet season. About 9 o'clock they bivouaced near Kearnstown, something like a mile and a half from the earthworks of Camp Russell, which they vacated three months before.

Two days the troops remained in this camp, discussing the fate which had justly befallen the rebellious city of Richmond, the quondam Capital of a bogus Empire. It was now well settled, if never before, that foundations were not fitly laid for distinct Nationalities on Plymouth Rock and the Banks of the James.

The army was awaiting the return of a body of Cavalry,

which had started forth on a reconnoissance, to ascertain if the rebel Lee was retreating down the valley. Returning, they reported no enemy in the vicinity, except a few armed men that they called "Gorillas." Then an order came for the army to retrace its steps.

At 8 o'clock of April 7th, the column was set in motion towards Winchester. Arriving within a mile of the above place, at a little settlement called Milltown, camping grounds were assigned to the troops. They pitched their tents upon the best location they had occupied for a long time, being in full view of Winchester, surrounded by a most delightful country, a section on which the God of Nature has lavished his blessings.

They remained in this place for three days, during which time good news was coming in constantly. The wires were loaded with the intelligence of brilliant successes, and the papers were overflowing with accounts of thrilling interest. At length the climax was reached, when the tidings of Lee's surrender came. Brazen cannon thundered forth glad notes of joy, and the men cheered lustily. Their day of fighting was over. The sanguine hopes that had been clustering around the movements of Sheridan, Sherman and others, had been more than realized. Darkness and doubt had forever vanished. Not only had the day of complete and final victory dawned, but already it had reached its noon-tide in the splendor of successive achievements.

The spot upon which they rested was holy ground. It has drank in the choicest blood, and become sacred as well as historic. Almost upon the very line then occupied, Milroy, Shields and Banks met the enemy under Jackson and others, sometimes to their discomfort and sorrow. How different the movements of armies then and now!

How differently the roar of massive cannon reverberates upon the ear, as an accompaniment to the exultations of the present hour! The battle cry and the shout of victory do not mingle together.

On the evening of Sunday, the 9th, at the close of a review by General Dwight, orders came to march in the morning.

At 8 o'clock of the 10th, the army started forth on the Berryville pike. Through a dreary, drizzling day, over a muddy road, they toiled on twenty miles, and near sundown arrived at a small station on the Potomac and Winchester Railroad, called Summit Point. A half mile back of the depot, the Brigade went into camp, within the shade of a deep forest. The next morning, stiff and sore from their severe march, the men went merrily to work, preparing a comfortable and inviting camp.

The valley about Summit Point was high and rolling, affording excellent water, which is one of the greatest blessings of an army. Fresh and pure from crystal fountains, it could be easily obtained, and in great abundance.

April Fourteenth—a day forever memorable in the annals of the Nation. Four years ago to-day, the bastard flag of a so-called Confederate States Government was upreared upon the walls of Sumpter. The flag that waved above its ramparts, amid the smoke and roar of the rebel cannonade, to-day is elevated to its former position. The flag, whose staff was shot away the ninth time, after it had been struck by the iron hail which kept pouring upon the fortress, hour after hour, again waves over a scene alike of desolation and of triumph. The flag that was taken up by Lieutenant Hall, after its fall, nailed to the staff, and planted upon the ramparts amid flying shot and shell, is raised again in a serener atmosphere, and under

happier auspices. The flag, which, by the terms of the surrender, the garrison was allowed to salute with fifty guns, and which Major Anderson bore with him on his departure, he has to-day, by direction of the Government, restored to its wonted place. It was raised in the pure air of Heaven, not as the colors of a bogus empire were raised four years ago, amid barbaric exultations, and pompous boastings, and crazy shouts. The act was one of solemn earnestness, accompanied with words of calm congratulation, with hyms of praise, with prayerful and tearful thanksgiving.

Events deepen, and thicken, and crowd upon us. In the midst of the national rejoicings, with illuminations and bonfires blazing in every town, and the merry peal of the festive bell in every village, our cities blossoming with flags, our hearts beating high with joy, the two great armies of Grant and Lee fraternizing together after their long warfare, and exulting together over the return of peace—on the evening of the day which commemorates the crucifixion of the Saviour of mankind—on the anniversary of the day when the flag of Sumpter was hauled down, and on the day when it was restored—Abraham Lincoln, the head of the nation, was inhumanly butchered by an armed emissary of treason. Over two and a half centuries have passed away since the ruler of any great nation of the world has fallen by the murderous attack of an assassin; and for the first time in our history there is blood on the Presidential Chair of the Republic. No assassination on record—not even that of Henry IV, of France, nor that of the pious William of Orange—approximates in infamy to this.

The appalling intelligence, received on the morning of the 15th, produced a feeling of sadness too poignant

with grief for expression. Men of renown die and are buried. They are eulogized and remembered with respect. But their departure from the scenes of their usefulness does not stir the pulse of the whole nation, as did the assassination of our late Chief Executive. Mourners go about the streets, and there are outward expressions of sorrow, when the great and good are called away; but they do not symbolize a profound and earnest affliction. The sorrow is not that of heart-sickness and soreness of anguish, all-diffusing, and all-subduing—of "grief that will not speak." Among the worthiest and best of Presidents, will descend to the latest posterity the name of Abraham Lincoln.

On Sunday afternoon, the 16th, the Brigade quietly assembled beneath the dark shade of the forest, and listened to an eloquent eulogy upon the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, by the young and gifted Chaplain Gorton, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York. Our worthy Chaplain Robinson, Chaplain Webster, of the Twenty-Ninth Maine, and the model Chaplain Enders, of the One Hundred and Fifty-Third New York, assisted in the exercises.

On Wednesday, the 19th, it being the day of the President's funeral, Chaplain Webster delivered before the troops a feeling and forcible address.

That the war was virtually closed was now quite certain. Mosby, the guerrilla chief, the last armed rebel in the Shenandoah Valley, had already surrendered to General Hancock, and troops were no longer needed in that section.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock of April 20th, orders came to be ready to move at a moment's notice. At 9 o'clock the following morning the men struck their tents and moved

to the railroad station. Before 12, Dwight's Division, with horses and material, loading to repletion three trains of thirty cars each, was rolling over the iron rail to Harper's Ferry. In bidding farewell to the Shenandoah, our boys took their departure with commingled feelings of joy and sorrow—of joy, that their services were no longer needed to beat back the hosts of the enemy; of sorrow, because of dear comrades left behind upon the blood-dyed fields of the valley. Two hours brought them to Harper's Ferry, when they viewed for the last time the familiar yet ever-enchanting features of this historic place. Through a long, dreary, sleepless night, the lazy "camel-back" engines slowly tugged the ponderous trains towards Baltimore. By daylight they found themselves near the Relay House. Crossing the magnificent viaduct over the Patapsco River, their course was now in the direction of Washington.

The funeral cortege, bearing the honored remains of President Lincoln to his home in Springfield, Illinois, was officially announced to leave Washington at precisely 8 o'clock. At Annapolis Junction, twenty-two miles from Washington, the streets and depot were completely filled, including invalids from the Junction Hospital, drawn up in line, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the imposing spectacle; the windows of dwellings were crowded with anxious faces. When some fifteen miles from the Capital, the tolling bell of the tender announced the near approach of the funeral train. Men and officers, filling to overflowing a hundred slowly moving cars, viewed with sorrowful countenances, many with tearful eyes, the imposing and mournful cortege that was bearing to its last resting place, to be mingled with its native dust, all that was mortal of the great Emancipator.

At length the dome of the Capitol came in view, and soon, in Maryland Avenue, the troops disembarked from the cars. Marching to the barracks near the Baltimore depot, they were fed by the officials of the Soldiers' Rest. About 3 o'clock, the First Brigade, with the colors dressed in mourning, moved up Pennsylvania Avenue, presenting a fine appearance, and attracting general attention. Passing the White House, tastefully draped in black, they moved on to Georgetown and Tenallytown, where they encamped upon the same ground, near the latter place, they had occupied more than nine months before, when Washington was in danger. Now that they were here, the question was freely asked: "What are we here for?" "Whither are we bound?" The general impression seemed to be "distant service"—some thought Texas was their ultimate destination.

The assassin of the President was supposed to be still in Washington, and Dwight's Division was ordered to keep a close chain of sentinels outside the forts on the east side of the city Of this line the First Brigade had about four miles to guard, which gave employment to quite a number of the men.

On the afternoon of April 26th, a Division of the Ninth Corps, under General Willcox, arrived at Tenallytown, and the First Brigade was ordered to vacate the ground for the new comers.

At 7 o'clock of the next morning, the men marched to another camp. Beneath the rays of a sweltering sun, they pursued a romantic road that wound among ravines and groves, until, having traversed ten miles, they halted upon the identical spot they had occupied when they first landed in Washington, at the time it was besieged. In the rear of Fort Lincoln, close by the track of the Balti-

more and Ohio Railroad, on a level, grassy field, they pitched their tents. In this pleasant camp they were destined to stay one month. Picket duty and parade constituted their chief employment, in the intervals of which they found abundant sources of amusement. Passes were freely given to those who wished to visit the city. Anon they roamed the marble halls of the Capitol, strolled among the curiosities of the Patent Office, studied the paintings and specimens of natural history in the Smithsonian Institute, climbed the unfinished shaft of the Washington Monument, wandered among the different colored rooms of the White House, passed through the long corridors of the Treasury Building and Post Office, and viewed the busy scenes of the Navy Yard.

April 29th, the heavy guns on the forts thundered forth a national salute over the intelligence received of the surrender of Johnson's army. The rebellion was now ended. For the first time since entering the service, the men became restless, and evinced a grumbling disposition. The burden of their remarks was: "We don't want to drill and parade any longer." "The war is ended, and we want to go home." "We've learnt all the military we want to know." "Soldiering is played out."

April 30th, the Regiment was once more mustered for pay.

May 12th was a day set apart for Division review by General Willcox. Upon reaching the parade ground in the rear of Fort Bunker Hill, what was the surprise of the men to find that their own favorite Phil. Sheridan was the reviewing officer. As he galloped down in front of the line, accompanied by Generals Willcox and Dwight, he looked as if at another Winchester, for all the world as

he did at the battle of Cedar Creek—the same glowing smile; the same familiar gestures of recognition; the same graceful, handsome form, upon the same black horse. The men could not be restrained from breaking in upon the rules of the review, bursting forth simultaneously into prolonged and deafening cheers. When they marched before the General, each man tried his utmost to present a soldierly appearance, and the result was, the review was universally applauded by a large number of distinguished spectators.

On the 14th, intelligence was received in camp, of the capture on the 10th inst., of Jeff. Davis, at Irwinsville, Georgia, seventy-five miles south-east of Macon, whilst attempting to make his escape in disguise. The capture was effected by Colonel Pritchard, of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry.

On the 16th, a quantity of "A" tents were issued to the command, and for the first time for over a year, the men slept under the ample protection of heavy navy canvas.

The Army of the Potomac and Sherman's Grand Army were every day augmenting the number of troops about Washington. The heroes who had rescued the political metropolis of the Union from the hands of rebel barbarians, were now gathering around it, like children who cluster, after a hard day's work or a long absence, to the comforts of fireside and home. Nearly two hundred and thirty thousand of these citizen soldiers were quartered on the fields and hills, and along the streams that environ the proud Capital that bears the name of the Father of his Country.

It was immediately rumored that a grand review was about to take place, and soon it was officially announced

that President Johnson and General Grant were to receive the marching salute of the immense army, in front of the White House, on the 23d and 24th of May. Instantly preparations were commenced to be ready for the great event, while all looked forward to the occasion as being one of rare interest.

Innumerable trains rumbled past the camp, filled to overflowing with people from every State of the Union, coming to witness the grand pageant, the like of which probably had never been witnessed.

On the evening of the 22d, the First Brigade moved out from camp to bivouac for the night upon Capitol Hill, so as to be in position and ready for the morning's exercises. After a march of three miles, it was halted near the Congressional Cemetery, when the men spread their blankets upon the velvety grass and laid down to sleep. All around a great host filled the open country east of the Capitol, clear to the banks of the Eastern Branch.

The 23d of May dawned in unrivaled beauty. The sky was exquisitely blue, with just enough of white floating clouds to deepen its loveliness. The men were up early, polishing their equipments and brushing their uniforms. The lines were presently formed, and then they laid down upon the ground, wearily awaiting their time to move. At 9 o'clock a single cannon thundered the announcement to the city that the ceremony had commenced. Heavy columns of troops were seen marching in an interminable stream toward the Capitol, and yet hour after hour Dwight's Division was forced to wait.

At 11 o'clock the bugle sounded the attention. The Regiments were compactly formed in a massed column, twenty deep, and then they tramped toward the city.

As they approached nearer to the Capitol, eager crowds of spectators were observed by the side-ways. When opposite the venerable pile, the flags were unfurled, the bands struck up their liveliest tunes, and the men kept time with light, springy step, which combined into the rythmic tread, upon the newly brushed and sprinkled pavement. They swept by the Old Capitol Prison, whose grated windows were filled with peeping eyes of rebel prisoners; passed around the circular park of the Capitol, whose high iron fence, stone posts and trees were loaded with adventurous urchins; came close by the north front of the Capitol, where were congregated thousands of the school children of Washington, who were waving miniature flags and singing national airs, with childish glee, while over their heads immense marble columns and walls sustained countless banners and mottoes. Floral arches spanned the street, while the air was in perpetual flutter from numberless flags which were pendant from every conceivable point. Finally, as they descended the hill and entered Pennsylvania Avenue, a magnificent spectacle burst before them. Looking westward for more than a mile, to the Treasury Building, they saw a vast host of marching troops, filling the wide street from curb to curb—the surface of the mass undulating with the cadenced march—bayonets, and gun-barrels, and sabres, and spear-heads glistening with innumerable jets and sparkles of light—a flood forever flowing on in wave after wave, from ever-full fountains, through gaily enameled, flowery banks of crowded side-walks, packed windows and thronged house-tops, all ablaze with banners, and flowers, and many-hued dresses.

As the men progressed up the gay thoroughfare, the sight every moment became more and more dazzling and

exciting. Their hearts swelled with honest pride when they observed how boundless and munificent was the ovation. They felt, indeed, that it was a triumphal march! What first attracted their eyes was the great profusion of flowers. From balconies and roofs there descended a hail of bouquets, until every man had his dingy and dust-powdered uniform lighted up with floral embellishments. There were garlands of flowers on the shoulders, breasts and arms of the mounted officers; wreaths of flowers over the arched necks of their chargers; bouquets of flowers at the saddle-bow or in the bridle-hand; sprigs of flowers projected from the gun-barrels of the soldier; sprigs of flowers were badges on the breasts of the officers heading the ranks; and above all, wreaths and garlands of flowers, and in several instances civic crowns of laurel, were pendant from the spear-heads of the torn battle-flags and bullet-riddled guidons.

What particularly affected our men, was to see how deep a sensation was caused by the appearance of their pierced, scorched and raveled flag. How reverently the color-bearer drooped his treasured trophy in answering salute to the cheers, and hand-clappings, and 'kerchief-wavings of the immense multitude.

As they drew near to the Treasury Building, the crowds of enthusiastic citizens became denser and denser, and the mounted sentinels struggled hard to prevent them from encroaching upon the marching column. From the windows of Willard's Hotel, several State flags were suspended, indicating where different Governors were stationed to observe the spectacle.

The column surged through a perfect sea of heads and fluttering handkerchiefs, until it wheeled to pass the White House. At this point of the march, the scene was

enchanting. Upon both sides of the street, immense stands with gay canopies were erected, with seats raised one above another, and covered over with a brilliant assemblage of the wealth, beauty and refinement of the land. The strains of martial music were hushed by the deafening applause which ascended all around and above the men. Now the reviewing stand came in view. There, embowered in a perfect maze of national colors, sat Andy Johnson, and Generals Grant and Sherman, surrounded by the Cabinet, and Diplomatic Corps in flashing uniforms. Before them a military band discoursed sweet music, and a guard of soldiers stood in line, prim and starch.

The important moment had arrived. The officers saluted, the flags drooped, a heavy roll of drums gave the marching honors, and as far as our men were participants, the great event was over, leaving a vivid impression on the mind. Turning off upon a cross street, they ran at double quick some distance, to make way for those coming after them, when they took up a slow line of march for camp. In the distance was heard the ringing shouts that greeted the successively appearing veterans of the Army of the Potomac.

Early the next morning, it was announced to the Regiment that all who desired could go to the city, and witness the review of Sherman's Army. Before 9 o'clock the camp was nearly deserted, and the men were either wending their way to the heart of the city, or had secured for themselves sightly positions on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Punctual to a second, Major General W T Sherman started his army, himself at its head, splendidly mounted on a dark bay. He was accompanied by General Howard and a brilliant staff. His appearance on the Avenue was the signal for a series of cheers, which, commencing at

the Capitol, were caught up by the eager crowd on both sides, notifying the expectants that were crowding the stands near the White House, that the hero was coming. As he passed the pavilion, mothers held up their children, maids stood on tiptoe, and between the cheers—"That's he!" "That's Sherman!" "Yes, that tall man there!" Then would arise another cheer, amid cries of "Sherman!" "Sherman!"

For six hours the men witnessed dense masses of Western veterans sweep up the Avenue, amid the fluttering of silken banners, and the far-away gleam of eighty thousand bright bayonets, rising and sinking in the undulations of the marching column. They joined their shouts with those of the citizens, when some distinguished General—some Logan, Slocum, Mower, Davis, Geary or Blair—appeared in view. They heard the rumbling of cannon and caissons, the swelling strains of exultant music, and the incessant shouts from the thronged pavements and house-tops, until their eyes were dimmed, their ears stunned, and their heads became dizzy at the grand spectacular scene. When in the evening an explosion of artillery proclaimed that the last Regiment had passed, our men, weary and hungry, were glad to turn their faces homeward. Presently they were sitting around their camp fires, sipping coffee and chatting over the different incidents of the "Grand Review."

Rome, in her era of imperial grandeur; France and Germany, in the mediæval ages; Paris, in the most splendid days of Napoleon; London, in the noon-tide of Wellington, never looked upon such a triumphal procession as rolled through the broad avenues of the Capital of this Nation for twelve hours, a hundred and eighty thousand strong, and at least thirty miles in length.

The question recurs: And were these the "exhausted resources" of a nation decimated by four years of bloody strife? And were these thirty miles of indomitable warriors only two-fifths of the armies of the Republic, with a countless fleet and another of seamen to guard their flanks? It must have demonstrated to the on-looking nations, that the government of a people, by a people, and for a people, is the most stable and progressive form of government on earth.

The Western troops, now encamped all around Dwight's Division, with unflinching adherance to old habits, were committing deplorable devastation upon the peaceful farmers of this section. They had never educated themselves to think that as soldiers they would not always be among disloyal people. To guard against the encroachments of Sherman's "bummers," the One Hundred and Fourteenth was ordered to go into camp near Bladensburg.

On the evening of May 28th, the men marched out two miles to their new position, and pitched tents by the side of a narrow road, close by a rough school house. Company K, at the same time, was detached and sent to the village, to do guard duty at the railroad depot. As days of sultry weather and irksome duties passed away, the men grew more and more impatient, fretful and homesick, in their great anxiety to be discharged. At length, on the evening of June 5th, an order was received which allayed all their nervous apprehensions, causing them to breathe freer and sleep sounder, in the delightful hope that their days of soldiering were nearly ended. The following are the words that wrought so happy a change in the mind of the soldiers:

HEADQUARTERS DWIGHT'S DIVISION,
June 5, 1865.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 13.

I.—Pursuant to General Order, No. 94, War Department, Adjutant General's Office, Current Series, and General Order, No. 58, Headquarters Middle Military Division, Current Series, the 114th, 116th and 133d New York State Volunteers, are hereby ordered to be mustered out of the service of the United States.

* * * * * * * * *

III.—In parting with these gallant regiments, after so long a period of service, the General commanding feels regret, mingled with pride when he recalls how patiently they endured, how bravely they have fought, and how nobly they have won. Fort Bisland, Port Hudson, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, and Cedar Grove, bear witness to this. To all these regiments, the General commanding renders his heartfelt thanks.

To the 114th, the General commanding tenders his acknowledgments especially for the manner in which, under his eye, at the battle of Opequan, they fixed the limit of the enemy's advance on that day and by obstinate fighting, did such signal, conspicuous service.

The memory of the fallen will ever be cherished by the Division. They sacrificed themselves to its glory.

By command of

BRIGADIER GENERAL DWIGHT.

J. G. LEEFE, A. A. A. General.

CHAPTER XLVII.

My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting-place.

KING HENRY IV.

Upon the same day that the Regiment was ordered to be mustered out the United States service, Dwight's Division embarked for Savannah. Hurriedly the First Brigade broke camp, marched aboard ocean steamers, and before nightfall the One Hundred and Fourteenth was left alone, unconnected with any Corps, Division or Brigade, without a General to command it, floating in a sea of strange troops. The officers hastened to complete the muster-out rolls, so as to bring to a final close the last red-tape impediment to their discharge. After two days of ceaseless labor, the last pen stroke was made, the necessary papers perfected.

On the evening of June 7th, a sumptuous entertainment was provided by *mine host* of the Avenue House, to which officers of the Regiment were invited. The tables literally groaned under the load of eatables, to say nothing of the pleasant drinkables, the choicest and best the market could afford. To soldiers of three years in the service, who had mostly been served from mess-pans and camp-kettles, the repast was duly appreciated, and was a rich foretaste of the good things in store for the returning volunteers. There was a general interchange of sentiment, short speeches were made, and wit freely

flowed. Hiram King, Esq., the gentlemanly and enterprising proprietor, was formerly a resident of Chenango County, and took great interest in the Regiment. The privates of the One Hundred and Fourteenth were frequently gratuitously provided for at his house, and none ever went away empty.

June 8th. This day is marked in the history of the Regiment, as one of greater and deeper interest than any other in its eventful career. A day, which hundreds, for nearly three years, had been anxiously looking—a day, alas! by many never seen. It was an event of greater interest than that in which the Regiment was mustered into the service—being the occasion on which it was mustered out.

At 7 o'clock in the morning, the Companies one by one were marched up in front of the Colonel's Headquarters, and were formally mustered out of the United States service, by Captain Pellet, Assistant Commissary of Musters of Dwight's Division. Gladsome shouts from the men betokened their appreciation of the welcome fact that they were soldiers no longer.

Grand as was the military tableau in Washington, deriving its magnificence not from outward pageantry, but from the character of that it was intended to commemorate and to symbolize, there is that which transcends it in moral sublimity. It is the significance of the transition from the soldier to the citizen. The soldier of yesterday is the citizen of to-day. These honored veterans left their homes with unfeigned reluctance, and only in obedience to the demands of duty It was the people's war in which they engaged. It was to battle for the rights of their own firesides, and the interests of humanity. Their uprising was a tribute to free government,

and to the democratic institutions under which they were reared. Their duty done, they were more ready to lay down their arms than they were to take them up, in their anxiety to return to their families and the pursuits of peace. Vagabonds and cowards have crept in among them, but to say of our volunteer citizen soldiers that they are demoralized by war, that they have contracted habits inimical to peace, that they have become unfitted for the resumption of the duties of civil life, is simply slanderous.

For the last time in their lives, the men of the One Hundred and Fourteenth struck their tents, and at 10 o'clock they were marching the dusty road towards Washington. With all their devious wanderings for the past three years, they were now journeying home. After long years of fatiguing marches, after weary bivouacs, after battles, and dangers, and trials, and prison's gloom, "homeward bound." The last battle had been fought, the last victory and greatest had been won, and our boys are "homeward bound." The bivouac fires have burned themselves out, the shot and shell and leaden hail have expended their fury and force, and our heroes are "homeward bound." No more watching for letters from home; no more wishing for the Christmas turkies and mince pies—for is not the table spread at home? and dearest, best of all, does not *she* stand waiting to receive and serve her soldier boy, who has written and told her "the cruel war is over," and he is "homeward bound?" No more gloom, no more doubting, no more darkness, but in their stead, sunshine and song, and heavenly peace, for the boys are "homeward bound!" No more "hard tack," no more "salt horse," for the braves are "homeward bound."

After several hours of impatient waiting near the Baltimore depot, they finally went on board a long train of rough cars, the whistle blew, and away they rumbled from the city of Washington. With slow speed and long halts, they did not reach Baltimore till 10 o'clock at night. Jumping from the cars, they formed a line and marched through the dark and deserted streets of the familiar city where long years before they had spent two months of their service. At the same depot where they first set foot upon the soil of Maryland, they were halted and directed to appropriate a train standing to receive them.

When the first rays of sunlight opened on the 9th of June, everything was ready, and the train whirled northward. Throughout the entire day they glided among the wild mountains and forests of Pennsylvania, now sweeping across fertile fields, or following the sinuous windings of the Susquehanna. The people by the roadside gave hearty cheers at the appearance of the war-worn veterans. The plow-boys stopped their teams in the fields, to throw their hats in the air. The good Dutch housewives ran to the gates to wave their aprons; all the windows and doors of the humble cottages were filled with gleeful children. At every station where the train halted, the cars were surrounded with kind and smiling faces. At the little village of Milton, in particular, it seemed as though the entire population had turned out to bid them welcome. A large number of beautiful and well-dressed young ladies bustled around to distribute their little donations of sweet-cakes and bouquets. By sundown they had arrived at Williamsport. Arranging themselves with care upon the floors and roofs of the cars, the tired men slept through a dark and chilly night, all the while nearing their homes.

When the day dawned, they found themselves in their own native State of New York, and nigh to the city of Elmira. Rattling slowly through the streets, they halted and disembarked at the depot. A long row of whisky-shops stood near at hand, in the doors of which the proprietors were greedily gazing upon the returning volunteers, and seemed to be the only people in the town who took the least interest in their arrival. The men were allowed to obtain their breakfast wherever they could find it. The forenoon passed heavily away, while preparations were being made to secure transportation to carry the Regiment to Binghamton. At length a train of passenger cars was drawn up on the track, which the boys eagerly entered and took their seats. What was their disappointment, upon receiving an order, just on the point of departure, to disembark—"the Regiment must be finally discharged and paid off in Elmira." Choking their indignation as best they could, they vacated the cars, fell into line, and marched away for their new quarters. As they tramped through the city, they could not help but observe with indignation, that the loyal citizens looked upon them with cold and selfish eyes, as though they were a gang of rebel prisoners. There were no words of welcome there; there were no fluttering 'kerchiefs, no smiling faces, no joyful shouts, such as they had often met in Maryland and Pennsylvania. What was the horror of the men to find that in their own loyal State, the infamous bounty-broker had made the self-sacrificing soldier nothing but a creature of pecuniary gain.

After a march of about a mile, the Regiment arrived at Barracks No. 1. The wide gates were open to receive them, which, when they had entered, were firmly closed,

and the men found themselves in a second Andersonville. What was there to be found in a rebel prison-pen, that did not have its counterpart in this horrid enclosure? There was the high stockade, with pacing sentinels on its summit. There were the pestilential heaps of filth, and sloughs of green water. There were the rough structures, reeking with diseased matter, and alive with vermin. There were the scanty rations of putrid meat and wormy bread. As our men, for the first time during their service, discovered that, like culprits, they were placed under the guard of other troops, they raised a terrible howl of indignation, and were it not for the kind promises made by the Colonel, they would quickly have made a ruin of this revolting pen of bounty-jumpers and brokers. Arrangements were at once made whereby the boys could obtain free access to the outside world.

The officers took up their quarters at the Brainard House. Now every one was anxious to be immediately discharged and paid off; but the more impatient they became, the further removed seemed the day of their deliverance. The men longed for the comforts, to say nothing of the luxuries, with which they were surrounded, but their money was gone. There is one bright spot in the recollection of the boys, connected with their otherwise unhappy detention at Elmira. Through the agency of a lady of the Sanitary Commission, they received a quantity of that indispensable article to the soldier—*tobacco*—which one morning, in lieu of quinine, was dosed out at Surgeon's call.

On the 13th of June, all the public property of the Regiment was turned over to the receiving officer of the post. The men piled up their shelters, knapsacks, haversacks and canteens, and left them to be counted by the

clerks. What affected them most was to part with their muskets, which had been their dear companions and protectors through many a weary campaign. But the order was inexorable, and they must relinquish their glistening, well-polished pets. As they turned and walked away, they felt a strange and lonely sensation, being deprived of all their appurtenances and equipments, with nothing on their backs save their blouses.

After a long delay, on the morning of Saturday, the 17th of June, the men were paid by Major King, at the barracks, and received their discharge papers. The last thread that connected them with the Government was severed, and now there was nothing to prevent them from hastening to the embrace of their families. As the train was moving from the depot, one of those sad accidents occurred which always come to sadden and dampen the spirits in times of great rejoicing. George Agard, a member of Company B, in jumping upon the platform, fell between the cars and was instantly crushed to death. Having escaped the perils of three years' service, an unaccountable fate called him away immediately after he had pocketed his discharge.

At 6 o'clock the train arrived at Binghamton. The people, although taken by surprise, turned out *en masse* to greet the Regiment. A bountiful repast was quickly provided for the hungry men, by the ladies of the Soldiers' Relief Association. Tables were set across the street from the depot, and were loaded down under the weight of good things. The kind citizens of Binghamton, and especially the ladies, will never be forgotten by the boys.

Not able to proceed further that night, they were directed to secure for themselves lodging wherever they

might find it. Hotels were soon filled; some spread their blankets upon the platform of the depot; others made themselves comfortable beds in the cars.

"Now spread the night her spangled canopy,
And summoned every restless eye to sleep."

After an hour's ride in the morning, they arrived at Chenango Forks. Here they met a delegation of the town's people of Greene, with a large collection of farmers' wagons and coaches, ready to transport them to the above village. Soon they were trundling over the road, enjoying the delightful prospect of the hills, forests and farms of the valley of old Chenango. Although it was Sunday, the inhabitants turned out by the road-side, and bestowed enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome upon the returned veterans. About noon they arrived near the village of Greene, when they were met by a procession of citizens, who escorted them into town. With the music of their martial band, preceded by a fire company in uniform, they proudly trod the streets, amid the booming of cannon, and the glad shouts of the people who thronged the way-side. They passed under a beautiful arch of evergreens, spanning the street, and bearing the motto:

"Ocean Fire Company welcomes the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment."

Flags and floral adornments were suspended from the buildings, among which the men discovered, here and there, the names of their victorious battles inscribed in evergreen letters. In front of Juliand's Bank, an immense flag was hung across the street, which bore this sentiment:

"Victory has brought Peace."

So generous a reception the men had never anticipated. Arriving at the square in front of the Chenango House, the Regiment was formed into column by division, when it was welcomed in a beautiful and touching speech by R. P Barnard, Esq. He alluded in terms of gratitude to their past achievements, and feelingly referred to their gallant dead. In behalf of the assembled people, he thanked them for their glorious efforts to preserve the Republic, and congratulated them over the success of the war. After a brief response by Colonel Per Lee, the Regiment re-formed its line and marched to Union Hall, where, to the surprise of the boys, they found a sumptuous repast spread before them, by the good ladies of the town. They said that it was "the first good square meal" they had enjoyed since entering the service, and it is needless to say that they surprised their fair attendants with some remarkable appetites. Suspended in the Hall was this motto:

"THE ONLY DEBT WE CAN NEVER PAY, IS THE DEBT WE OWE OUR VICTORIOUS SOLDIERS."

Referring to the occasion, the *Chenango American* said: "Dinner over, the soldiers mingled with the citizens and people from abroad, who were present, meeting with hearty cheers and congratulations on all hands. At about 6 P. M., the boys started for Oxford—some in wagons, but the greater portion on a boat which was chartered for the purpose—leaving in high spirits, and loud in their cheers and expressions of good will for the people of Greene."

When darkness settled down upon the fertile fields of the valley, the men were being slowly dragged forward upon the sluggish waters of the canal. Their locomotive

power consisted in part of a couple of mules, which, having closed a brilliant career in the army, had now by common consent acquired the rank of horses by brevet.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, the thunder of cannon and the ringing of bells announced their arrival at Oxford. The unseasonableness of the hour, when all nature was wrapped in darkness, did not deter the hospitable people of that town from conferring upon the men the most generous welcome. In sleepless vigilance they had watched the live-long night for the arrival of the Regiment, and now they gave unmistakable proofs of their joy in being able to exhibit their gratitude to their returned braves. A large concourse of people had already assembled, who gave cheer upon cheer in honor to the soldiers. Immediately the line was formed, and headed by an excellent brass band, the men were escorted to Lewis' Hall, where they sat down to a table loaded with the choicest delicacies, and where beautiful ladies vied with each other in ministering to the comforts of their honored guests. The men humbly felt that their past exploits were more than compensated by the flattering treatment received in Oxford. At the close of the feast the boys tried to express their thanks the best they could, by hearty and prolonged cheers for the donors. But the kind ladies were not content with providing a single meal. Another, and if possible more liberal repast, was set before them at 9 o'clock in the morning. At that hour, under escort of the Oxford Band and the Regimental Band, the One Hundred and Fourteenth again moved to the Hall. The names of all the battles in which the Regiment had borne a part were conspicuously displayed, and also the names of Oxford's heroic dead. Men who could withstand unmoved the shock and furor

of battle, bitterly wept when they read upon the walls the fate of Washburn, Aylesworth and Greene, Bush, Brown and Bartholomew, Church, Havens and Holmes, Ensworth, Newton and Nichols, Freeburn and Wilbur Young.

After breakfast was finished, Horace Packer, Esq., on behalf of the Citizens' Committee, introduced Hon. William H. Hyde, who welcomed Colonel Per Lee and the Regiment in an eloquent and affecting address. Mr. Hyde recounted the battle scenes through which the Regiment had passed, and paid a glowing tribute to its patriotism and valor. He assured the men that their services in the glorious cause of liberty were appreciated by the people of Chenango, and that their labors, and sufferings, and privations, would be treasured and cherished in admiring and grateful hearts. His allusions to the comrades they left behind on the field of death, excited in all hearts a feeling of sympathy for those who loved them while living, and who appreciated their devotion to their country when they went forth to offer up their lives for her deliverance. The address of Mr. Hyde was briefly responded to by the Colonel, after which, in response to a toast to the Ladies, Major Curtis replied with good effect.

We close the account of the entertainment, in the language of the *Oxford Times*:

"A sentiment in honor of the fallen braves of the Regiment, followed by a dirge from the Band, all standing, drew tears from many an eye, and told with silent but eloquent effect upon the bronzed and furrowed features of living veterans. On behalf of the ladies, a bouquet was presented to each Captain for his Company, and to each commissioned officer, not forgetting Dr. Beecher, whose brief acknowledgment of the favor evinced that the rigors of war have not dried up the springs of humor and sentiment in his nature. With cheer upon

cheer for the ladies, and the quickening impulse of Yankee Doodle by the Band, the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment dissolved out of view, and their final visit became a matter of local history. The orderly, quiet and temperate bearing of our returned veterans, although removed from military restraint, and their self-respect and regard for public order, were the subject of frequent and deserved praise. Long may they live to enjoy the rights and liberties which they have so nobly vindicated by their heroism, and to add to the renown of arms, the highest rewards of honorable and honored citizenship."

In a large number of vehicles, the Regiment was rapidly carried to Norwich. Every mile of the road was but a continual ovation, and it appeared to the men that their entire journey through the Chenango Valley was a grand triumphal procession.

At 12 o'clock, cannon and bells denoted their proximity to the rendezvous they left three years before. At the Canasawacta bridge they leaped from the wagons and fell into line, when they were supplied with muskets by Colonel L. A. Rhodes, from the Armory of the One Hundred and Third Regiment N. G. S. N. Y. Under the marshalship of Captain R. A. Stanton and G. H. Spry, the procession was soon formed, and marched into town in the following order:

1. Brass Band.
2. Committee of Arrangements.
3. Ladies' Committee, in carriages.
4. Norwich Fire Department, led by the Martial Band.
5. One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, led by its own Band.
6. Disabled and wounded Soldiers, in carriages.
7. The Teachers and Students of the Academy, and other Schools.
8. Citizens and strangers.

To the music of the bands were added the louder tones of cannon and village bells, and the welcome shouts of

hundreds of men, women and children that thronged the streets.

Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, were standing by the roadside, eagerly looking for the long absent soldier-boys. There were many fond embraces, and hearty hand-shakings, and familiar words of endearment, as that joyous procession moved forward. But alas! there were also many tearful eyes gazing upon the thin and shattered ranks of the Regiment. Sorrowful faces were there which looked in vain for many loved forms that were lying in unmarked graves beneath the Southern soil.

At the canal bridge on South Main Street, the men marched under an elegant arch of evergreens, bearing this motto:

"WELCOME THE BRAVE DEFENDERS OF OUR UNION."

Arriving at the Public Square, they found it filled with a multitude of people. Forming by divisions, the Regiment moved forward at double quick, to the steps of the Court House, upon whose front was hung this beautiful sentiment:

"WITH SORROW FOR THE BRAVE MEN WHO HAVE FALLEN, WITH THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY, AND WITH PRIDE FOR YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS, WE WELCOME YOU HOME."

With uncovered heads the men paid devout attention, while the Rev. Samuel Seoville, in becoming terms, offered thanks to the Ruler of Nations, for the return of Peace, and impressively implored the blessing of Almighty God upon those who had come back, and upon the families and friends of those who had fallen in the strife. Hon. Lewis Kingsley, in the absence of Hon. Demas Hubbard,

who was expected to officiate, made the welcome address, which was a model of excellence. Concerning it the *Chenango Telegraph* said:

"Mr. Kingsley referred to the mustering in, and going forth of the Regiment from that very spot, nearly three years since, and followed them in their various wanderings, during the years and months that had passed. The battle of Bisland was spoken of, the daring charge of the Regiment at Port Hudson was depicted, and when the death of their leader, Colonel Smith, was referred to, (which happened two years ago that very day,) we noticed many an eye moisten. The brave achievements of the One Hundred and Fourteenth in the valley of the Shenandoah were spoken of, and Mr. K. closed his address by welcoming, in behalf of the citizens of Chenango County, the brave boys home again.

"At the conclusion of the speech, the cheers of the vast crowd showed that the praise bestowed upon the Regiment by the speaker was well approved by all."

Colonel Per Lee responded in a short, characteristic speech, which was emphasized at its termination by a Regimental cheer.

The procession then re-formed and marched to Floral Hall, which had been beautifully trimmed and prepared for the festal day. Upon their way, they passed under another arch adorned with flowers and flags, having in the center the figures "114," and bearing the inscription—

"Our People's Pride."

"Four immense tables had been prepared by the ladies, and the One Hundred and Fourteenth sat down to the most gorgeous dinner ever spread in Chenango County. Nothing in the substantial line was wanting, while the great variety of pies, cakes, &c., to say nothing of the luscious strawberries and ice cream, was enough to satisfy the palate of the most epicurean appetite. Tastefully arranged bouquets graced the tables, while upon either side neatly draped with evergreens were the names of the battles in which the Regiment had

been engaged. Among others were noticed that of Port Hudson, trimmed in deep mourning, above which hung a life-like portrait of Colonel Smith, together with his sword and sash.

"At the table all ceremony was discarded. The boys laid hold of the provisions with a relish, and the table Committee of ladies and gentleman vied with each other in their attentions to their honored guests. But as all things must have an end, so did the eating, and the Regiment separated to greet warm personal friends upon every side."

In front of the Eagle Hotel was suspended over the street a large flag which was emblazoned with the names of the principal battles in which the One Hundred and Fourteenth had been engaged. A national flag was also suspended over the street from the Noyes House; and flags and banners and mottoes waved a welcome from many places, both public and private.

The *Chenango Union* closed a graphic article upon that occasion, in these words: "With all others we say: Honor—all honor—to the heroes of the One Hundred and Fourteenth. Let neither them nor their brave deeds be forgotten!"

It was anticipated that a dress-parade would be held in the evening, but such was the eagerness of the men to reach their homes, that many of those who lived in the immediate neighborhood of Norwich, departed immediately after the reception. At night the disbanded soldiers dispersed among the hotels and private residences, and rested their weary bodies for the morning's journey.

In the morning, they met for the last time, in Floral Hall, when they partook of a bounteous breakfast. As they bade each other a final good-bye, it was the most affecting scene the men had ever experienced. Amid hand-shakings and tears, they jumped aboard wagons and moved away to their respective townships. That

evening, in Otselic, Cazenovia and other towns, the different Companies were welcomed by other grand receptions.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment had dissolved and forever disappeared.

Our heroes came back, not with garments unstained, not with faces unbronzed. They came back, not Sunday soldiers, but veteran campaigners, accustomed as we have seen to the exposure of the bivouac, the fatigue of the march, the poor comfort of hard tack, the storm of battle, and the suffering of sickness and wounds. See how they watched on many a picket line the movements of a wily foe; how they paced their weary rounds on guard, on many a wet and cheerless night; how they went through the smoke, and breasted the shock, and turned the tide of hard-fought fields. See their faces browned by sun and rain; see them, scarred, and worn, and tattered; their ranks, how thin, for they have left comrades by hundreds behind them, to enrich the soil where they fell. See their banner, pierced and cut into shreds, but amid the rents of the red, and the smoke-stains of the white, and the blood-stains of the blue, may be discerned the gilded names of the glorious fields where it waved in triumph, and where, as it floated in mid-air, its stars and stripes took in the expiring glance of many a gallant martyr to liberty. These weather-beaten men, and the lost ones they represent, are not the defenders merely, but the saviors of the Republic. Think, oh! think of what they have done. Think of the ark of constitutional liberty they have aided to rescue from assault.

Think of the Union they have helped to preserve, with all its blessings, all its memories, and all its hopes.

The cheers and huzzas with which they were greeted, were not too enthusiastic; the plaudits and congratulations which were showered upon them were not too fervid; the welcome home was not too heart-felt. For what they have done in the line of duty, for what they abstained from doing in revenge, for what they have toiled and suffered, and for what their comrades have died, this people and their posterity can never be too grateful. Their place in history will compensate them for their sufferings and toils, and will be a precious legacy to transmit to their offspring. Oh! God bless and comfort them and theirs. May the future of their lives be happy and well spent, and their crowning reward a glorious immortality.

What shall we, what can we say, to console those bleeding hearts, those desolated homes, which have waited in vain for the day of return? What can we say for those among us who wept when news of peace came, because of their beloved who had longed for but did not live to see that day—who had suffered through the darkness, and had died before the morning dawn? Alas! the anguish of such waiting, when waiting is in vain. "If *he* had but lived to come back with them—even scarred and wounded—if *he* had only come back!"

"No longer may I hopeful wait
For summer to restore;
My heart and home are desolate—
My soldier comes no more."

With mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, the author brings his labors to a close; of pleasure, that he has been enabled to accomplish so much, though not without

imperfections; of sadness, because of those who went out with us to come back no more forever. But *their* fame is assured—no paltry tribute of ours can add to their honor. In the most sacred niche of "fame's proud temple" their names are inscribed, never to be obliterated while America lives. What else can *we* do for them? Care for their widows and their orphans; point our children to their acts of valor; tell them how they "dared the deed and shared the danger;" instill into their minds the principles for which they died, and teach them, for the sake of the long list of patriot slain, the value of free institutions—the benefits and blessings of a RESTORED UNION.

"Now civil wounds are stopp'd—Peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say—*Amen.*"

APPENDIX.

I.

MEMORIAL SKETCHES.

COLONEL ELISHA BROWN SMITH.

The ancestors of the subject of this sketch were of English descent, and emigrated to Rhode Island about the time of the settlement of Providence, by Roger Williams. The lineage upon the paternal side is nearly related to the Rev. Charles Brown, who came over with Williams, and was the first Baptist clergyman in the Colony.

Benjamin Smith came from Rhode Island, to Whitestown, Oneida County, about the year 1800. He had three daughters, a Mrs. Samuel Ladd, late of Sherburne, Mrs. Winsor Coman, of Eaton, one never married, and one son by the name of Elisha. Elisha Smith settled in Greene, N. Y., about the year 1803. He was sub-agent of the Lord Hornby property, an immense landed estate located in the south-west part of Chenango County. He was called the father of the settlement of the Hornby estate, himself clearing off large tracts of land. He kept a small store in Greene, and supplied the early settlers, who were generally poor, with grain and other necessaries of life. His generosity was proverbial. From 1804 to 1808 or '9, he was Judge of the County Court, and a magistrate about the same length of time. In 1810, Judge Smith married Adosha, daughter of Judge Wattles, of Unadilla. In 1813 they removed to Norwich. Four sons

and two daughters were the fruits of their marriage, all of whom are dead except Charles Benjamin.

Elisha Brown Smith, the third child, and the elder son, was born in Norwich, February 17th, 1817. There was nothing in particular to distinguish his early life from that of other boys who are obliged to work their way up under adverse circumstances. With but a limited education, yet possessed of much native shrewdness and good sense, prepossessing in his appearance, and courteous in his address, while still quite young, various offices of trust were conferred upon him, and he gradually grew into the confidence of the public.

In 1844 he was appointed Under Sheriff of the County, which office he retained for about three years. In 1846 he was elected a Delegate to the Convention to amend the Constitution of the State, and in 1847 was the Candidate on the Democratic ticket for the office of Canal Commissioner. In 1848 he was a Delegate to the National Convention held in Baltimore, which resulted in the nomination to the Presidency of Lewis Cass. In 1852 he was the Democratic candidate for Congress in the District of which Chenango formed a part, and came within a few votes of an election. In the spring of 1852 he was commissioned Postmaster of Norwich, which position he held for a year and a half. In September, 1840, he was married to Lucinda P., daughter of the late Whitman Willcox, Esq., of Norwich.

General Bruce declining to accept the appointment tendered him by the War Committee, in July, 1862, as commandant of the Regiment to be raised in the 23d Senatorial District, Elisha B. Smith, unsolicited upon his part, was at once recommended. After prayerfully deciding what was his duty in answer to the calls of his country, he threw his whole soul into the work of recruiting his Regiment, and fitting himself for the responsible duties that devolved upon him. The result was, that in less than four weeks a Regiment one thousand and forty strong, composed of the best men of the County, were in readiness for the seat of war. On the 6th of September it took its departure. Its history is but a counterpart of the history of its commander, from that time to the day he fell.

Whatever position he occupied, whatever duties he was called upon to discharge, however trying the circumstances, he was the same kind-hearted officer, the same genial friend. It is not necessary to claim for Colonel Smith qualities that he did not possess. He had not received a military education, and it is not asserted that he was a great

military man. Indeed, time and opportunity were not permitted him to develope his capabilities, or the power and extent of his military genius. Others, we know, not more promising or conspicuous in the beginning, have acquired national renown. In the ever-varying fortunes of the war, had he lived, it is not difficult to conceive of brilliant achievements, in the expanding career before him.

It was the fortune of the writer (being in charge of a Post Hospital at Berwick City) to see much of Colonel Smith, during the time intervening between the battle of Fort Bisland and the siege of Port Hudson. In the seclusion and quietude of the sick chamber, during his illness last preceding his fall, there was a communion, a companionship, it is seldom one's privilege to enjoy. Of his family, which he devotedly loved, he spoke most tenderly—of himself, calmly and freely. He said he had thought it all over; his mind was fully prepared; his arrangements were all made; he was in readiness for whatever might befall him. In fact, he seemed to have taken a rational and philosophic view of the vicissitudes and casualties of war, as perhaps few have done: considered what might be the end, from the beginning, and like a wise man, prepared himself for it. He was ready, and if necessary willing, to make the soldier's last sad sacrifice.

His attachment to his Regiment was unbounded. With all the tenderness of his loving nature, with the solicitude and anxiety of a father or a brother, he cared for his men, extending aid and sympathy in all their troubles and trials. He looked upon his soldiers as his children; they looked up to him as a child to a parent. In his anxiety to be with his command—from which he had been separated by serious illness—against the advice of his Surgeon, he hastened to join it, only a few days before the fatal 14th of June. His men immediately went to work to build for him in the woods a cottage of trees and boughs, and covered it with canvas. One day, while standing looking admiringly upon it, a fellow-officer riding past made the remark: "You have a nice house, Colonel." "Yes," says the Colonel, "but it is not likely I shall occupy it long." How prophetic were those words!

The result of that terrible day has passed into history, and the names and deeds of those who participated in that fearful struggle have become matters of record. There were none truer, braver, nobler, more patriotic, that day, than Colonel Elisha B. Smith. Temporarily in command of Weitzel's daring old Brigade, he fell at

its head mortally wounded, leading in the charge. He was carried upon a litter to the Brigade Hospital, in the woods, where with others he received all the attention it was possible to bestow.

To show his concern for his men, himself wounded unto death, a single instance is worthy of mention. Shortly after Colonel Smith, Captain Searles was brought into the hospital, terribly wounded in several places, the blood gushing from his mouth. He was placed upon the table, examined, and laid aside to die. Presently the Colonel inquired for Captain Searles. When told of his condition, and the probable result, he urged upon the Surgeon and Colonel Per Lee that he be brought back aud re-examined. It was done, and to-day the Captain acknowledges the saving of his life to his dying Colonel.

During the few days that intervened ere the lamp, flickering in its socket, was extinguished, Colonel Smith, perfectly aware of his situation, was as peaceful and serene as the ocean unruffled by a wave. He was comforted and sustained by the beautiful and inspiring thought, that though he and his brave comrades might perish, the Nation would still survive. His faith was stayed on God. He said that although he had never made a public profession of religion, although he had not lived in the popular acceptation the life of the devoted christian, he felt that he was sustained by the arm of Him "who doeth all things well."

A little past the hour of midnight, on the morning of the 19th, in the solemn wood, surrounded by his soldiers and a few personal friends, his spirit took its flight, and returned to God who gave it. His exit was calm and trustful—his end was peace. He fell asleep gently as a child, like one

> "Who wraps the drapery of his couch
> Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

His men shed tears of anguish when they thought that they should never look upon his like again in the flesh, but they were consoled in the cheering reflection that their loss was his gain, and that they might find him an inhabitant of that imperishable temple, secure from sieges, and conflicts, and war, into which death cannot intrude, and where life and bliss will be immortal and eternal. His body was taken to New Orleans, carefully encoffined and sent North, in charge of an officer, to be emtombed in his own native village, in the burial place of his fathers.

A telegram informed the people of Chenango valley that the steamer bearing the remains of Colonel Smith had arrived in New York. At Chenango Forks a delegation of citizens awaited the arrival of the body, to escort it to Norwich. As the mournful cortege moved up the valley, on Friday afternoon, July 10th, the road was lined with people, who with sad countenances and tearful eyes had ceased from their labors to view the sad spectacle. Both at Greene and Oxford the shops and stores were closed, and the whole population, with civic societies and fire companies, turned out in large processions, to escort the remains through their respective villages. The tolling of bells and the discharge of minute guns in both villages, added to the solemnity of the occasion. Early in the evening, the body, with its escort, reached the outskirts of Norwich. Church bells and deep-toned cannon summoned the people to join the procession that was conducting the remains into the town. Stores and shops were immediately closed, flags were lowered at half-mast, and everything gave evidence of the gloom that pervaded the breasts of the people.

The family had anticipated, ere long, a short visit from the husband, father and son. He came sooner than looked for, and in a very mysterious manner. He came, attended by a large retinue—not in the garb of a laurel-crowned conqueror, but decked in the insignia of mortality. He came, not the vigorous, active, living being who departed scarcely a year before, full of hope and of promise. Instead of the living hero, he returned upon his shield. In the mellow sun-light of departing day, the cortege halted before the door of his late residence, but no parent, companion or son entered the dwelling.

Amid the most expressive demonstrations of grief, the body was conveyed to the Court House, where it was laid in state in the centre of the hall. Here the coffin remained exposed to the gaze of throngs of tearful friends, till Sunday morning, when the last opportunity was given to pay their respects to the martyred soldier. Upon that day the people from every section of the County poured into the village, in carriages and on foot, to participate in the burial services. Two fire companies from Oxford, and one each from Sherburne and Smyrna, came to assist in the impressive ceremonies. Large number of Masons were also convened from Oxford, Greene, Sherburne and Hamilton, to pay their respects to a deceased brother. Before the services, the coffin was beautifully draped, and

gentle hands had adorned it with wreaths and flowers. Upon its top it bore the hat and sword of the deceased. Inscribed upon the coffin plate were these words :

Col. E. B. SMITH, 114th Reg't.
Wounded at Port Hudson,
June 14th;
Died the 19th, 1863,
Aged 46 years.

At 1 P. M., the remains were removed to the family residence, where short religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. Scoville. The funeral procession was then formed under the superintendence of George Rider, Esq., Marshal, on the part of the Masons, and Colonel Rhodes on the part of the citizens, the following gentlemen, citizens and Masons, acting as Pall Bearers : H. R. Mygatt, Rufus Chandler, T. J. Noyes, Walter M. Conkey, B. F. Rexford, P. B. Prindle, Ezra Hewitt, Warren Newton, Roswell Curtiss, Thomas Milner, W P. Noyes, J. W Weller, Edward Childs, C., M. Lewis N. E. Beals, M. Wicks, J. T. Brennan, J. G. Thompson, B. B. Andrews, Lee Talcott, N. P Wheeler, Daniel Cornell.

The vast procession moved to the public square, the hearse being draped with the American Flag, and the coffin fully exposed to view. A solemn and affecting prayer was offered by Rev. A. N. Benedict, and a hymn sung by the united choirs of Norwich, when the immense audience of five thousand people were feelingly addressed by the Rev. Samuel Scoville,-from the steps of the Court House. "He spoke of the virtues of the deceased, of the love and respect entertained for him in this community, of his gallant conduct in battle, of his honorable career as a soldier, of his social and public worth, of his christian character, of his anticipated return on a visit to his family during the present month, contrasting it with the solemn scene then before him, and feelingly alluded to that other occasion, less than a year since, when, prior to his departure, his friends, neighbors and follow-citizens assembled in nearly equal numbers, and in the same place, to present him with a war-horse and trappings, and to render honor to him as the living soldier instead of the dead hero." His theme was the sufferings and sacrifices of the Savior.

After the exercises upon the public square, the imposing procession re-formed, and moving to the solemn strains of music, minute

guns being fired, proceeded to the village cemetery. The body was committed to the earth, according to the beautiful and touching ceremonies of the Masonic ritual. Roswell K. Bourne, Esq., Master of the Norwich Lodge, read the impressive burial service. An appropriate and eloquent closing prayer was offered by Rev. William Searls, a member of the Order, in which he said:

"Here we stand by the grave of a son! The mother that cradled him in infancy, stands alone upon the hill of yore, waiting for the gleaners to gather her to that rest in Heaven. Here lies her son, stricken down in the high-noon of life. She had thought that his arms would in due time bear her to the grave, and place the dust *most carefully* on her aged breast. But to-day she weeps that those hopes have been dashed aside and her son—her noble son—is dead. Lord! may thy grace enable her to say 'Thy will be done.'

"We stand beside the grave of a husband. Here, in mourning, is his early love—the choice of his youth—the mother of his children. She has shared with him the joy and sorrow of life. Long and pleasant has been their journey; but it is now ended—though not their love, for love can never die. She gave him one year ago to the God of battles, and he fell in the thickest of the strife.

"We stand beside the grave of a father. Here are the children he so dearly loved. These tender plants, watered so often by the fathers tears, weep tears of keenest sorrow to-day. Temper the winds to these shorn lambs—thou God of the orphan and widow, hear our prayer, and bless these afflicted ones!

"We stand beside the grave of a patriot. These weeping thousands tell how dearly he was beloved, and how highly esteemed. These tell the great sacrifice he made, when he left the home and friends of his youth, in response to the call of his country. The riderless horse tells of his daring in the field; and this Fraternity, of which he was an honored member, tell of his generous deeds and noble heart."

In the beautiful valley with which his name is so intimately associated, we leave our valiant leader in the grave of the soldier. Around him the everlasting hills keep eternal guard, and the unwavering love of his stricken family watches with tender devotion his sacred dust. Cycles may roll their untiring rounds, generations may pass from the stage of action, the works of man may crumble and decay, but the name of Elisha B. Smith will still be revered and honored. His fame shall grow brighter and brighter, as history shall more fully do justice to his memory, and as remote posterity shall proudly repeat the traditions of these days.

"He was the noblest Roman of them all;
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, this was a man."

CAPTAIN CHARLES ELISHA TUCKER.

Charles Elisha Tucker was born in the village of La Porte, Indiana, July 22d, 1841. He was the second son of Rev. Silas Tucker, now of Logansport. His maternal parent was Maria D. Stow. The fact of his older brother having been removed by death at the age of eighteen months, had much to do with the formation of the character of Charles, as it led his parents to bestow a more careful attention upon his early culture, both mentally and morally.

Nature, however, had laid a good foundation for intellectual improvement, and no sooner had he learned to articulate, than it became a favorite pastime of his father to learn him to repeat portions of scripture; and at the early age of two years he would repeat, without being prompted, that gem of inspiration, the 19th Psalm, with an enthusiasm worthy of mature years. These exercises strengthened his memory, and cultivated in him a taste for the best literature, which proved of infinite value in after years. Having access to books at all times, he early formed an extensive acquaintance with the best English and German writers, and thus had in store a fund from which he was able to draw at will, both in conversation and declamation, in the pulpit or on the rostrum.

Preaching and holding meetings were favorite amusements when a mere child; and on one occasion, when only three years old, as he closed a discourse to a group of his mates, he said to them, "Come, now, let us go down to the lake, and I will baptize you all." When in his fifth year, he became exceedingly interested in reading "The Attractions of the Cross," by Dr. Spring, and would sit an hour at a time, attentively looking at a lithograph representation of the Crucifixion, and reading with the deepest emotion. When six years old, in the absence of his father, he requested the privilege of saying grace at the table, which he did with as much sincerity and devotion as an older person; but it was not until twelve years of age that he made a public profession of religion.

When quite young he commenced the studies of Latin and German, and could read both fluently at twelve. At fourteen he entered Knox College, at Galesburgh, Illinois, where he acquitted himself greatly to the satisfaction of his friends, and graduated with the honors of the College, a few days before he completed his eighteenth year, giving an oration pronounced by the Faculty the best ever

delivered by any student of that College. Till after he graduated, he had determined upon the law as a profession, though deeply impressed that it was his duty to enter the ministry, his father and all his father's brothers, five in number, being Baptist clergymen.

Whatever he engaged in, whether work, study or sport, absorbed for the time being all his energies. He was strong in his attachments, and his early friends were never forgetten or overlooked among the many and more sincere friendships of riper years. His filial affection was unbounded, and in the family he was all that the fondest parent could desire. Having been from childhood familiar with the current events of our political history, he was prepared to enter into the merits of the national struggle for the preservation of our liberty, with all the enthusiasm of his earnest nature. That he comprehended the emergency is evident from his several speeches, and particularly from his graduating oration, delivered in the summer of 1860. He came from Revolutionary sires. His grandfather Stow was in the war of 1812, and a younger brother, Alfred B. Tucker, in the late war, in the One Hundred and Forty-Second Indiana.

He was anxious to enter the contest from the outset, but his father could not consent to relinquish his favorite purpose, indulged in for years, to see him complete his preparation for future usefulness by graduating from the Theological Department of Madison University. That done, he at once entered upon the duty of enlisting men for the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment.* As the result of his labors in a good degree, Company G was recruited. He addressed war meetings in different localities, and his eloquence and the force of his logic, connected with his youthful appearance, attracted crowds of admirers wherever he went. Without going home to visit his parents, thinking he might obtain a leave when once in camp, he accompanied the boys to Baltimore, and subsequently to New Orleans. When in Louisiana, he was asked if he would not resign and come home, if the war did not close in the spring. His reply was: "I shall come home again, but by resignation, *never*."

That he was devotedly attached with a brotherly love to his men,

* He took with him several from the University—Underhill, Corbin, Sunny, Nichols, Beebe,—all of whom, but Underhill and Beebe, fell in the service, the latter now suffering from an open wound.

his letters to his parents and friends afford abundant proof. From the many, we have room but for a single extract. Under date of May 28th, 1863, from New Orleans, where he was for a short time on sick leave, he writes: "We start to-morrow. Our Regiment will be down some time in the night. You know, dear mother, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*' I cannot go without inconvenience just now, but Nichols says Corbin wants me, and the boys long and pray for the Captain to rejoin them. How I love those boys, and I will stand by them at any loss. Good-bye, mother. Good-bye, all. If I return, *all right*; if not, God save me, is all I ask. Aye, it is *heaven* in place of earth."

As an officer, Captain Tucker early acquired distinction. With a mind quick to comprehend and remember theoretical principles of military, he was not long in putting them in practice. With a deliberation and wisdom of an older person, he administered impartial discipline to the men under his charge. His highest ambition was to make his Company the best in the Regiment, and to this end he labored day and night in drilling and study. With a faithfulness exhibited by few, he judged that the Government owned all his time and energies. With a robust constitution, he endured marches and fatigues, and was seldom absent from his post of duty.

In the gray dawn of the bloody 14th of June, 1863, Captain Tucker was found at the head of his Company, ready to make the assault upon Port Hudson when the order should come. Before the work of carnage had scarcely commenced, a minnie ball pierced his breast, and he fell upon the ground, his heart pulsating his life's blood from the ghastly wound. As a comrade raised and supported his head, he faintly said: "Tell my parents I died fighting for my country. I had hoped to live to go home again, but seeing it is not so, I am proud to die in such a cause." In another instant the brave Captain was no more. Tenderly and tearfully his men removed his body to the rear, when it was encoffined and sent down the river for burial. In the Magnolia Cemetery at Baton Rouge, amid the serried graves of the soldiers of the Union, rests all that is mortal of the noble Tucker. A plain but neatly painted board, with this simple inscription, marks the spot:

Capt. CHAS. E. TUCKER.
Killed at Port Hudson,
June 14th, 1863.

The soft south winds will come to whisper fond requiems over his grave, and bring the wild flowers of that sunny clime to keep sweet vigils over the soldier's long rest.

This sketch would be incomplete without adding the following tribute to his memory, from the pen of the gifted B. F. Taylor:

"We are no sexagenarian. Nobody talks to us of the shining of the almond tree. The grasshopper is not a burden. Time is not dead, but busy with us all the while, in head, and heart, and hand. And yet we remember when, on the 22d of July, 1841, a boy was born in Laporte, Indiana, two hours' journey from the table where we are writing. We hoped he would live a man, if he lived at all, but we never dreamed he would die a hero.

"That boy was Charles E. Tucker, son of Rev. Silas Tucker, now at Logansport, Indiana. Childhood trod on the heels of manhood, and we saw him again in June, 1860, with the honors of College fresh upon his brow. One year ago this month, we were in the Chenango Valley, New York, and were climbing the grand old hills whereon Madison University lifts its venerable walls, when the roll of drums and the warble of fifes floated up from the distant village. "That is a Company just ready to march," said a friend. "Its Captain has just graduated in the Theological Department of the University. It is Charles E. Tucker!" And there was the boy again. We knew his career thus far; his talent, his genius, his learning, and now his loyalty. The soldier of the Cross had become a soldier of the Sword.

"He went in the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, with General Banks to New Orleans. In active service down to the days of Port Hudson, he was the same genial, eloquent, noble youth, beloved everywhere.

"Then next came Sunday morning, June 14th, 1863, that shall be named in history, by and by. The gallant assault had just been made, and the rising sun was just kindling the world into smiles, when on the very walls of Port Hudson, at the head of his men, sword in hand, Captain Charles E. Tucker fell. A bullet struck him in the breast, and his heart throbbed out its treasure for God and his native land, as freely as if it had only been love and not life.

"Ah, how rich we all are in this loyal North, in precious memories. So rich in heroes that one young Captain gone may not be much, but we *can* find places empty forever, to which this brave young Captain and his comrades were *everything*. The bullets fly far in these terrible times, and the names of the wounded—who shall record them? Fathers and Mothers everywhere, with your young Captains living and dead; though hearts may be dead, this land can never be bankrupt.

"Noble boy, brave Charles, gallant Captain, good-night.

"Give the dead soldier room,
But oh, seal not his tomb,
For he'll fall into ranks if you utter his name;
Sleep on, boy in blue,
And dream the dream through,
Good-night to thy form, but good-morn to thy fame."

CAPTAIN DANIEL C. KNOWLTON.

The subject of this sketch was born in the village of Cazenovia, New York, on the 6th of February, 1840. His parents were Edmund Knowlton and Caroline C. Parsons. His father, a native of Dartmouth, New Hampshire, came to Cazenovia in 1812, with Ebenezer Knowlton, the grandsire of Daniel. His great-grandfather was a sea captain, and left Salem, Massachusetts, with a cargo, in 1772, and was never heard of after. His mother was born in Sharon, Connecticut, and came to Cazenovia in 1818. His parents were married in 1822, and had four children, two sons and two daughters, none of whom are now living. Daniel was the youngest. Receiving a liberal education at the Oneida Conference Seminary, he entered a book and publishing house in his native place. With a reputation for integrity and ability, he remained in this employment for about two years.

From the very commencement of the national struggle, he felt continually impressed with the thought that it was his duty to enter the army. When, on the evening of July 26th, a spirited war meeting was held in Cazenovia, for the purpose of raising a company of volunteers, the youthful Knowlton could no longer resist the promptings of patriotism, and was among the very first to rise from his seat, press forward to the stand, and sign his name to the roll. It was a hard struggle for him to leave alone his aged father and mother, the comforts of home and the associations of boyhood, but after calm deliberation he had nerved himself for the trial, and when the decisive step had been taken, he felt happy in the consciousness of having done his duty. From that moment, he gave his most earnest efforts towards the cause he espoused. Some of the most important business relating to the recruiting of Company K, Captain Lake entrusted to him. Such was his popularity that he also drew many into the Company who otherwise would not have enlisted.

When the time came for the men to vote for their officers, they unanimously chose him as their First Lieutenant. But he was destined to remain but a short time even in this capacity. Colonel Smith was not long in perceiving that he possessed rare administrative abilities, and an uncommon military genius. Frequently the Colonel had been heard to remark that he considered Lieutenant

Knowlton one of the most promising officers of his Regiment. Soon after arriving in Louisiana, he was detached to command Company F, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Captain Colwell, and shortly after he was promoted Captain of Company D. Notwithstanding the higher rank and advanced pay of the position offered him, he was loth for some time to leave the Company in which he had enlisted, until his friends had urgently advised him by no means to refuse the generous compliment proffered by the Colonel. He remained in command of Company D, until his untimely death, and always on duty with it, save for a short time in the autumn of 1863, when he was sent North on recruiting service.

In the bivouac or on the march, he made himself a general favorite, by reason of his genial disposition and uniform good nature. He was always patient under difficulties; with equanimity he bore severe labors and fatigue; and never seemed annoyed with the petulance and fault-finding of his comrades. But it was in the heat and excitement of battle when his wonderful character excited more general admiration. No one could have been more cool, skillful, and deliberate than he was at the battle of Bisland, when Colonel Smith sent him forward to skirmish close to the enemy's works. No one could have been more brave and daring than he was at the assault upon Port Hudson, where, at the head of his Company, he urged his men forward by his gallant example, and pressed clear to the rebel parapet. No one could have earned so high a reputation as he did, in all the engagements of the Red River Campaign. No one could have have been so calm, yet so dignified, as he was at Winchester, where nearly all his men fell around him.

When the bloody morning of the 19th of October brought the sudden clamor of battle, Captain Knowlton was found standing quiet and dignified at the head of his Company. When the work of carnage commenced, he gave his orders slowly, in a low tone, and soothed the fears of his men by his smiling face and indifferent manner. Perceiving that without extraordinary exertions the battle was lost, he seized the gun and cartridge box of young Alfred Morse, who had been wounded near him, and commenced to load and fire with his men. While thus engaged, a merciless bullet struck him

full in the forehead, and falling forward upon his face, he unconsciously breathed out his soul without a struggle or a pang.

The biographer of General Lyon says that his mother was a Knowlton. The blood that coursed in the veins of the hero of Wilson's Creek, Missouri, and of Colonel Knowlton, of Revolutionary memory, ran in the veins of our young hero at Cedar Creek, Virginia. Shortly after the Captain fell, the Regiment was forced to retreat, and the rebels occupied the ground where lay his manly form. Late in the evening, when the victorious army drove the enemy from the field, his comrades recovered his body, and carefully interred it in a small enclosure, protected by a strong stone wall. A few days later, his remains were carried to Martinsburgh, where they were embalmed and sent forward to his native village. Cazenovia never saw a sadder day than when his body was brought home, and the whole population turned out in sorrowing masses to pay their last respects to the memory of him who had represented them so well in the army. Captain Fitts, an intimate friend of the deceased, wrote a touching tribute to his worth, which gives, in words better than the author can express, the general sentiment of the Regiment:

"Of the thirty line officers originally attached to the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, there was not one who more quickly made for himself a place in the hearts of his confreres than Captain (then First Lieutenant) Daniel C. Knowlton. His popularity was universal. An officer thoroughly versed in his duties, a genial companion, a high-toned, chivalrous gentleman, it was not strange that his claim to the affection and respect of all should be promptly recognized. At Bisland, at Port Hudson, on the Red River, and at Winchester, he gained the prond distinction of a brave, cool officer. The latter quality, indeed, had made his name almost proverbial in the Regiment. And now, at the last, he has been crowned with the soldier's martyrdom; the sun of that bloody morning had not arisen when he fell, in the very fore-front of the fight, and while loading and firing among his men. Unto the very last of earth, he was still the same in his self-devoting courage; and who shall say that the cause to which such precious life-blood is offered, is not holier for the sacrifice?

"There is no incompleteness in the record of such a life. The fullest measure of years, the ripest maturity of life, can never be approached by so triumphant a death as that of him who dies while battling with the rebellious enemies of his country, for her existence. 'He has fought a good fight—he has finished his work,' and, far beyond the toil, the danger and the pain of mortal wars, he sleeps in the sweet, eternal peace of God.

"The ardent sympathy of his brothers-in-arms is extended to his relatives and friends, in the mournful spirit of men who feel that they are sharers in the loss.

The winning, cheerful smile, the face of manly beauty, the graceful, soldierly form of Knowlton, are gone from among us, and irreparable indeed is the bereavement. Gallant soldier, faithful friend, dear companion—farewell, farewell!

"Close his eye—his work is done—
What to him is steel of foeman,
Rise of morn or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the daises or the snow—
What cares he?—he cannot know.
Lay him low!"

LIEUTENANT EDWARD ELIAS BREED.

The vigor and strength of youth just verging into manhood, a mind developed by good education, an ardent but steadfast devotion to country, and a courage as native to his heart as the stars to the firmament, were marked traits in the character of Lieutenant Breed. The contrary has too often been true, where the contingent remnant of a life ruined by vice, a constitution shattered by dissipation and hopes clouded with dishonor, have been offered as the last desperate venture, in a cause to which they gave no valuable aid, and in which death was little else than a choice of evils.

Lieutenant Breed was one of the best examples of a true soldier of the Union. Norwich, in Chenango County, was his birthplace; his parents, who still reside there, were William R. Breed and Marcia Caroline Packer; his paternal grandparents were Deacon Elias Breed and Elizabeth Randall, and his maternal, Captain James Packer and Mary Billings, all of whom were early settlers in Chenango County, from New England. The influences of a good home, in which loyalty and patriotism were native products, attendance upon the common school, and afterwards as a student at both the Norwich and Oxford Academies, entered largely into the preparation of our young hero for his mission of patriotism.

He enlisted August 6th, 1862, in Company A. A mother's fondness for her first born, as natural as it was honorable, for a time restrained his persistent purpose of patriotic service; but her aequiescence was at last given to his repeated importunities. A spirit impelled by such lofty courage, struggled to unite its destiny with that of its country, as naturally as the mountain stream tends to

the ocean. From this time forward, the hardships of the camp the fatigues of the march, the weary night-vigil, and the stern encounter of battle, elicited from him no murmur of discontent; ever cheerful and contented in the path which he had chosen, ever happy under the flag of his country. By diligent application he soon became versed in the rudiments of war, and at times expressed a desire and purpose to devote himself permanently to the military service of his country.

He was advanced to a Second Lieutenancy in August, 1863, transferred to Company H, of which he became First Lieutenant in October following. Lieutenant Breed was in action at Fort Bisland, took part in the assault upon Port Hudson, and shared the dangers and trials of the disastrous expedition to Red River.

In the summer of 1864, his Regiment was ordered to Virginia, and in the momentous battle at Winchester, in which the One Hundred and Fourteenth gained such deathless renown at the price of so many precious lives, he received a fatal wound while in command of his Company. After four color-bearers had fallen, snatching from the ground and waving on high the flag which had so long been the guide of his destiny and hopes, and which he could not see in dishonor, he received the fatal bullet, and sealed the life of a true soldier with the death of a true hero.

"Take for his fitting pall
The grand old flag in whose defence he fell,
The glorious banner which he loved so well,
And o'er his corse now let it gently fall."

He lived but a few hours, but long enough for him to testify, even with his latest breath, his undying devotion to his country. To Sergeant (then acting Lieutenant) Aylesworth, of his Company, who was also fatally wounded, he said: "Tell the people of Oxford I die for my country. I die just as I wanted to. I die perfectly happy." With a message to his distant friends, he calmly and placidly met his fate.

There is a grave in his native town, where thoughtful friends have laid to rest the casket of that young and heroic spirit, rescued from the wreck of battle. At that grave, future generations will learn to hate the great crime which called for such costly sacrifice, while they shall emulate that heroic devotion to the Republic which made its success impossible.

LIEUTENANT NORMAN MITCHELL LEWIS.

Norman M. Lewis, a native of Roxbury, Connecticut, was born on the 19th of November, 1833. His father, John Lewis, was of French descent; his mother, (Betsey Beardslee,) of English extraction. They removed from Roxbury to Morrisville, Madison County, in 1838. Norman learned the carpenter's trade in Morrisville, and attended school in the village. In the spring of 1856, a few months before the death of his father, he took up his residence in Norwich.

His father was in the war of 1812, at Sackett's Harbor. His grandfather Beardslee was in the war of Independence, leaving a widow many years a pensioner, who died in 1857, at the advanced age of one hundred years and six months.

When the cry came for more men, the "carpenter boy" left the plane upon the bench, to enter the army. He enlisted in Company C, under Captain Titus, and upon its organization was appointed First Sergeant. In August, 1863, he was promoted to Second, and in November following to First Lieutenant. He was wounded in the right arm at Sabine Cross Roads, and against his wishes, sent to New Orleans. Here he received thirty days' leave of absence, visited his friends in the North, and rejoined his Company at Morganza, La., two days before his leave expired.

Early in the morning of the 19th of October, 1864, on the line first formed after the night attack by the audacious Early, he was hit by a ball which badly fractured the right leg below the knee. He was left in the hands of the enemy till the field was retaken in the evening, when he was carried to a house near by. The next day he was taken to Newtown, and his leg amputated. The second day after the operation, he was removed to a hospital in Winchester. Private Frank Hyer, of his Company, who attended him to his death, wrote to the *Chenango Chronicle* as follows:

"He bid fair to get well. He got along so as to be able to sit in a chair and have his bed made, but some ten days previous to his death he took the chills and fever, and from them he never recovered. Gradually he kept growing thinner and weaker, his appetite was all gone, and his wound was painful. But never a murmur passed his lips—always pleasant and uncomplaining. He finally breathed his last twenty minutes before 6 o'clock on the evening of the 16th of November. He was in possession of his senses to the last, and was, I think, conscious that he was going to die. He told me the same afternoon what to do with his things after he was dead. Lieutenant Lewis was as brave a man as the One Hundred and Fourteenth could boast of."

Fearing his friends would worry about him, after his leg was amputated he wrote to them: "Do not be troubled on my account; the doctors say I can have a wooden leg, which will answer very well." Some time before, he wrote: "I shall be home again when the stars and stripes float over every rebel stronghold in Christendom." In another letter he said: "I shall never leave as long as there is an enemy to fight."

Captain Longwell characterized him as "a noble man, respected and beloved by all." Another member of his Company paid the following tribute:

"You will have learned before this of Lieutenant Lewis's death. In him we have lost one of the coolest and bravest officers in the Regiment. In him every one found a friend, no matter whether he was decked with shoulder-straps, or Sergeant's stripes, or was only in the humble garb of a private."

Surgeon Wagner, who visited him often after the injury, had his body embalmed and expressed to Mr. Hiram Lewis, of Morrisville. His funeral was attended from the residence of Mr. Romulus Lewis, brother of the deceased, the services being conducted by Rev. J. R. Lewis, Pastor of the Congregational Church.

The *Madison Observer* concluded a notice of the death of this gallant officer, in these words:

"He was a brave soldier and a good citizen, highly esteemed by his relatives and acquaintances, and his untimely fall is sincerely lamented by our whole community."

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM DELOS THURBER.

Among the first to enroll themselves in New Berlin, in the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, was William Delos Thurber, only son of Uziel Thurber of that town. His maternal parent was Julia Ann Bissel. He was born on the 27th of May, 1840. He had the benefit of an academic education, and learned the carpenter's trade in his native village. In 1861, he married Elizabeth C. Stafford, of Utica, by whom he had one child. His uncle, John Thurber, was in the war of 1812, and taken prisoner at Queenstown. Another uncle, Nathan U. Thurber, from Moundsville, Va., was Quartermaster in a Western Virginia Regiment, having one son in the rebel army. He had other relations in the late war, some of whom fell in the service.

Lieutenant Thurber for some time had been anxious to enter the service, and now that a favorable opportunity presented itself to enlist under his fellow townsman, Lieutenant Foote, he at once gave up the attractions and pleasant associations of an interesting family for the stern realities of a soldier's life. He enlisted August 7th, 1862, and did good service in obtaining recruits. Lieutenant Foote uniting with Captain Colwell to form a Company, young Thurber was appointed the first Orderly Sergeant of Company F, which position he filled in a manner calculated to do credit to himself and justice to his comrades. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant, but never mustered to that grade, just before the siege of Port Hudson, and near its close promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. He was in every battle and campaign in which the One Hundred and Fourteenth participated, and for his bravery and soldierly qualities bore an excellent reputation throughout.

About 5 o'clock of the 19th of October, when mortifying defeat had been turned into glorious success at Cedar Creek, a grape shot from one of our own guns struck him in the right thigh, wounding him mortally. At the time, he was Acting Adjutant of the Regiment. He was removed to Newtown, where he lingered, patiently enduring his sufferings, till the 25th of the month, when life's struggle was over. His body was embalmed and sent home for burial. His funeral was attended from the Congregational Church at New Berlin, and a large concourse of citizens and friends followed his remains to a soldier's grave.

"While the fir tree is green and the wind rolls a wave,
The tear-drops shall brighten the turf of the brave."

LIEUTENANT ISAAC BENNETT BURCH.

Isaac B. Burch, a native of New Berlin, New York, was born on the 4th of March, 1838. He was son of the late Russel B. Burch, M. D., for many years a respectable practitioner of that town. His maternal parent was Hannah C. Blakesley. He descended from Revolutionary ancestors. His grandfather, Isaac Burch, was an officer in the war of 1812. He had several relatives in the late war, one of whom, Joseph Burch, from a private attained the rank of Major, and for upwards of a year was Provost Marshal at Chattanooga.

Isaac obtained a good business education in the common school, and at the Academy in his native village. When quite young, he commenced the printer's trade with Mr. Galpin, of the *Oxford Times*. Sickness for a season compelling him to relinquish his chosen pursuit, we next find him prosecuting his favorite calling with Mr. Fox, in the office of the New Berlin *Pioneer*. In the summer of 1857, he commenced work for Messrs. Hubbard & Sinclair, of the *Chenango Union*, and with the exception of an interval of a few months, was employed in that office until his enlistment, a period of some five years.

He was among the first that enlisted under Captain Bockee, and immediately entered the recruiting service. For a number of months he faithfully performed, and with conceded ability, the exacting duties of Regimental Clerk. In June of 1863, he was promoted to First Sergeant, and in November following to the post of Second Lieutenant. In August, 1864, he was commissioned First Lieutenant, and in the absence of his Captain, was frequently in charge of his Company. He commanded it throughout the Red River Campaign. At Opequan a ball passed through his cap, barely missing his head. Leading his men in the charge at Cedar Creek, he fell mortally wounded, shot with a minnie ball through the left lung. Lieutenant St. John led him a short distance from the field, to whom he composedly said, "I am afraid this is mortal." He lost much blood, and soon became insensible to pain, which led him to think he might recover. When told by Lieutenant Allis, he could not live, he seemed resigned to his fate, simply remarking: "Very good; it is all right." With a mind unclouded by the near approach of death, fully comprehending his situation, he patiently, even cheerfully, awaited his doom. He directed his watch and ring to be sent to his mother, and gave a dying message to his family and friends. He lived some twenty-four hours.

Lieutenant Burch was not easily disconcerted or ruffled in temper, was ever attentive to his duties, and possessed in a noticeable degree the elements of a true soldier. He was passionately fond of travel, and a close observer of passing events. Many of his letters home contained graphic accounts of the country and scenes through which the Regiment passed, evincing more than ordinary observation and rare descriptive powers.

The *Chenango Union*, in an article touching his services and death, thus fittingly remarked:

"He was amiable, intelligent and honest; an excellent companion; a true friend; generous and warm-hearted toward all around him; and in all respects one to excite the love and repect of his fellow men. We deeply deplore his fate."

From the *Freeman's Journal,* of Cooperstown, we extract the following tribute:

"The Army has lost a brave officer, a widowed mother a dutiful son, and a circle of brothers and sisters has had torn from it one for whom society at large had no word but of praise."

His body was consigned to its last resting place in the family burial ground at New Berlin. That little mound shall be a consecrated shrine, which he who loves his country and rejoices over its deliverance shall never visit but with reverence.

"In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
For having perished in the front of war."

LIEUTENANT GEORGE T. DONNELLY.

Without being permitted to meet the enemy of his country in the contested field, with a loyalty that manifested itself in deeds, with a courage that would have given him a place in the foremost ranks, the subject of this brief memoir, from a distressing casualty, was early called from the service. Lieutenant Donnelly, a son of Polley and Joshua Donnelly, was born in Rochester, New York, August 20th, 1824.

After receiving a good common school education, at the Delaware Literary Institute, he made still higher attainments, and best of all, acquired a well disciplined mind. In 1850 he married Susan Weed, of North Franklin, and had two children. His grandfather, Peleg Miller, was a soldier in the Continental army. He had a relative named Donnelly, who was severely, if not mortally wounded at Cedar Mountain, in command of a New York Regiment, which fought most gallantly. He was connected to the Hon. Eliakin Sherrill, formerly a member of Congress from the Ulster District, and once State Senator, who took the One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth New York into the service. Colonel Sherrill was badly wounded at Harper's Ferry, and killed at Gettysburg.

When recruits were needed to replenish the shattered ranks of the patriot army, Lieutenant Donnelly was following his chosen

vocation, as a Minister of the Gospel, in charge of the Baptist Church at Afton, Chenango County. With a patriotism worthy of his Revolutionary grandsire, with a faith which declared itself in works, he exchanged the pulpit and the robes of a messenger of peace, for the rostrum and the field, and "dared to lead where others dared to follow." His example and efforts induced numbers in Afton and vicinity to enlist with him in Captain Macdonald's Company. Upon the organization of Company E, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, and November following, upon the promotion of Lieutenant Dederer to the Captaincy, he was advanced to First Lieutenant, but from some unaccountable reason was never mustered to that grade.

Always ready when called for, on the evening of March 20th, while the Regiment was at Brashear, he was ordered with a squad of men, to the railroad depot, to do guard duty. While walking about the depot, in the darkness, he received a fall, which produced a severe internal injury. For some time it was feared he would never rally from the shock, but partially recovering, he lingered with intense suffering, which he bore with Christian fortitude, till April 27th, when death kindly came to his relief.

"As weary, worn-out winds expire,
Or night-dews fall gently to the ground,
So calm his exit."

Lieutenant Donnelly seemed to have a proper motive in all he did, and acted purely from principle. Hon. S. F. Miller, late Congressman from the Chenango District, who was his cousin, writes of him as follows: "I knew him intimately for more than twenty years. He was a generous, brave, noble, upright man. He went into the army from principle, and freely gave his life that the country might live. The history of such men should be preserved."

He sleeps entombed with his compatriots, alongside the noble Ballou and others, on the far off banks of the Atchafalaya. A simple board, on which is carved his name and date of death, marks the spot where he lies. Remote old grave-yard at Brashear, lying though it does amidst historic scenes, was never such a hallowed spot as now, that there is consigned to its keeping the ashes of those so gallant and so true. It is henceforth consecrated ground, that can never be desecrated.

LIEUTENANT JAMES EDWIN GILBERT.

James Edwin Gilbert brought to the service of his country qualities which most adorn the citizen, and at the same time are the only sure foundation of success in the soldier; a constitution free from the enervating effects of early dissipation; self reliance, the natural result of self dependence; a good education, obtained by a severe and honorable strife with difficulties which opposed themselves; and the promise of a future of success and usefulness to himself and others.

Lieutenant Gilbert was born in Guilford, Chenango County, July 7th, 1839, and was the son of Orlando S. and Dorcas Gilbert. An elder brother, Lamont, was also in the service, and was First Lieutenant of Company G, First Minnesota Heavy Artillery. If his early home did not afford the advantages and luxuries which wealth bestows, it offered him blessings which wealth cannot buy, the influences of virtue and Christian morality inculcated by parental precept and example, and the necessity for self-exertion cheerfully accepted at his hands, and manfully put into practice in his life. It was in such a home that he was taught that loyalty to country was only second to loyalty to God, and that patriotism is the necessary development of a truly Christian character.

His boyhood was divided between the labors of the farm and attendance upon the common school; at eighteen he assumed the duties of a teacher; subsequently was a student at both the Norwich and Oxford Academies, and a teacher of public and select schools. For a year previous to his enlistment, he was in charge of a select school at Bainbridge, where success and the increasing confidence of numerous patrons, and the respect and love of his scholars, attended him to the last. But at the call of his country he relinquished all, and exchanged the duties of the school room for the tactics of war. He enrolled himself as a member of Company A, July 23d, 1862, and was commissioned its Second Lieutenant, September 3d. A sword, sash and belt, the gift of his Company, testified their esteem for him as an officer, and he bore them with honor to his death. He went to Louisiana with his Regiment, and fell a victim to typhoid fever, at Brashear City, February 16th, 1863. The officers of the One Hundred and Fourteenth adopted resolutions which well and fitly expressed their sorrow for the loss of a beloved and valued comrade.

Resolved, That we learn with unfeigned sorrow, the decease of Second Lieutenant James E. Gilbert, of Company A, of this Regiment: a brother officer with whom a military connection of five months has impressed us with his many good qualities of head and heart, and with his genial, yet manly nature.

Resolved, That in this, the first solemn occasion of this character in this Regiment, we recognize with deep humility the mysterious working of that Providence whose ways are truly 'unsearchable, and past finding out;' and we bow in sad assent to the edict which has called from us a companion and a friend.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved parents and relatives of Lieutenant Gilbert, our heartiest sympathy and condolence; and would remind them that they have given up their dead to his country, and that he was stricken down while in the ranks of its defenders.

Lieutenant Gilbert was one whom to see was to trust. His was a character which the associations of war and the contact of the camp purified and strengthened, but could not corrupt nor destroy.

Faithful friends gathered the ashes of the lamented dead, and sent them to his stricken family for burial. In his native town, on the 13th of March, 1863, the last sad honors were paid at his grave. Warm tears of sorrow moistened that soldier-grave; but they were tears without reproach, sorrow without a blush of shame. Well and nobly had he borne his burden. He had given his life to his country. He could not have done more had his years been extended to three score and ten. The thoughtful care of neighbors and friends for his momory, has already been testified by a monument at his grave, and a plain shaft points heavenward to the home of the Christian Patriot.

CAPTAIN JAMES FLOYD THOMPSON.

Although the subjects of this and the following sketch died after their connection with the One Hundred and Fourteenth, brief memorials properly come within the scope of this work.

J. Floyd Thompson, the only son of Elihu Thompson, was born in Otselic, New York, in April, 1834. His father was a native of Burlington, Otsego County, being born in 1810. His mother, whose maiden name was Lucy Ann Johnson, a native of Chatham, Connecticut, came to Burlington in 1816, when but four years old. The parents of Floyd moved to Otselic about the year 1830. For some years before the war, the son was engaged in mercantile pursuits in his native town. In January, 1861, he married Addie, daughter of Colonel D. B. Wakeley, of Pitcher.

On the 4th of August, 1862, Captain Thompson received authorization papers to recruit a Company, which, by the aid of energetic citizens and the volunteers themselves, was filled and mustered on the 14th. He held the position of Quartermaster on the Regimental staff till the spring of 1863, when disability compelled him to resign. Recovering from his illness, he enlisted a Company for the Twenty-Second New York Cavalry, which was known as Company L. His commission as Captain of Cavalry bears date September 22d, 1863. While on duty with his Regiment, in the vicinity of Norfolk, Va., he was attacked with a fever, which terminated his life on the 5th of July 1864.

Generous almost-to a fault, social in his nature, warm in his attachments, he possessed in an eminent degree the elements of popularity, and had a host of admirers and friends. He rests secure from the trials and conflicts of earth, in the cemetery of his own native village, while his comrades will cherish his memory, and the hands of affection keep green the turf over his grave.

ASSISTANT SURGEON HENRY G. BEARDSLEY.

Dr. Beardsley was born in New Fairfield, Connecticut, in February, 1805. He had three brothers all older than himself. The blood of the patriots of '76 ran in the veins of these sons, their paternal and maternal grandfathers, Phineas Beardsley and Stephen Gregory, serving as officers throughout the first struggle for Independance. The father of the Doctor, Obadiah Beardsley, removed to Oneida County, about the year 1808.

Henry alternately taught school and prosecuted his studies, thus acquiring, not only a thorough medical education, but a fair advancement in the field of letters, and a well disciplined mind. He graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the Western District of New York, in the spring of 1832, and commenced practice in Hamilton, N. Y. For some time he was a partner of the celebrated Dr. Havens, Sr., late deceased. He was once or more elected President of the Madison County Medical Society, and held the position of Postmaster for nearly two terms. Several times the office of School Superintendent was conferred upon him by the citizens of Hamilton. About the year 1830, he became connected

with the military of the State, and subsequently held the commissions of Captain, Major and Lieutenant Colonel. Democratic in his views, he obtained some reputation as a political writer, and produced some very respectable scientific and literary papers.

Joining the Regiment at its organization, he remained a faithful officer till his discharge the service, in March of 1863, from an injury received by a fall from a railroad bridge at La Fafourche, in January before. He was temporarily assigned to duty with a Maryland Regiment at Baltimore, and in transit to New Orleans, was in charge of the three Companies that sailed upon the *Arago*. After his return North, he improved somewhat, but soon went into a decline. Hoping the change might be beneficial, he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., in the fall of 1865. The bracing sea air failed to invigorate his feeble frame, and he died a consumptive, in December, 1865.

Intimately associated with the deceased, and knowing him well, it affords us a melancholy pleasure to pay this poor tribute to so much worth. Our deceased friend and brother seemed most completely to regulate his conduct by the strictest rules of honor. Affable to all, genial and social in his disposition, hospitable in his feelings and conduct, true and generous to his friends, just and forgiving to his enemies, kind and devoted to his family, skilled in his profession, he combined in himself all the attributes and qualities which distinguish the character of a Christian gentleman.

DWIGHT PARCE.

While there are perhaps but few among Army Sutlers whose acts entitle them to favorable consideration, we are happy to record an honorable exception in the person of him whose name heads this brief notice. An honest man, a worthy citizen, a kind and obliging neighbor at home, his contact with the army did not affect his honesty, or dry up the generous impulses of his nature.

Dwight Parce, son of Justus and Betsey E. Parce, was born in Pitcher, N. Y., in June, 1821. His wife was a daughter of the late Samuel Freeman, of Pitcher, by whom he left four children. Many years since he removed to Norwich; and at the time he joined his fortunes with the Regiment, at its organization, he was profitably engaged in the confectionery business.

In addition to the ordinary duties of Sutler, he kept, with the assistance of Mr. Wells Ufford, a boarding hall for the officers at Baltimore, and a hotel at Brashear City. When this place was captured, June 23d, 1863, Mr. Parce was taken prisoner. He was quite unwell at the time, and had but just returned from New Orleans. He was in the rebel hospital from his capture till the 4th of July. On the 14th, some fifteen or twenty of the captives, including Mr. Parce and other citizen prisoners, Colonel Nott, of the One Hundred and Seventh-Sixth N. Y., and several officers of his Regiment, were started under guard to Houston, Texas. One lady, (Mrs. Stratton,) whose husband was captured on a government plantation, was of the party. A clumsy army wagon, drawn by four mules, completed the train, which was in charge of a good-natured Texan Lieutenant. They went over-land to Niblett's Bluff, on the Sabine River; from thence by steam-boat to Beaumont; then by rail to Houston, which was reached on the 28th of July. They arrived at Camp Groce on the 1st of August. For two months Mr. Parce, who was suffering from chronic dysentery and occasional chills, alternated between better and worse. From the 1st of October he gradually grew weaker, though still keeping up the best of spirits. Said Colonel Nott, in his "Sketches in Prison Camps": "His strength waned, but his placid cheerfulness was still undisturbed."

On the evening of the 23d of October he breathed his last. While all the prisoners were kind in deed and in heart, and cheerfully did what they could for his relief, there was one who early became his intimate friend, and most faithfully and devotedly watched over the dying embers till the last spark had gone out. His name was C. G. Knowlton. Before leaving Brashear, each pledged himself to stand by the other till their death or release. Colonel Nott, in a letter to Mrs. Parce, announcing her husband's death, remarked: "A stranger to Mr. Parce until our capture, I soon learned to appreciate his worth, and shall always deeply deplore his loss."

Thoughtful friends have recently gathered up his ashes, and most tenderly brought them from that far-off land, and carefully placed them near the home of his childhood, among the graves of his kindred.

II.

REGISTER,

CONTAINING THE NAME, RANK, AND MILITARY RECORD OF EVERY MAN WHO WAS EVER CONNECTED WITH THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH REGIMENT N. Y. STATE VOLS.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel Elisha B. Smith—Commissioned Colonel upon the organization of the Regt. Wounded in fifth dorsal vertebrae, in the assault upon Port Hudson, June 14, '63; from the effects of which he died five days afterwards. For further particulars, see pages 18, 206, 214 and 507.

Colonel Samuel R. Per Lee—Appointed Adjutant and Quartermaster by the Governor of New York, during the formation of the Regt. At its completion he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, which position he held until the death of Colonel Smith, when he was promoted on the 19th of June, to be full Colonel, in which capacity he served till the close of the war. In the summer of '63, he was in command of the post of Brashear City, and on several occasions he has had temporary command of a Brigade. He was seriously wounded in the neck, in the battle of Opequan, with a minnie ball, also in the side, with the fragment of a shell. Since leaving the service, he has received the honorary rank of Brevet Brigadier General, for his "gallant and meritorious service during the war." (See page 21.)

Lieutenant Colonel Henry B. Morse.—This officer recruited Co. D, and entered the service as its Captain. Within five days after the formation of the Regt., he was promoted Major. When a vacancy in the Lieutenant Colonelcy was caused by the promotion of Colonel Per Lee, he was advanced to that grade, with rank from Aug. 26, '63. He was at one time in command of a Brigade, and was also detached on the Board of Prison Inspectors, Dept. of the Gulf, and again as Acting Chief Quartermaster 19th Corps. He was wounded in the ankle at Port Hudson, and in the arm at Sabine Cross Roads.

Major Oscar H. Curtis—Entered the service as Captain of Co. A. When Major Morse was advanced, he was promoted Major, with rank from Aug. 26, '63. He participated in all the battles of the Regt., and happily escaped without wounds.

He has beeu detached at different times as Judge Advocate of a Court Martial and of a Military Commission, and once he was placed iu charge of the artillery and transportation of the 2d Div. 19th Corps.

Surgeon Levi P. Waguer—Commissioned full Surgeou on the organizatiou of the Regiment. After the battle of Opequan, till the following spring, he was in charge of the Depot Field Hospital at Winchester, Va. Afterwards he was detached as Medical Inspector, Mid. Mil. Div., on the staff of General Hancock, in which capacity he served till his muster-out.

Assistant Surgeon Henry G. Beardsley—Examined and commissioned upon the formation of the Regt. He resigued his commission March 28, '63. He died of consumptiou iu Dec. '65. (See page 531.)

Assistant Surgeou Harris H. Beecher—Joined the Regt. at its orgauization. At Fortress Monroe placed iu charge of a transport *en route* to New Orleans. Detached for a short time with the 128th N. Y. After the battle of Bisland, sent back with wouuded to Brashear City, and just before its capture removed hospital to New Orleaus. Subsequently, by order of Geueral Bauks, placed on duty in Marine U. S. Gen'l Hospital. Rejoined Regt. ou Red River Campaigu, and remained with it afterwards.

Assistant Surgeon Charles W. Crarey—Was commissioned Aug. 26, '63, to fill the vacaucy caused by the resignation of Assistant Surgeon Beardsley. Before this he had been a Captain in the Army of the Potomac. In Oct. of '64, he resigned his commission in the 114th, to accept the position of Surgeon in 185th N. Y. V.

Adjutaut James F. Fitts.—Before the 114th was raised, this officer was a Battalion Adjutant in the 10th N. Y. Cavalry. Being mustered out of the service, he was immediately re-commissioned Adjutant, and assigned to the 114th N. Y. V Jan. 8, '63, he was promoted Captain of Co. F, in place of Captain Colwell, resigned. He participated iu all the campaigns of the Regt., and was wounded in the abdomen at Port Hudsou, and slightly injured in the battle of Opequan. He was detached at different places and times in the several capacities of Judge Advocate and Assistant Commissary of Musters of Div. and Corps.

Adjutant Charles W. Underhill—Entered the service as 1st Lieutenant of Co. G. Was promoted Adjutant, Jan. 8, '63, vice Fitts, promoted. Promoted Captain of Co. G, June 14, '63, vice Tucker, killed. Was detached as member of Courts Martial ou three different occasions. Has been upon the staffs of Generals Dwight and Auger, as Judge Advocate. Taken prisouer at the battle of Cedar Creek, and confined at Richmond and Danville, four months before exchanged.

Adjutant Elias P. Pellet—Originally entered the service in April, '61, in the 17th N. Y. Subsequently made 2d Lieuteuant. Severe physical disability caused his resignation, and he was honorably discharged in October of the same year. Re-entered service as 2d Lieutenant of Co. I. Promoted Adjutant, June 14, '63 Promoted Captain of Co. E, July 1, '64. Detached as Assistant Commissary of Musters on the staffs of Generals Dwight, Emory and Auger. Since his muster-out he has been brevetted Major. He has also written and published a valuable History, embracing the services of his Regiment.

Adjutant Adelbert F. Coope—Entered the Regt. as private in Co. K. In the summer of '63 he was promoted Corporal. Soon afterwards he was detailed as Regimental Clerk. When Adjutant Pellet was promoted, he succeeded him in

the Adjutant's position, and served in this capacity till the end the war. He lost a finger in the battle of Opequan.

Quarter Master J. Floyd Thompson—Was at first Captain of Co. I, but immediately after the Regt. was full, appointed Quarter Master. In Feb., '63, he resigned his commission. (See page 530)

Quarter Master Adrian Foote—Was at the organization of the Regt. 1st Lieutenant of Co. F. When Quarter Master Thompson resigned, he was promoted to fill his place, March 28, '63. He was detached as Acting Chief Quarter Master of a Brigade and Division, and staff Quarter Master of a Department. He also served for a long time as Aid-de-Camp to General Dwight. Since his muster-out he has been commissioned Assistant Quarter Master by the President, and brevetted Major.

Chaplain Henry Callahan—Was the first Chaplain of the Regt. Resigned for disability, Sept. 19, '63.

Chaplain William M. Robinson—Was appointed to fill vacancy, Dec. 1, '64. Was mustered out with the Regt.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major Elijah St. John—Enlisted as private in Co. G, but was immediately appointed Sergeant Major. Sept. 5, '63, he was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of Co. K, where he served till the end of the war. He was for a time detailed on a Court Martial.

Sergeant Major Charles J. Biggs—Enlisted as a private in Co. C, but was soon promoted Corporal, and then Sergeant. Oct. 1, '63, he was appointed Sergeant Major, vice St. John. Dec. 9, '64, he was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of Co. I, and in this grade was mustered out of service.

Sergeant Major Edward E. Hunt—Entered the Regt. as Corporal of Co. K. July 1, '63, he was promoted 1st Sergeant in same Company. Appointed Sergeant Major, Feb. 5, '65, vice Biggs.

Hospital Steward Ebenezer McClintock—Enlisted as private in Co. C. Upon the starting out of the Regt. he was made Hospital Steward. He was discharged for disability, March 15, '63. Afterwards commissioned Assistant Surgeon 175th N. Y. V., and again as Assistant Surgeon U. S. Vols.

Hospital Steward Joseph H. Skillman—Enlisted and served as private in Co. E. until March, '63, when he was promoted Hospital Steward, vice McClintock. He served but a short time afterwards, for he was discharged for disability, July 1, '63.

Hospital Steward Lewis L. Weed—Served as a private in Co. K, until his promotion to Hospital Steward, vice Skillman, July 1, '63. In this grade he was mustered out of service.

Quarter Master Sergeant Augustus P. Clarke—Entered the Regt. as private in Co. G, but was immediately appointed Quarter Master Sergeant. He was discharged for promotion, Sept. 14, '63, and commissioned Captain in 98th Regt. U. S. C. Infantry. Afterwards promoted Major, when he resigned, May 12, '65.

Qua rter Master Sergeant Albert Sumner—Enlisted in Co. B, as a private. Soon afterwards appointed Corporal. Promoted Quarter Master Sergeant, Nov. 1, '63, and was thus mustered out with the Regt.

Commissary Sergeant George E. Hawley—Enlisted as Corporal in Co. B. When the Regt. was organized he was made Commissary Sergeant. Discharged for disability, Aug. 4, '63.

Commissary Sergeant Adrian L. Watson—Joined the Regt. as private in Co. B, and in a few months was made Corporal. Sept. 1, 63, he was promoted Commissary Sergeant, vice Hawley. Discharged for disability, Aug. 4, '64.

Commissary Sergeant George Teed—Enlisted in Co. H, as wagoner. Dec. 1, '64, he was promoted Commissary Sergeant, vice Watson, and mustered out with the Regt. Was a long time detached as pilot on *Southern Merchant*.

Principal Musician Charles W. Dain—Enlisted as musician in Co. B. He was appointed to the above grade June 30, '63, and remained such to the end of the war.

COMPANY A.

Captain Oscar H. Curtis—Promoted to Major, Aug. 26, '63. (See page 534.)

Captain Daniel W. Turner—Was originally a Sergeant in Co. A. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Southworth, June 1, '63. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, vice Gilbert, April 12, '63. Promoted Captain, vice Curtis, June 19, '63. Wounded through both hips at the battle of Opequan. Hit by four balls within a few minutes. In the winter of '64 he was placed on duty in Camp Distribution, Harper's Ferry, Va.

First Lieutenant Samuel S. Stafford—Was wounded in the leg during the siege of Port Hudson, in a reconnoissance, the 11th of June, '63, from the effects of which he was discharged, July 8, '63. He was for over a month detached on a Court Martial.

First Lieutenant Lucius Crumb—Entered service as Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, April 9, '63. Received a 2d Lieutenant's commission Nov. 15, '63, but failed to be mustered. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, July 10, '64. Was detached in the spring of '65, in charge of a passenger train on the Potomac and Winchester Railroad. Wounded in hip at Opequan.

Second Lieutenat James E. Gilbert—Joined the Regt. in the above capacity. Died of fever, Feb. 16, '63. (See page 529.)

First Sergeant Austin S. Southworth—Was originally an Orderly Sergeant. Discharged for disability, June 1, '63. Re-enlisted as private, Jan. 1, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 1, '65. Wounded at Cedar Creek, in the foot.

First Sergeant Joseph G. Washburn—He was at first a Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant, May 17, '63. Wounded in arm, thigh and shoulder, at Opequan. Mortally wounded at Cedar Creek, and died within twelve hours. The memory of this brave and accomplished soldier is cherished. He was buried alongside of his companions, Green and Mason, from his own native village of Oxford, who fell on the same field.

First Sergeant Elijah R. Snell—Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Washburn, Oct. 19, '64. Wounded slightly at Cedar Creek.

Sergeant Edward E. Breed—Originally a Corporal, but was promoted Sergeant, April 9, '63. Discharged to receive promotion as 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 63, and assigned to Co. H. Promoted 1st Lieutenant in the last named Co., Oct., '63. Killed at Opeqnan. (See page 521.)

Sergeant Samnel A. Delavan—Discharged Sept. 19, '64. Detailed on recruiting service, and with Ambulance Corps.

Sergeant Frederick Honshu—Promoted Corporal, Oct., '62. Promoted Sergeant, Nov. 1, '64.

Sergeant Joseph H. Pearsall—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 1, '63, at Fortress Monroe.

Sergeant Lyman C. Redfield—Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, March 1, '65. Slightly wonnded at Pleasant Hill and Opequan.

Sergeant Elmore Sharp—Promoted from private to Sergeant, Oct. 19, '64. Slightly wounded at Port Hudson and Sabine Cross Roads; also wounded while on picket near Strasburg, Va.

Sergeaut Frederick B. Skinner—Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, Sept. 1, '63. Killed at Cedar Creek. He was in all the battles up to his death, and was an excellent soldier.

Sergeant Charles W. Slawson—Promoted Sergeant, Nov. 1, '63. Wounded seriously at Cedar Creek. Mustered out in hospital.

Corporal Thomas Breed—Fell out while on the march near Leesburg, Va., July 22, '64, and has never been heard from since. Supposed to have been captured by guerrillas, and executed. He bore the reputation of a good soldier. Later. Since the above was written, it is rumored he is still alive somewhere in the West.

Corporal George H. Burgess—Mustered out in hospital.

Corporal Frederick J. Church—Died of fever at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, Feb. 14, '63.

Corporal Charles B. Dudley—Promoted Corporal, July 1, '64. Severely wounded at Opequan, and mustered out in hospital.

Corporal John F. Isbell—Promoted Corporal, March 1, '65.

Corporal George S. Peck—Promoted Corporal, Aug. 1, '63. Wounded at Bisland, in scalp.

Corporal John H. Prince—Promoted Corporal, March 1, '65.

Corporal Martin V. B. Rogers—Discharged for disability, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, Jnne 27, '63.

Corporal James E. Smith—Mortally wounded at Opequan, by a shell aud two bullets. He died in a few hours. A brave soldier.

Corporal Charles S. Thompson—Promoted Corporal Sept. 1, '64. Detailed for several months at H'd Q'rs Mid. Mil. Div.

Musicial Henry L. Isbell—Discharged at Franklin, La., March 10, '64, from effects of wounds received at Port Hudson, while carrying wounded comrades. Afterwards re-enlisted in the 90th N. Y.

Vincent L. Adams—Wounded in left fore-arm, at Opequan.

Albert Avery—A recruit, enlisting Aug. 31, '64. Three days after he joined the Regt., he was seriously wounded at Cedar Creek, in left side, from the effect of which he died Dec. 13, '64, at Winchester, Va.

George J. Barber—Mustered out in hospital.

George M. Barrows—Wounded in left ankle, at Opequan. Mustered out in hospital.

Mancel Barrows—In all the battles, and never wounded.

Oscar Bennett—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Deposit, N. Y., on his way home on a furlough, Oct. 20, '64. He expired on platform of depot, after being removed from the cars.

Luman Bentley—Instantly killed at Pleasant Hill.

John C. Bliven—Transferred to V. R. C., may 1, '64.

Merritt Bolt—Discharged for disability, June 22, '63, at Brashear.

Henry Bowers—Detailed for some time in Commissary Dept.

Perry Bowers—Died of disease at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, Oct. 28, '63.

Chauncey A. Bradley—Wounded in shoulder at Opequan, severely.

Addison A. Bush—Died of diptheria, at Fortress Monroe, Dec. 21, '62.

Jeremiah Calvert—Discharged for heart disease, May 10, '64.

Bailey Cartwright—Detailed for nearly year at H'd Q'rs Mid. Mil. Div.

Henry C. Copley—A recruit, enlisting Aug. 31, '64.

David Coughlin—Detailed in hospital at Frederic, Md., from Sept. 15, '64, till muster-out.

Edward C. Coville—Discharged at Armory Square Hospital, Washington, D. C., May 15, '65.

Henry A. Crumb—Always on duty with the Regt.

George A. Decker—Wounded at Opequan; three days after recovery, he was killed at Cedar Creek.

Ira W. Dibble—For a time detailed as baker at Martinsburg, Va

Henry Driggs—Died at New Orleans, July 30, '64, of chronic diarrhea.

Waterman Ensworth—Died at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, June 15, '63, of chronic diarrhea. Lost a finger at Bisland.

Oliver Ferris—A recruit, enlisting Sept. 1, '64.

Hugh Gaffeney—Discharged for disability, May 18, '65, at McKim's Hospital, Baltimore. Wounded in right thigh at Opequan.

Michael Gaffeney—Enlisted Sept. 3, '64. Died Nov. 9, '64, at Philadelphia, of wounds in left ankle, received at Cedar Creek. He did duty only three days.

Scott Gilbert—Discharged for disability, at New York, June 9, '63.

Andrew Grobert—Never absent from duty.

Albert H. Hart—Died of consumption, at New Milford, Pa. March 25, '65.

Thomas P. Hatton—Transferred to V. R. C., April 10, '64.

Leroy N. Havens—Shot in temple, at Cedar Creek, and instantly killed.

James Hayes—Wounded in cheek, at Cedar Creek.

Ausel Holmes—Died of diptheria and fever, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Feb. 8, '63.

Asa Holmes—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, Nov. 1, '63.

William Jobman—Died of chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, June 27, '63.

John E. Johnson—Discharged Feb. 3, '64, by reason of St. Vitus' dance, produced by the near explosion of shell, which shattered his gun and prostrated his nervous system.

William C. Jones—Sick in hospital a year at a time.

William A. Landon—Transferred to V R. C., April 10, '64.

Alexander Leach—Died of chronic diarrhea, Nov. 16, '63, at New Orleans.

George A. Mallory—Wounded in mouth, at Port Hudson, from the effect of which he was discharged at Franklin, La., Feb. 15, '64.

James A. Manley—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Baton Rouge, La., July 31, '63.

Lorson D. Merrill—Instantly killed at Opequan.

Jacob Morgan—A recruit, enlisted Sept. 2, '64. Discharged for disability, May 18, '65.

William O. Nash—A faithful soldier.

James K. Nevel—Died of fever, at Brashear, May 5, '63.

William A. Newton—Died of wounds received at Opequan, Nov. 20, '64.

Austin Palmer—Died of fever, at Brashear City, La., May 1, '63.

Orrin R. Palmer—Was detached for a long time. Brother of Austin.

George W. Payne—Enlisted Aug. 31, 64.

Stephen Pettis—Enlisted Sept. 3, '64.

Franklin B. Phinney—Wounded in right leg, at Cedar Creek, from the effect of which he was discharged, May 5, '65, at Hattington Hospital, Philadelphia.

George Preston—Transferred to V. R. C., June 17, '64.

Thomas F. Preston—Father of the above soldier.

James H. Prince—In most of the battles, and never wounded.

William E. Prince—Discharged for disability, Sept., '63, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans.

John Rhodes—Eulisted Aug. 31, '64. Joined the Regt. the 16th Oct., and was wounded in left thigh, the 19th Oct., at Cedar Creek. Mustered out in hospital, in Philadelphia, July, '65.

Oscar F. Root—Died of fever, Sept. 3, '63, at Brashear.

John W. Sage—Enlisted Sept. 12, '64. Taken prisoner at Cedar Creek, and supposed to have died in Richmond, Va.

Ransom E. Sage—Wounded in head, at Opequan.

Jacob Shlpman—Died of jaundice, at Baton Rouge, La., Aug. 4, '63. Wounded at Port Hudson.

Erastus L. Sill—Eulisted Aug. 31, '64. Wounded in left thumb, at Cedar Creek. Died of traumatic fever, at Jarvis Hospital, Philadelphia, Nov. 2, '64. He joined the Regt. on the 16th of Oct. His remains were brought home by his father, Dr. Sill, and buried in Bainbridge, N. Y.

Edson Sisson—Died suddenly, of heart disease, in the company street at Camp Hubbard, Thibodeaux, La., July 17, '63.

Henry Sisson—Discharged for disability, at Baton Rouge, La., Aug. 22, '63, but died the following day. Brother of Edson.

Charles C. Smith—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, Nov. 13, 63.

Charles F. Smith—Died of chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, June 7, '63.

Orlando Smith—Shot through the heart and instantly killed, at Cedar Creek.

Richmond Snell—Died of fever, at Camden Hospital, Baltimore, Md., Sept. 13, '62. The first death in the Regt.

William A. Southworth—Discharged for disability, at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, June 1, '63.

Emory R. Southworth—Disch'd for disability, at Washington, D. C., Oct. 21, '64.

James Tanzy—Detailed for a long time as Colonel's Orderly.

Riverns H. Trask—Wounded in head at Opequan.

Daniel W. Tyler—Wonnded in thigh at Opequan; mustered out in hospital, June 17, '65.

Clolus Valentine—Enlisted Nov. 21, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., upon the muster out of the 114th.

Eddie P. Wade—Transferred to V. R. C., at Fortress Monroe; date unknown.

Alvah Warner—Discharged for disability, at New York, Jan. 31, '65.

Milo Webb—Wounded accidentally in ankle, at Port Hudson, and lost his leg in consequence. Discharged at Baton Rouge, La., Aug., '63.

Walter F. Weed—Badly wounded at Cedar Creek, in mouth and chin; mustered out in hospital.

Loren J. West—Deserted, Oct. 12, '62, at Camp Belger. Captured, court-martialed, and sentenced to be confined during his period of enlistment, at Fort McHenry. Subsequently pardoned and discharged. He re-enlisted in another Regt., again deserted, and was arrested and taken to Washington, where he died of disease.

Willis Wheeler—Detailed for some time at Frederic, Md.

Orville C. Wilkinson, Jr—Come out without wounds.

John Williams—Enlisted March 16, '65, and deserted May 15, '65. Formerly a rebel soldier from South Carolina, captured at the battle of Bull Run.

Freeborn S. Young—Died at Baton Ronge, La., Aug. 25, '63, from the effects of wounds received at Port Hudson, June 11, 63.

Henry L. Young—Died at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, of fever, June 4, '63.

Seth J. Yonng—Discharged for disability, at Washington, D. C., May 15, '65.

Wilber F. Young—Wonnded in leg, at Cedar Creek; died Nov. 29, '64, during the operation of amputation, at Philadelphia.

Ernst Zieman—Wounded in back of head, at Cedar Creek. Discharged for wounds May 13, '65, at Baltimore, Md.

Alfred Giston—Under cook of African descent. Enlisted March 1, '64. Deserted July 29, '64, at Harper's Ferry, Va.

Israel Jenkins—Under cook of African descent. Enlisted March 1, '64. Deserted July 4, '64, at New Orleans, La.

COMPANY B.

Captain Jacob S. Bockee—The original Captain of the Company. Detached at different times, in the several capacities of Acting Ordnance officer of a Division and Corps, and Acting Assistant Inspector General. Was also at one time on a Military Commission, and in the fall of '63 was on recruiting service at Elmira, N. Y. Severely wounded at Opequan—a ball passing entirely through his left lung.

First Lieutenant Lanren M. Nichols—Honorably discharged on resignation, Dec. 22, '63, Again entered the service in another Regt., and served till the end of the war.

Isaac B. Burch—Entered the service as a private. Promoted 1st Sergeant, June 7, '63. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, vice Gibson, Nov. 1, '63. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, vice Nichols Aug. 11, '64. Died of wonnds received at Cedar Creek, Oct. 21, '64. (See page 525.)

First Lieutenant Dennis Thompson—Joined the Regt. as 1st Sergeant of Co. I. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, June 14, '63, hut never mustered to that grade. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, Nov. 14, '64, and assigned to Co. B, vice Burch. He was for a long time connected with the ambulance train, 1st Div., and while serving in this capacity was taken prisoner at Cedar Creek. After many perilous adventures, he escaped and joined the Regt. in a few weeks.

Second Lientenant Edwiu O. Gibson—Entered the service in the above grade. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, Oct. 31, '63, and assigned to Co. D. Promoted Captain, Oct. 19, '64, but failed to be mustered. Wounded slightly at Sabine Cross Roads. Again wonnded iu both legs and taken prisoner, May 5, '64, at an attack of guerrillas upon the steamer John Warner, on the Red River. In abont two months was paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md. Afterwards detached for duty at Hart's Island, N. Y., where he remained until the muster-ont. Now a 2d Lientenant in the 17th U. S. Infantry.

First Sergeant George Ballon—Before the 114th was raised, this officer was a 1st Lientenant in the 89th N. Y. Being discharged the service, he again enlisted as a 1st Sergeant of Co. B. Wounded in the knee, at Bisland, from which he died at Brashear City, June 7, '63. For his bravery he was recommended for promotion.

First Sergeant Orrin E. Wood—Origiually was a Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant, Nov. 1, '63. Wounded slightly at Opequan. No better officer.

Sergeant David H. Bentley—Promoted Corporal, Aug. 7, '63; Promoted Sergeant, Nov. 24, '63. Wounded at Port Hudson, in thigh.

Sergeant William M. Bullis—Accidentally injured in hand, at Camp Belger, Md., for which he was discharged, March 11, '63, at Baltimore, Md.

Sergeant Charlton C. Cady—Promoted Corporal, Sept. 24, '62. Promoted Sergeant, Sept. 8, '63. Slightly wonnded in leg, at Opequan.

Sergeant Horace Gale—Died of hronchitis, at New Iberia, La., Nov. 24, '63. Wounded by buck shot in right shoulder, at Port Hudson.

Sergeant Lemuel Gale—Promoted Sergeant, Nov. 1, '63.

Sergeant George W. Ishell—Corporal at organization. Promoted to Sergeant in '63. Discharged for disahility, Sept. 8, '63. Died of consumption, on passage home, on steamer *America*, Sept. 22, '65; buried at sea.

Sergeant Israel Monroe—Promoted Corporal, Aug. 7, '63. Promoted Sergeant, Nov. 24, '63. Wounded in knee, at Cedar Creek, and abdomen at Port Hudson.

Corporal Foster J. Blackman—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 22d, '63. Wounded in ankle, at Opeqnan.

Corporal Jonathan Bosworth—Originally a Corporal. Reduced to the ranks, June 9, '63. Again promoted Corporal, May 14, '65.

Corporal Isaac Evans—Promoted Corporal, Nov. 1, '64.

Corporal John D. Farrell—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 22, '63. Wounded slightly in forehead, at Opeqnan.

Corporal George E. Hawley—Transferred to Non-Com. Staff, and promoted Commissary Sergeant, Oct. 4, '62.

Corporal Albert Henry—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 22, '63. Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 19, '65. Wounded in hand and neck, at Opequan.

Corporal Stephen N. Leach—Promoted Corporal, March 1, '65. Wounded at Port Hudson, in thigh.

Corporal Perry Rood—Discharged for disability, May 13, '63.

Corporal Job Satchell—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 22, '63.

Corporal Edwin I. Sawtelle—Promoted Corporal, Dec 22, 63 Discharged Feb. 24, '65, at Baltimore, Md., for disability. Wounded in right leg, on a skirmish line at New Market, Va.

Corporal Madison Sayles—An original Corporal.

Corporal Orson M. Snow—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 22, '63. Wounded in leg, at Opequan. Discharged for disability, May 14, '65, at Baltimore, Md.

Corporal Albert Sumner—Promoted Corporal, Oct. 4, '62. Transferred to Non-Com. Staff, and promoted Quarter Master's Sergeant, Nov. 1, '63. Wounded in right hand, at Port Hudson, losing second finger.

Corporal Adrian L. Watson—Promoted Corporal, Jan. 9, '63. Transferred to Non-Com. Staff, and promoted Commissary Sergeant, Sept. 1, '63. Discharged for disability, Aug. 4, '64.

Musician Charles W. Dain—Transferred to Non-Com. Staff, and promoted Principal Musician, June 28, '63.

Charles Adams—Enlisted as wagoner. Wounded at Sabine Cross Roads. Discharged May 1, '65, from hospital in Baltimore.

George Agard—Killed by the cars, at Elmira, N. Y., June 17, '65. (See page 495.)

Emer H. Aldrich—The only man in the Regt. wounded at Mansura.

Franklin Ames—Wounded severely at Opequan, in arm and breast.

John B. Baker—Taken prisoner at Sabine Cross Roads. Exchanged and returned to duty, Dec. 9, '64.

Joshua Beckwith—Died at Quarantine, below New Orleans, of chronic diarrhea, Feb. 12, '63.

La Fayette Beckwith—Died at New Orleans, Oct. 5, '63, of chronic diarrhea.

Lyman D. Bogue—Enlisted Aug. 28, '64.

Walter S. Bosworth—Discbarged for disability, April 11, '64, at New Orleans, from injuries received from the kick of a horse.

William W. Bowers—Wounded in left lung, at Port Hudson, and in consequence transferred to V. R. C., May 31, '64.

Joseph L. Breed—Died of disease, at New Orleans, Aug. 1, '63.

Francis W. Brown—Enlisted Aug. 28, '64. Wounded in hand, at Opequan, severe.

Leonard R. Brown—Enlisted Aug. 22, '64. Instantly killed at Opequan; shot in side and head. Was a soldier but three days.

William S. Brown—Enlisted Aug. 20, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., May 31, '65.

James A. Brownell—Never wounded.

John H. Bunt—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Quarantine, Miss. River, Feb. 16, '63.

Delevan V. Burlingame—Enlisted Aug. 13, '64. Taken prisoner at Cedar Creek, and supposed to have died in rebeldom.

Samuel P. Butler—Enlisted Jan. '64. Discharged for promotion in a colored Regt., Nov. 6, '64.

Harvey Camp—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64. Discharged for disability, May 15, 65, at Washington, D. C.

Cyrel Carpenter—Shot through the head, at Opequan, and instantly killed. An excellent soldier.

Israel Carpenter—Enlisted Jan. 12, '64. Wounded in the leg, at Opequan, for which he was discharged, May 25, '65, at Elmira, N. Y.

Dennis L. Casey—Wounded at Opequan, in both feet. Discharged from hospital, in Phil., in June, '65.

Montezuma Chase—Enlisted Dec. 31, '63. Died of disease, May 24, '64, at New Orleans.

Ira Church—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 30, '63, at Hampton, Va.

Robert E. Cole—Transferred to V. R. C., March 1, '64, at New Orleans.

William H. Comstock—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64. Wounded at Opequan, in left thigh, very severely, fracturing bone. Disch'd for disability, May 13, '65, at Baltimore.

Monroe Coy—Enlisted Aug. 19, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., May 31, '65, at Washington, D. C.

Ira A. Davis—Died of disease, July 8, '63, at New Orleans.

John J. Davis—Died of disease, Aug. 3, '63, at New Orleans.

Simeon Day—Enlisted Jan. 8, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., May 31, '65. Wounded at Opequan, in leg.

Ira Dodge—Injured at Port Hudson, by a sprain.

George Doyle—Wounded at Port Hudson, in left knee.

Samuel F. Edmonds—Wounded slightly at Port Hudson, by bayonet thrust.

Solomon J. Edwards—Lost a finger, cut off in Convalescent Camp, at Brashear City, and in consequence transferred to V. R. C., April 2, '65, at Washington.

Samuel Z. Egleston—Enlisted as musician. For some time on hospital duty at Washington, D. C.

William H. Ervine—Enlisted Dec. 19, '63. Transferred to 90th N. Y., May 31, '65.

Joseph H. Felton—Wounded in right arm at Port Hudson. Detailed for a time on hospital duty at Washington D. C.

Franklin W. Fish—Discharged for disability, Feb. 3, '64, at New Orleans. He acquired considerable notoriety as a correspondent to Chenango County papers, under the cognomen of "Bumble Bee." It is reported that at the battle of Bisland, he had his wings clipped, and thenceforth ceased to buzz.

Orville Frink—Wounded slightly at Opequan. Taken prisoner at Cedar Creek. Exchanged, and mustered out with his Regt.

Orlow C. Pager—Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 17, '65, at New Orleans.

Benjamin F. Genung—Enlisted Jan. 19, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., May 31, '65.

George Granthan—The only man in the Co., present for duty at Opequan, not hit.

Robert C. Hall—Enlisted Jan. 13, '64. Died of disease, on board hospital boat on Red River, May 14, '64.

Edward Hayes—Discharged for disability, Oct. 20, '63, at New Orleans.

Patrick Henry—Badly wounded at Cedar Creek, in hip. Discharged for disability, May 9, '65, at Baltimore.

Cyrus Hopkins, Jr.—Transferred to V. R. C., June 30, '64, at Washington, D. C.

Daniel Hugh—Transferred to V. R. C., at Harrisburg, Pa.

Charles W. Hunt—Transferred to V. R. C., March 10, '64, at New Orleans.

Francis M. Huntley—Died of disease, July 31, at Baton Rouge, La.

William A. Huntley—Transferred to V. R. C., May 31, '64, at Baton Rouge, La.

William W. Jackson—Wounded in bowels, at Opequan, and died the following morning in a field hospital. Was in all previous battles, and a jovial soldier,

Horace T. Leach—Wounded severely in groin, at Cedar Creek, and discharged at Philadelphia, May 22, '65.

Seneca L. Lemley—Transferred to V R. C., May 1, '65. Died Oct. 3, '64, at Point Lookout, Md.

Theodore Lewis—Wounded at Opequan, in the mouth. Discharged at New York, Jan. 17, '65.

Edwin R. Lont—Died of disease, at New Orleans, Nov. 11, '63.

John E. Miller—Transferred to V. R. C., May 31, '64, at New Orleans.

Charles Monroe—Died of chronic diarrhea, June 27, '63, at Donaldsonville, La.

Frederick Monroe—A recruit, enlisted in '64. Taken prisoner at Cedar Creek. Exchanged, and afterwards discharged.

Orlando Monroe—Discharged for disability, Nov. 11, '63, at Franklin, La. Afterwards died at home, in Plymouth, N. Y.

Samuel Monroe—Discharged for disability, Aug. 25, '65, at New Orleans. Died before he left hospital.

Henry Morgan—Died of chronic diarrhea, Feb. 16, '64, at Brashear City.

John J. Nelson, Jr—Discharged for disability, Feb. 11, '63, at Baltimore, Md.

Loren D. Newell—Wounded at Opequan, in hip, and sent to hospital at Martinsburg, where it is supposed that he died. For a long time his fate was shrouded in mystery, but it is now well settled that he died in the above place. (See page 27.)

Hezekiah S. Newton—Shot in thigh and bowels, at Opequan, and lived but a few minutes. A worthy soldier.

John Nichols—Shot through the head, and died instantly, at Opequan.

Andrew Peck—Discharged for disability. Sept. 8, '63, at New Orleans. Died on reaching home, in Pitcher, of chronic diarrhea, Oct. 18, '63.

Thomas Peck—Brother of Andrew. Died of ship fever, Sept. 26, '63, soon after returning from the Sabine Pass voyage, at Berwick Bay.

Divid E. Pendell—Detailed for a long time as a teamster, and also in pioneer corps.

Harrison Phillips—In every battle and skirmish, and never wounded.

David Porter—Deserted, Jan. 15, '63, at New Orleans. Never heard from since. (See page 108.)

Orrin Potter—Detailed for some time as Brigade blacksmith.

Francis Quigley—Enlisted April 6, '65, for the 14th N. Y., but by mistake was sent to the 114th N. Y. Transferred to the 90th N. Y., May 31, '65.

Asa N. Rose—Enlisted Sept. 8, '64.

Sylvester C. Sargent—Served a portion of time as Company cook.

Squire R. Sargent—Discharged for disability, Jan. 5, '63, at Baltimore, Md.

Henry D. Scott—Died from effects of measles, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Nov. 19, '62.

Van Rensalaer Scott—Enlisted Dec. 16, '63. Died of disease, July 26, '64, at Washington, D. C. Father of the above.

Jonathan V Squires—Died of typhoid fever, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Jan. 1, '63.

Perry Springer—Luckily never wounded.

Sylvester C. Squires—Died of chronic diarrhea, Sept. 4, '63, at New Orleans.

Charles A. Sumner—Detailed as clerk and nurse in hospital. For about a year he was Acting Hospital Steward for the 15th Infantry Corps d'Afrique.

George Taft—Enlisted Aug. 20, 64. Slightly wounded in hip, at Opequan; captured at Cedar Creek, and taken to Salisbury prison: paroled about the 20th of Feb. '65, brought to Annapolis, Md., where he died the 22d of March, '65.

Eleazer W. Townsend—Discharged for disability, Sept. 8, '63, at New Orleans.

Colonel Tyler—For a long time commissary cook, and one of the best. Wounded in arm at Port Hudson.

Delos Tyler—Detailed as blacksmith at Brigade and Division H'd Q'rs.

John D. West—Instantly killed at Port Hudson, during the assault of the 14th of June, '63.

William T. Weston—Shot entirely through the right lung, at Bisland. Was recommended for promotion. Discharged for disability, March 12, '64, at New Orleans.

Rathbone G. Wheeler—Died July 8, '63, at Baton Rouge, of wounds received at Port Hudson.

William Willcox—Drowned at sea, upon the steamer *Pocahontas*, June 11, '63, while proceeding home on sick furlongh. The former vessel collided with the steamer *Electic Spark*, and was sunk with nearly all aboard.

Thomas S. Wiswell—Died of chronic diarrhea, June 10, '63, at Brashear City.

Martin Wolcott—Died of chronic diarrhea, April 16, '63, at New Orleans.

Josiah A. Wood—Discharged for disability, at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, March 5, '64.

Reuben P. Wood—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., May 31, '65.

John W. Wrench—Badly wounded at Opequan, in left shoulder and hip.

COMPANY C.

Captain Platt Titus—The original Captain of the Company. Resigned his commission on Surgeon's certificate of disability, Aug. 17, '63.

Captain William H. Longwell—Before the 114th was organized, this officer was a Corporal in the 44th N. Y. During the raising of the Regt., he was recruiting at Norwich. He was discharged from his former Regt., to receive promotion in the 114th N. Y., Aug. 12, '63, and was commissioned 2d Lieutenant. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, and assigned to Co. D, July 1, '63. Promoted Captain, and returned to Co. C, Nov. 1, '63, in place of Titus. Wounded in left hand, at Port Hudson, and again at Opequan in left hip, very badly. From this last wound he was so long absent from duty as to be discharged for disability, March 2, '65, but was immediately reinstated, March 11, '65.

First Lieutenant Shubael A. Brooks—The original 1st Lieutenant of the Company. Honorably discharged on resignation, Sept. 6, '63, at New Orleans.

First Lieutenant Norman M. Lewis—Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 1, '63. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, vice Brooks, Nov. 1, '63. Died at Winchester, Va., Nov. 10, '64, of wounds received at Cedar Creek. (See page 523.)

First Lieutenant John Bagg—Was an original Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Lewis, May 27, '63. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, vice Lewis, Nov. 1, '63, but never mustered. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, vice Lewis, Dec. 24, '64. Wounded in shoulder, at Opequan.

First Sergeant Lyman Hall—Entered the service as a private. Promoted Corporal, Dec. 15, '63. Promoted Sergeant, Jan. 2, '65. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Bagg, March 1, '65. Wounded in arm slightly, at Opeqnan, and in arm at Cedar Creek.

Sergeant Charles J. Biggs—Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, March 27, '63. Transferred to Non-Com. Staff, and promoted Sergeant Major, Nov. 1, '63. Served several years as an officer in the British army, and was wounded in the Crimea. For further particulars see page 536.

Sergeant William H. Chamberlain—Was sent north on recruiting service, in the fall of '63. Instantly killed at Cedar Creek. (See page 27.)

Sergeant Harlow Glazier—Badly injured by the fall of a limb of a tree, at Opequan. Mustered out in hospital, in Philadelphia, Aug. 11, 65.

Sergeant Charles H. Lothridge—Promoted Corporal, Oct. 15, '62. Promoted Sergeant, Nov. 1, '63. Wounded in leg, at Opeqnan, for which he was discharged, May 17, '65.

Sergeant Augustus A. Nevins—Promoted Sergeant, Mar. 1, '65.

Sergeant Eugene Sherwood—Disch'd for disibility, at St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 1, '64

Sergeant James W. Sherwood—Enlisted as Musician, but was placed in the ranks, Sept. 12, '62. Promoted Corporal, Oct. 19, 64. Promoted Sergeant, May 17, '65. Wounded in face, at Pleasant Hill.

Sergeant George E. Wood—Promoted Corporal, Nov. 1, '62. Promoted Sergeant, Oct. 19, '64. Although in every battle, this soldier escaped unharmed.

Corporal Franklin E. Beckwith—Promoted Corporal, May 17, '65. Injured at Opequan, by being run over by General Beal's horse. Brother of George.

Corporal George W. Beckwith—Instantly killed at Port Hudson, while carrying the colors of the Regt. during the assault of the 14th of June. He earned a high reputation for bravery. He formerly served in the old 17th N. Y.

Corporal John A. Brookins—Sent north on recruiting service, in '63. Wounded in back, at Opequan. Transferred to V. R. C., at Washington D. C.

Corporal Joseph Crandall—Promoted Corporal, Oct. 19, '64.

Corporal Marco P. Crandall—Promoted Corporal, Jan. 17, '65. Always on duty.

Corporal George W. Crumb—Promoted Corporal, Jan. 1, '65. Slightly wounded, at Opequan.

Corporal Adam D. Dye—Promoted Corporal, Feb. 13, '63. Transferred to V. R. C. Jan. 17, '65.

Corporal George W. Hall—Promoted Corporal, March 6, '63. Discharged for dropsy, March 5, '64, at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans.

Corporal Francis E. Hyer—Promoted Corporal, March 1, '65.

Corporal Philander R. Paul—Promoted Corporal, March 1, '65.

Corporal Franklin Sackett—Promoted Corporal, Aug. 1, '64. Wounded in thigh at Opequan. Mustered out in hospital.

Corporal Homer W. Sisson—Promoted Corporal, Aug. 1, '63. Wounded at Cedar Creek; leg terribly fractured. Died at Jarvis Hospital, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 12, '64. His remains were brought home, and buried in Plymouth, N. Y.

Corporal Albert D. Wood—Promoted Corporal, Aug. 1, '64. Wounded in leg, at Opequan. Killed at Cedar Creek, by a wonnd in the bowels. Participated in most of the battles, and was a hrave soldier.

Musician Bolivar Aldrich—Transferred to Non. Com. Staff, March 1, '65, and promoted Principal Musician. Again transferred to Co. C, May 19, '65.

Charles W. Adams—Discharged for hernia, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, in Feb'y of '63.

Albert D. Aylesworth—Discharged for disability, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, in Feb'y of '63.

William J. Beach—Mustered ont with Regt.

Abram Bennett—Taken prisoner at Cedar Creek, and confined in Salisbury prison until after the muster-ont of tbe Regt.

Franklin Boice—Died of chrouic diarrhea, at Camp Huhbard, Thihodeaux, La., Aug. 17, '63.

Asa Brazee—Enlisted, Aug. 26, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., May 31, '65.

John S. Brazee—Wonnded in leg, at Opequan.

John G. Breed—Detailed for over a year in bospital.

Jobn T. Bronson—Enlisted, Sept. 1, '64.

Joseph Brooks—Wounded severely in rigbt leg, at Opequan.

George W. Button—Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, June 6, '63.

Henry D. Clark—Enlisted, Aug. 23, '64.

Chauncey W. Cobh—Wounded in leg, and face, severe, at Cedar Creek. Discharged, April 13, '65, at Philadelphia.

Daniel V. Cornell—Enlisted, Aug. 29, '64.

Edward E. Crandall—Died of typboid fever, June 24, '64, at Morganza, La.

Elijah Crandall—Detailed as teamster, at Div. H'd Qr's. Brother of Edward.

Joseph L. Crandall—Died of chronic diarrbea, at Baton Rouge, La., Aug. 6, '63.

William S. Crandall—Died of fever, at Berwick City, La., May 9, '63.

Benjamin F. Dalton—Transferred to V. R. C., Aug. 1, '64.

Charles H. De Forest—Enlisted, Aug. 13, '64.

Daniel Dihhle—Detailed as bass-drummer.

Lyman Duran—Wounded in ahdomen, at Opeqnan, and died in a few hours.

John C. Durphy—Instantly killed, at Opequan; heing shot through the head.

Adelhert Eddy—Mustered out in hospital.

Edgar H. Eddy—Mustered out in hospital.

Willard W. Finch—Died of chronic diarrhea, at New Orleaus, July 1, '63.

Marvin A. Frink—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 6, '63.

R. L. Garlick—Enlisted, Sept. 5, '64

Edward C. Grannis—Discharged for disahility, March 12, '64, at New Orleans.

Jonathan W. Green—Died of fever, Oct. 11, '63, at New Orleans.

Erastus Gregory—Instantly killed, during the seige of Port Hudson, June 14, '63. The top of his head was carried off by a rehel sharp-shooter, while he was in the trenches, sitting upon a log, and reading his testament. He left a wife and five children, in Guilford, N. Y.

Benjamin F. Guile—Severely wounded in hack, at Cedar Creek. Died, it is supposed, in hospital soon after.

Charles C. Hall—Discharged at Frederick, Md., in May, '65, for an injury to his wrist, received at Morganzia, La.

Robert Hancock—Recrnit, enlisting Sept. 1, '64. Taken prisoner at Cedar Creek, and died in Salisbury prison, Dec. 28, '64.

John Hanrahan—Wounded severely in jaw, at Sabine Cross Roads.

Root Hubble—Discharged for disability, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, in Feb. of '63.

Loren H. Janes—Wounded in left knee, Sept. 24, '64, on a skirmish line, near New Market, Va., while in pursuit of the rebel army. Mustered out in hospital.

George R. Johnson—Captured by Mosby's gucrrillas, near Charlestown, Va., but escaped the same day, by his captors being captured.

George W. Jones—Captured and paroled at Brashear City, La. Wounded in leg, at Opequan, but remained with the Regt. Severely wounded in leg, at Cedar Creek, f om which he died, Nov. 12, '64, at Philadelphia. No better soldier.

John N. Keller—Detailed a long time as teamster. Had the best kept mules in the army.

Allen La Due—Died of fever, at Baton Rouge, La., July 29, '63.

Charles F. Lamphere—Severely wounded in foot, at Cedar Creek. Transferred to V. R. C., and discharged a few days before the Regt.

James H. Lamphere—Faithfully served as Company cook.

Delos Leonard—Deserted, Jan. 14, '63, at Camp Chalmette, near New Orleans. (See page 108.)

Willard F. Lewis—Died of typhoid fever, at New Orleans, Sept. 6, '63.

George W. Lyon—Never absent from his Company a single day. Frequently shot through his knapsack and clothes, but never wounded.

John F. Mathewson—Died of fever, at New Orleans, June, '63.

Ebenezar Mc Clintock—Transferred to Non. Com. Staff, and promoted Hospital Steward, Sept. 30, '62, at Baltimore, Md. Afterwards discharged. (See page 536.)

John Mc Cormick—Wounded in leg, slightly, at Cedar Creek.

Charles H. Mitchell—Enlisted, Jan. 8, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., May 31, '65. For some time a mounted orderly at Div. H'd Q'rs.

Edgar Newton—Shot in the neck, and instantly killed, at Opequan.

Henry Newton—Died of typhoid fever, Dec. 6, '62, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe. Brother of the above.

Joseph Newton, Jr.—Dnring most of his service, he was detailed as hostler.

Winslow Newton—Wounded in leg, at Cedar Creek.

Daniel Nichols—Died of fever, March 30, '63, at Quarantine, on Miss. River.

Eli Nichols—Transferred to V. R. C., Mrrch 1, '64, at Franklin, La.

Asel W. Paul—Transferred to V. R. C., at New Orleans, and for a long time on duty at Marine Hospital.

Sylvester Phillips—Wounded in leg, at Opequan.

Ensign M. Pike—Wounded in leg severely, at Opequan. Mustered out in hospital.

David W. Place—Died suddenly, Feb. 12, '63, while en-route from Quarantine to rejoin his Company at New Orleans.

Orman M. Potter—Died of consumption, Nov. 6, '63, at New Orleans.

Edgar Redington—Enlisted Sept. 7, '64.

Andrew Ryan—Enlisted Jan. 13, '64. Shot himself accidentally; leg amputated, and died from the effects, Nov. 9, '64, at Frederick, Md.

Francis P. Secor—Detailed at various times on special duty.

William B. Sanders—Enlisted Jan. 8, '64. Taken prisoner at Cedar Creek. While confined in Libby prison, transferred to 90th N. Y., May 31, '65. Died of chronic diarrhea, in the above prison, some time in 1865.

Levi L. Secor—Died of chronic diarrhea, July 15, '63, at Donaldsonville, La.

George E. Sherman—Mustered out with Co.

Samnel Stiles—Discharged for disability, April 5, '64, at New Orleans.

Wait Stiles—Died of congestive chills, Sept. 17, '63, at Berwick City, La.

James L. Talbot—Absent a long time from sickness.

Lyman L. Talbot—Transferred to V. R. C., in Sept. of '64.

William D. Talbot—Transferred to V. R. C., April 10, '64.

Jeremiah Tinker—Transferred to Corps d'Afrique, Oct. '63, and promoted Hospital Steward.

James Townsend—Detailed during most of his service, as a clerk at different H'd Q'rs, and for Court Martials.

Rufus Tracy—Died at New Orleans, of diptheria, Aug. 19, '63.

Charles Turner—Deserted at Port Hudson in face of the enemy. Captured, tried by a Court Martial, and sentenced to be shot to death by musketry: which sentence was carried into execntion Dec. 28, '63, at New Orleans. (See page 277.)

Orlando Utter—Wounded severely in head and foot, at Cedar Creek. Mustered out in hospital.

Lavader M. Wheeler—Mustered out in hospital.

Isaiah White—Enlisted Sept. 2, '64.

John White—Transferred to V. R. C., June 17, 64.

Solomon White—Wounded in face, at Sabine Cross Roads.

William R. White—Enlisted Sept. 6, '64.

Sobieski Wiswell—Wounded in leg, at Cedar Creek.

Ira Wiltie—Died of fever, Feb. 8, '63, at New Orleans.

William H. Wood—Discharged for disability, Nov. 1, '63, at New Orleans.

James E. Woodmansee—Killed instantly, while carrying the Regimental colors, at Cedar Creek. (See page 457.)

John Mason—Under cook of African descent. Transferred to 90th N Y., May 31, '65, at Washington, D. C.

COMPANY D.

Captain Henry B. Morse—Was the original Captain of the Company, but was promoted Major immediately after the Regt. was organized. (See page 534.)

Captain Willie M. Rexford—When the 114th was raised this officer was a Sergeant in the 44th N. Y. He was commissioned Captain of Co. D, vice Morse, directly after the Regt. was organized. Dec. 31, '62, he was commissioned Major of the 131 N. Y. He was afterwards promoted Lieutenant Colonel.

Captain Daniel C. Knowlton—Originally was 1st Lieutenant of Co. K. Promoted Captain, and assigned to Co D, vice Rexford, Aug. 10, '63. Instantly killed at Cedar Creek. (See page 518.)

Captain Nelson W. Schermerhorn—Was origiually 2d Lieutenant of Co. I. Promoted 1st Lientenant in a few days after the Regt. was full. Promoted Captain,

and assigned to Co. D, vice Knowlton, Jan. 20, '65; and, in this capacity was mustered out of service. Slightly wounded, at Cedar Creek, in right leg. Detached for nearly a year, at Elmira, N. Y., in draft rendezvous.

First Lieutenant James E. Wedge—Entered service as 1st Lieutenant, and aided to recruit his Company. Was compelled to resign for disability, Jan. 9, '63.

First Lieutenant William H. Longwell—Originally was 2d Lieutenant of Co. C. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, vice Wedge, July 1, '63, and assigned to Co. D. Promoted Captain of Co. C, Nov. 1, '63. (See page 546.)

First Lieutenant Edwin O. Gibson—Originally 2d Lieutenant of Co. B. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, and assigned to Co. D, vice Longwell, Oct. '63.

Second Lieutenant Smith H. Case—Originally a 2d Lieutenant. Resigned his commission for disability, Jan. 13, '63. Since that time he has served in a New York Heavy Artillery Regiment.

Second Lieutenant Truman J. Smith—Entered the service as a Sergeant. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 1, '63. Wounded in head, at Port Hudson. Wounded in breast, at Opequan. Commanded his Company for several months after the death of Knowlton.

First Sergeant James S. Stewart—Orderly Sergeant from the start. Promoted 2d Lieutenant in April of '63, but never mustered to that grade. Discharged, Aug. 17, '63, at New Orleans, from injuries received on board Steamer *Cahawba*, en-route for Port Hudson.

First Sergeant Joseph Reed—Was at first a Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Stewart, June 14, '63. Wounded in right ankle, at Cedar Creek. Discharged, March 6, '65, at Philadelphia, Pa.

First Sergeant John Carroll—Originally a private. Promoted Corporal, Jan. 1, '63. Promoted Sergeant, Nov. 1, '63. Promoted 1st Sergeant, May 7, '65.

Sergeant Joshua Beal—Originally a private. Promoted Corporal, June 14, '63. Promoted Sergeant, Dec. 1, '63. Wounded at Port Hudson, in nose and cheek. Wounded severely in shoulder, at Opequan.

Sergeant Albert Brown—Originally a Corporal. Wounded at Port Hudson, in the month; teeth shot out. Wounded at Opequan, in both legs. Transferred to V. R. C., at York, Pa., Feb. 4, '65.

Sergeant Miles D. Chamberlain—Instantly killed at the assault upon Port Hudson, June 14, '63. Was Acting Orderly at the time of his death.

Sergeant Samuel S. Dunton—Originally a Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, Jan. 27, '63. Wounded in thigh at Cedar Creek.

Sergeant Edward Evans—Originally a private. Promoted Corporal, Nov. 1, '63. Promoted Sergeant, March 1, 65. Always with his Company, on duty.

Sergeant Norman G. Humphrey—Died at Carrollton, La., of ship fever, Jan 7, '63.

Sergeant Joel C. Richmond—Originally a Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, Jan. 13, '63. Died of chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, Nov. 15, '63.

Corporal Eugene Brown—Promoted Corporal, Aug. 11, '63. Detailed at draft rendevous at Elmira, N. Y., for nearly a year.

Corporal Daniel Carey—Promoted Corporal, Aug. 11, '65. Wounded at Opequan, in right knee. Mustered out in hospital.

Corporal Andrew J. Carpenter—Promoted Corporal, May, 1, '65.

Corporal George Cramphin—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 21, '63. Wounded in left

arm, at Port Hudson. Killed at Opequan. His remains were afterwards disinterred by his father, Mr. George Cramphin, brought home, and buried at Eaton.

Corporal Willard E. Durfee—Detailed for over a year as Brigade wagon-master.

Corporal Lewis F. Jones—Promoted Corporal, Feb. 12, '63. Killed at the assault on Port Hudson, June 14, '63. One of the best of soldiers.

Corporal Edward H. Lewis—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 21, '63. Wounded in leg at Opequan. Mustered out in hospital.

Corporal Willian H. Ransom—Discharged for disability, Aug. 7, '63, at Fortress Monroe.

Corporal Alfred A. Richardson—Discharged for disability, March 10, '63, at Baltimore, Md.

Corporal William J. Spicer—Promoted Corporal, Aug. 11, '63. Died at Winchester, Va., Dec. 19, '64, of wounds received at Cedar Creek.

Corporal Elias J. Thomas—Promoted Corporal, Nov. 1, '64. Wounded at Opequan, in neck.

Musician Henry M. Loomis—Served as drummer through the service.

Musician Truman Z. Wedge—Brother of Lieutenant Wedge. Died suddenly, at Franklin, La., Jan. 17, '64, of disease of the head. He had just closed a letter to his father in Lebanon, N. Y.

Henry D. Ayer—Killed at the assault on Port Hudson, June 14, '63.

Andrew J. Bailey—Died in hospital at Washington, D. C., Aug. 2, '64.

Isaac Ballon—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 30, '63, at Fortress Monroe.

William H. Bennett—Killed instantly by being shot through the heart, at Opequan. Buried on the field, alongside his intimate companion, Corporal Cramphin.

Thaddeus J. Bisbee—Served as cook in hospital department.

Charles W. Brasse—Wounded in leg at Opequan. Discharged May 13, '65.

William Brasse—Discharged for hemorrhage of the lungs, March 14, '63, at Baltimore, Md. Snbsequently died at his father's house, in Earlville, April 1, '63.

Henry D. Brigham—Wounded with minnie ball in left arm at Port Hudson, and slightly at Opequan.

David E. Bristol—Wounded in right shoulder at Port Hudson; also hit at Opequan.

Charles Brown—Wounded severely in thigh, at Cedar Creek; also wonnded at Port Hudson, for which he was discharged at Philadelphia, April 13, '65.

George W. Burlingham—Participated in every battle, and never wounded.

Aaron Christie—Enlisted Feb. 2, '65. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 1, '65, at Washington, D. C.

George Collins—Mortally Wounded at Opequan, in head, from which he died the following day, Sept. 20, '64, in Div. Field Hospital.

John Collins—Enlisted Feb. 2, '65. Transferred to 9th N. Y., June 1, '65, at Washington, D. C.

Henry J. Crumb—Wounded in head, at Pleasant Hill. Captured and taken to Tyler, Texas. Afterwards paroled and sent to Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md. Exchanged in the spring of 1865, when he joined the Regt., and was mustered out with it.

John P. Davis—Wounded at Opequan, in nose and cheek,

Patrick Devaney—Wounded in right arm at Port Hudson; mortally wounded at Opequan, in bowels, and died the following day.

Ephraim A. Drew—Left sick at Baltimore, Md., Nov. 1, '62, and supposed to have been discharged afterwards.

Lyman S. Dunbar—Slightly wounded at Port Hudson. Died of ship fever, on board steamer *Cahawba*, in the Gulf of Mexico, Sept. 9, '63. (See page 251.)

Owen J. Edwards—Wounded in left arm, at Opequan. In two hours after his arm was amputated, he was carrying water to wounded men. Discharged at Frederick, Md., Nov. 23, '64.

Wightman Erskine—Wounded in head at Port Hudson; also in left hand, at Opequan.

John P. Finney—Died at Donaldsonville, La., July 29, '63, of acute dysentery.

Edward B. Gifford—Transferred to Corps d'Afrique, to receive promotion, May 19, '64.

Lucius M. Gifford—Wounded in side, at Opequan, from which he died Sept. 26, '64, at Winchester, Va. A worthy man.

Caleb E. Hamblin—Transferred to V. R. C., at Fortress Monroe, Sept. 23, '63.

Charles D. Henry—Enlisted Sept. 1, '64.

William R. Henry—Discharged at Eaton, N. Y., while home on furlough, for disability, Nov. 2, '63. He died the following day.

Thomas J. Hitchcock—Wounded at Cedar Creek, in the head. Discharged at Philadelphia, May 5, '65.

Palmer B. Holdrick—Died of ship fever, at Ship Island, Miss., Dec. 16, '62.

Henry S. Jenks—Detailed as orderly for Generals Dwight and Emory.

John E. Jones—Transferred to V. R. C., at Fortress Monroe, Sept. 1, '63.

William J. Jones—Died at Cleveland, O., Sept. 10, '63, while proceeding home on furlough.

Thomas E. Jones—Discharged for disability, at New York City, Dec. 24, '62.

William J. Kinney, Jr.—Wounded in shoulder at Port Hudson. Died at New Orleans, Sept. 12, '63.

Henry A. Laselle—Detailed for a long time as Commissary at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans.

Benjamin F. Lawton—Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, May 26, '63.

Horatio E. Leach—Discharged for chronic diarrhea, at Franklin, La., Jan. 19, '64.

James C. Lee—Wounded slightly at Opequan.

Phillip W. Lont—Died of disease, at New Orleans, Sept. 13, '63.

James H. Lont—Wounded in hand, at Opequan.

Phillip D. Macumber—Never wounded.

William M. Macumber—Lost a thumb at Port Hudson.

John Merritt—Wounded in leg, at Opequan.

James Montana—A long time sick in hospital.

Joseph Montana—Enlisted Jan. 1, 65. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 1, '65, at Washington, D. C.

Alfred A. Morse—Enrolled Aug. 26, '63. Severely wounded at Cedar Creek, in leg; his limb was amputated. He died Nov. 24, at Winchester, Va. His remains were buried at Eaton, N. Y. An intelligent young man, and a brave and conscientious soldier. He was a brother of Colonel Morse.

Martin B. Morse—Died suddenly, of chronic diarrhea, at Franklin, La., Jan. 17, '64.

Griff Morris—Wounded in neck, by buck shot, at Port Hudson. Discharged Sept. 22, '63, at New Orleans. He enlisted again in the 5th N. Y. Heavy Artillery.

Isaac Odell—Lost his left thumb at Bisland. Served from that time as Company cook.

Jacob Odell—Slightly wounded at Opequan.

Alvah H. Owen—Transferred to V. R. C., at Fortress Monroe, Sept. 1, '63.

Birdsall J. Owen—Never absent from duty.

Dennison D. Palmer—Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, July 4, '63.

James R. Pangburn—Died of disease, at Fortress Monroe, Dec. 13, '62.

Myron D Peavy—Deserted at Baltimore, Md., Nov. 5, '62. Arrested and brought to the Regt. at Donaldsonville, La. Before brought to trial, he died in hospital at New Orleans.

Edwin R. Perry—Died of consumption, at Baton Rouge, La., July 15, '63.

Ira G. Powell—Absent in hospital for nearly two years. Wounded in arm at Opequan.

William W. Ransom—Discbarged for disability, at Fortress Monroe, Aug. 7, '65.

Joseph Reed—Wounded in right ankle at Cedar Creek. Discbarged May 6, '65, at Philadelphia.

G. G. W. Richardson—Died of cholera, July 1, '63, at Port Hudson.

Albert D. Richmond—A brother of Sergeant Richmond. Discharged for hernia, at Lebanon, N. Y., April 1, '64.

William H. Roberts—Died at Berwick City, April 17, '63, of wounds received at Bisland. Shot in the head, and unconscious till his death. He was the second man in the Regt. who died from wounds received in action, and a model soldier.

Daniel W. Salisbury—Deserted from furlough, and never heard from since.

Myron D. Shipman—Died of chronic diarrhea, March 29, '65, in Div. Field Hospital, at Camp Sheridan, Stevenson's Depot, Va.

Byron W. Smith—Died at Port Hudson, June 17, '63, of wounds in the head, received during the assault of the 14th of June.

William Smith—Enlisted Feb. 2, '65. Deserted April 21, '65, by jumping from the cars at the Relay House, Md.

William C. Smith—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Fenner, N. Y., Nov. 22, '63, while bome on furlough.

Otis P. Snyder—Wounded in leg, at Cedar Creek, for which he was discharged May 3, '65.

James E. Stalker—Was in all the campaigns.

Alvin W. Stearns—Wounded in left arm at Port Hudson; also severely in foot, at Opequan. Mustered out in hospital.

Charles J. Steves—Wounded at Opequan, in shoulder and thigh, from which he died Nov. 2, '64, at Winchester, Va.

James H. Story—Wounded in leg, at Opequan, and limb amputated. He died Sept. 30, '64.

Parker E. Stowell—Discharged for disability, Feb. 1, '64, at New Orleans.

James O. Taylor—Discharged in the early part of the service. All Company records concerning this man have been lost.

Nathan J. Taylor—Wounded in right arm, at Opequan.

William A. Titley—Transferred to V. R. C., at New Orleans, April 28, '64.

George W. Towsley—Deserted from furlough, Dec. 13, '64.

Mark R. Waldby—Wounded in left leg, at Opequan, and amputation performed in about a week after. He died Sept 30, '64, at Winchester, Va.

Avery Watson—Supposed to have been drowned at sea, by the sinking of the steamer *Pocahontas*, while going home on furlough, in July, '64.

George Wagner—Enlisted Oct. 6, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 1, 65, at Washington, D. C.

Lemuel Wattles—Enlisted Aug. 30, '64. Died at Middletown, Va., Nov. '64, of camp fever.

William H. Williamson—Wounded in right knee, severe. Leg amputated. Discharged at Frederick, Md., May 13, '65.

Albert Westcott—Escaped without wounds.

Henry Wheelhouse—Wounded at Opequan, in hip. Mustered out in hospital.

COMPANY E.

Captain Ransom Macdonald—The original Captain of the Company. Before leaving home, the citizens of Greene presented him a sword, sash and belt. He resigned on Surgeon's certificate of disability, Nov. 6, '62, at Baltimore, Md.

Captain Nichols A. Dederer—The original 1st Lieutenant. Promoted Captain, Nov. 6, '62, vice Macdonald. Resigned his commission, for disability, March 31, 64. From his years and experience he gained the title of the Father of the Regt. He was for a time detached as Provost Marshal of the Parish of St. Charles, La.

Captain Elias P. Pellet—Originally 2d Lieutenant of Co. I. Promoted Adjutant, June 14, '63. Promoted Captain of Co. E, July 1, '64, vice Dederer. He received a slight wound at Opequan. (See page 535.)

First Lieutenant Uriah Rorapaugh—Originally a Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant, June 27, '63. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, Sept. 1, '63. Promoted Captain, March, 15, '65, and assigned to Co. H. Wounded during the assault upon Port Hudson, in face, hand, shoulder, breast and thigh. While deliberately walking from the field, Colonel Morse called upon him to lie down or he would be hit. His reply was that he had dodged all the balls but five, and he guessed he could dodge the rest.

First Lieutenant John C. Stoughton—Originally a Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, Feb. 1, '63. Promoted 1st Sergeant, Oct. 19, '64. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, March 27, '65, vice Rorapaugh. Wounded slightly in cheek, at Cedar Creek. Taken prisoner at Port Hudson, June 14, '63, but liberated by the capture of the fort. Also taken prisoner at Cedar Creek, but escaped the following day, by the use of shrewd deception. Was highly commended in General Orders, for his gallantry at Cedar Creek.

Second Lieutenant George G. Donnelly—Died of injuries received from a fall, at Brashear City, La., April 27, '63. (See page 527.)

First Sergeant John C. Reynolds—Received a 2d Lieutenant's commission, but never mustered to that grade. Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, June 28, '63.

First Sergeant John W. Tombs—Originally a Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Rorapaugh, Sept. 1, '63. Wounded in hip, at Opequan, from which he died, Oct. 16, '64, at Philadelphia. He continued his fire upon the enemy while leaving the field, supported by a couple of comrades.

First Sergeant Jeduthan P. Kendall—Originally a private. Promoted Corporal, June 1, '63. Promoted Sergeant, June 1, '64. Promoted 1st Sergeant, April 1, '65. Wounded in left arm, at Brashear City, by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a member of Co. K. Wounded at Opequan, in arm, and at Cedar Creek, in hand.

Sergeant Henry Andrews—Orlglnally a private. Promoted Corporal for gallant conduct, Sept. 19, 64. Promoted Sergeant, April 1, '65. Wounded at Opequan, in hand, slight. Wounded severely at Cedar Creek, in thigh. Mustered out in hospital.

Sergeant Ephraim Betts—Discharged for blindness, Feb. 1, '64, at Franklin, La.

Sergeant Austin D. Cables—Was at first a Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, July 1, '63. Wounded in thigh, severely, at Opequan. Afterwards transferred to V R. C. In the winter of '63 and '64, was on recruiting duty at Elmira, N. Y.

Sergeant Moscs E. Delamarter—Promoted Corporal, June 1, '63. Promoted Sergeant, Nov. 1, '64.

Sergeant William W. Johnson—Originally a Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, June 1, 63. Killed at Cedar Creek. The Masonic Lodge of Afton, N. Y., of which he was a member, placed upon record fitting resolutions npon the death of this excellent soldier.

Sergeant William L. Laman—Originally a private. Promoted Corporal, April 15, '63. Promoted Sergeant, Feb. 1, '65. Wounded slightly in the head, at Opequan.

Sergeant William J. Rogers—Wounded with buckshot, iu forehead, at Port Hudson. Discharged for disability, at Elmira, N. Y., May 18, '64.

Corporal William R. Corbett—Promoted Corporal, Sept. 1, '64. Shot through the heart, at Opequan, and walked a few rods, when he fell dead. Without a relative in the country of his adoption, he nobly fell defending its flag.

Corporal Charles B. Davis—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 1, '64. Wounded at Port Hudson.

Corporal George O. Fitch—Promoted Corporal, March 1, '65. Wounded in leg, severely, at Cedar Creek.

Corporal Christopher Grant—Promoted Corporal, June 1, '63.

Corporal Seymour C. Horton—Wounded severely in ankle, at Port Hudson. Discharged Aug. 25, '63, at Governor's Island, New York harbor.

Corporal William McNeil—Enlisted Sept. 16, '64. Promoted Corporal, April 1, '65.

Corporal George N. Palmer—Accidentally wounded in hand, after the battle of Bisland. Discharged July 2, '63, at New Orleans.

Corporal Preston R. Peck—Promoted Corporal, June 1, '63. Wounded severely in body, at Port Hudson, afterwards transferred to V. R. C.

Corporal Charles M. Pittsley—Promoted Corporal, Nov. 1. '64. Wounded iu face and hip, at Port Hudson.

Corporal Zenas H. Tarbell—Promoted Corporal, April 1, '65.

Corporal Daniel A. Tremain—Taken prisoner by the guerrilla Mosby, near Charlestown, Va., Sept. 4, 64, while sick and being conveyed in an ambulance train to Harper's Ferry. He was conducted to near Rectortown, Va., when, being too nnwell to proceed further, he was left in an old school house. A good Union lady residing near by, took him to her own house and provided

for his wants.* Subsequently he was released by a squad of U. S. Cavalry, and furloughed home from Alexandria, Va. He died at the house of his father, Richard Tremain, in East Greene, of consumption, Jan. 20, '65.

Corporal Calvin B Weld—Wounded in leg, at Opequan. Died from rupture of the popliteal artery, at Winchester, Va , Oct. 14, '64. There were none more faithful. His remains were brought home by his father, Luther Weld, and buried in Coventry, N. Y.

Corporal George Williams—Transferred to V. R. C., at Washiugton, D. C., early in the service.

Ezra C. Adams—Detailed throughout his service as fifer.

Andrew P. Aylesworth—Died of fever, at Brashear City, La., Nov. 3, '63.

Otis G. Banks—Died of small pox, at Quarantine below New Orleans, March 6, '63.

Smith Barnes—Deserted Oct. 20, '62, at Baltimore, Md.

George W. Bodurtha—Discharged with Co.

William A. Bolt—Discharged with Co.

Charles R. Bump—Died of typhoid fever, at Camp Mansfield, Bayou Boeuf, March 27, '63.

Theodore Cable—Accidentally shot in thumb, at Newport News, Va. Wounded slightly, in hip, at Cedar Creek.

John Campbell—Died of remittent fever, at New Iberia, La., Oct. 26, '63.

Edmund L. Carter—Mustered out in hospital.

George N. Chapple—Wounded in right arm, at Opequan.

Jack Chidester—Wounded in right arm and neck, at Port Hudson. Discharged at New York, Aug. 16, '63.

Henry Davis—Wounded slightly at Port Hudson. Wounded at Opequan, in hand. Mustered ont in hospital.

Sidney A. Delamarter—Wounded in head, severe, at Opequan. Discharged May 13, '65, at Philadelphia, Pa.

James Dennis—Wounded slightly at Cedar Creek, in leg.

William A. Fuller—Wounded at Port Hudson, on right side of head, and at Opequan on the left side of head. Killed at Cedar Creek.

James W. Gillmore—Detailed for five months at General Auger's H'd Q'rs. Discharged Jnne 13, '65, at Washington, D. C.

Lewis Handy—Wounded severely in body, at Port Hudson; afterwards transferred to V. R. C.

Charles R. Hayward—Wounded in left hand, at Port Hudson. Wounded at Opequan, in body, severely. DischargedMay 14, '65, at Baltimore, Md.

Sophronius Hinman—Wounded with buckshot, at Port Hudson. For about two years was Co. cook.

William M. Horton—Was taken sick before the Regt. left the rendezvous at Norwich, and was unable to return for nearly a year. Mortally wounded at Opequan, in thigh, and died the day after the battle. Brother of Seymour C. Horton.

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* The kindness of this lady to Union soldiers should give her a place in history Her name is Mrs. Holland.

James S. Ireland—Discharged for white swelling, June 14, '63, at New Orleans. A short time Acting Hospital Steward.

Charles A. Johnson—Accidentally wounded at Boutte, La. Discharged March 9, '64, at New Orleans.

Russell A. Johnson—Discharged for chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, Aug. 22, '63.

George W. Jones—For some time drove a mule cart.

Isaac B. Jones—Transferred to V. R. C., at Fortress Monroe, but afterwards retransferred back to Regt. Wounded at Opequan.

Henry Keatch—Enlisted Dec. 31, '63.

Andy Kinnier—Discharged for chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, March 5, '64.

James H. Knickerhocker—Transferred to V. R. C., at New Orleans, June 17, '64.

Richard Marvin—In most of the battles, and only slightly wounded in knee, at Cedar Creek.

William Marvin—Deserted at Hilton Head, S. C., Dec. 16, '62. Was arrested at Greene, and sent under guard to the front. For a long time he practiced deception to keep himself from rejoining his Regt., until Jan. 9, '65, when he was discharged at Washington, D. C.

William T. Marvin—On hospital duty, for some time, at New Orleans.

David McBirney—Wounded in right shoulder, at Port Hudson.

Duncan McKellar—Detailed at Div. H'd Q'rs, to repair wagon-covers and tents.

Francis McNiel—Wounded at Opequan, in leg, which was amputated. Died at Winchester, Va., Oct. 10, '64. A brave man.

Francis M. Mead—Wounded slightly, at Cedar Creek, (we think.)

Horatio K. Mosher—Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, June 27, '63.

Lewis G. Mosher—Enlisted Jan. 23, '64. Discharged for disability, at Washington, D. C., Nov. 4, '64.

William W. Newby—Wounded in thigh severely, at Opequan, for which he was discharged May 22, '65, at Wilmington, Del.

Andrew H. Nichols—Never wounded.

Henry W. Nutter—Died of chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, Sept. 24, '63.

David W. Pettis—Died of fever, Sept. 13, '64, at Annapolis Junction, Md. His remains were removed to Greene and buried, at the end of three months.

Wilberforce L. Pike—Discharged at Baltimore, Md., Dec. 15, '62, by order of the War Department.

Benjamin F. Pitsley—Wounded in head, at Port Hudson, which left a severe nervous affection. Discharged, Sept. 1, '63, at New Orleans.

Edward Post—Wounded in arm and leg, at Port Hudson: Wounded at Opequan in right ankle; for which he was discharged, April 4, '65, at Chesnut Hill Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Carroll Post—Discharged for chronic diarrhea, at New York, Aug. 26, '64.

Charles E. Potter—Discharged for chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, Aug. 22, '63. He reached home Sept. 6th, and died the 18th.

Edwin C. Read—Detailed for a year in the Quartermaster's Department, 19th Corps, and at the close received a complimentary letter from the Chief Quarter Master.

Lewis O. Robbins—Died of typhoid fever, April 11, '63, at Brashear City, La.

Jesse Rockwell—Wounded in arm, at Opequan. Afterwards detailed as Orderly.

Albert Rogers—Enlisted Dec. 31, '63. Fell out of the ranks, the night of April 20, '64, while on a forced march from Grand Ecore, La. to Alexandria, La There is but little doubt that he died in the road from excessive fatigue, as but a short time afterwards a young man bearing his description was found by the rear guard dead, and was buried.

Gilbert Rogers—Enlisted Jan. 18, '64.

Peter Rogers—Wounded at Opequan, in leg. Wounded at Cedar Creek, in back.

William Rogers—Enlisted Jan. 18, '64. Father of Gilbert and Albert.

Deloss Rowe—Transferred to V. R. C., at Fortress Monroe.

Hanford D. Rowe—Absent sick for nearly two years.

Benjamin E. Rudolph—Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 17, '64, for epileptic fits.

Albert Salisbury—Enlisted Sept. 10, '64.

Edward E. Salisbury—Detailed for nearly a year as orderly at General Sheridan's H'd Q'rs.

Andrew J. Sawyer—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Coventry, N. Y., April 28, '64, while home on furlough.

Aaron H. Seward—Discharged for fever sore, at New Orleans, Aug. 7, '63. Since dead.

Chauncey Simmons—Disch'd for chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, Sept. 10, '63.

Frank M. Skillman—Wounded in right leg, at Opequan; limb amputated. He died Oct. 7, '64. His remains were brought to Smithville, N. Y., for interment.

Joseph H. Skillman—Transferred to Non-Com. Staff, and promoted Hospital Steward, March, '63. Discharged for disability, July 1, '63.

Martin K. Skillman—Died of typhoid fever, Jan. 1, '63, on board Barque *Voltigeur*, off, South-West Pass, La. (See page 97.)

Joseph S. Smith—Wounded in head, at Port Hudson. Wounded terribly in thigh, at Sabine Cross Roads, from which he died May 6, '64, at New Orleans.

William H. Spencer—Enlisted Sept. 12, '64. Discharged for disability, May 18, '65, at Frederick, Md

John Starkweather—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, Sept. 18, '63.

John W. Sutliff—Detailed for a time as blacksmith.

Albert Teachout—Died of fever, at Camp Belger, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 2, '62. The first death in the Company

William H. Truax—Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, Aug. 21, '63

Chester P. Tryon—Discharged for chronic diarrhea, Aug. 22, '63, at New Orleans.

Moses Tuttle—Transferred to V R C.

Hector S Vanderburg—Died of diptheria, at Fortress Monroe, June 10, '63.

Artemas J. Webb—Detailed for a long time as ambulance driver and teamster.

Freeman S. Wedge—Discharged for disability, Oct. 2, '63, in camp near Centreville, La.

Robert Wedge—Injured at Port Hudson by a fall. Found dead by the side of his cot, in hospital, at Baton Rouge, La., July 28, '63.

William H. White—Detailed as drummer.

Emory A. Williams—Transferred to V R. C., at New Orleans, in the fall of '63.

Horace J. Wood—Transferred to V R. C., at New Orleans, June 17, '64.

Reed Yaple—Mustered out in hospital.

COMPANY F.

Captain Charles H. Colwell—The original Captain. Was presented with a sword and sash by the citizens of Sherburne. Resigned on Surgeon's certificate, Jan. 8, '63, at New Orleans.

Captain James F. Fitts—Originally was Adjutant. Promoted Captain, vice Colwell, Jan. 8, '63, in which capacity he was mustered out with the Regt. (See page 535.)

First Lieutenant Adrian Foote—Entered the service in the above capacity. Promoted Quarter Master, March 28, '63. (See page 536.)

First Lieutenant William D. Thurber—Originally was 1st Sergeant. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, vice Buel, June 9, '63, but was never mustered to that grade. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, vice Foote, July 4, '63. Wounded in thigh, at Cedar Creek, from which he died, Oct. 25, '64, at Newtown, Va. (See page 524.)

First Lieutenant Jerrie P. Allis—Was at first a Sergeant of Co. G. Promoted 2d Lieutenant of same Company, June 14, '63. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, and assigned to Co. F, Dec. 15, '64, in which grade he was mustered out of service. Wounded in right fore-arm, at Cedar Creek.

Second Lieutenant John F. Buel—Resigned his commission, June 9, '63.

Second Lieutenant Cyrus J. Hardaway—First enlisted as a private in Berdan's Sharp-Shooters, where he served for nearly two years, participating in eleven battles. In Sept. of '63 be was discharged from his former Regt., at Warrenton, Va., to receive promotion in the 114tb N. Y., and was mustered 2d Lieutenant of Co. F, in which grade be served till the close of the war. He never, however did duty with his Company, but was the Acting Begimental Quarter Master, in the absence of Lieut. Foote, during the whole of the time he was connccted with the Regiment.

First Sergeant Charles L. Brown—Was originally a Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant in March of '63, vice Thurber, but owing to a failure of muster in the last named officer, he only served as Acting Orderly. Promoted 2d Lieutenant of Co. E, Oct. 7, '63, but was unable to be mustered to that grade. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, and assigned to Co. G, Aug. 9, '64. Detailed for eight months as clerk in the Quarter Master's Departments of Division and Corps. Wounded at Port Hudson, in right thigh.

First Sergeant Stephen Weaver—Was at first a Corporal. Promoted 1st Sergeant vice Brown, Sept. 1, '63. Was sent north on recruiting service in the fall of '63. Wounded at Opequan, in head, from which he died the same night. He was faithfully attended to the last by his brother Corporal Weaver.

First Sergeant William F. Allen—Originally was Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Weaver, Sept. 20, '64. Wounded in left fore-arm and shoulder, at Cedar Creek.

Sergeant Charles D. Hooker—Was at first a private. Promoted Corporal, March 10, '63. Promoted Sergeant, Dec. '64. Detailed north on recruiting service.

Sergeant James F. Simmons—Discharged for disability, at Baltimore, Feb. 12, '63.

Sergeant John C. Talman—Instantly killed at the assault on Port Hudson, June 14, '63, by a shot in the head.

Sergeant Charles N. Thomas—Promoted from a private to Sergeant, May 1, '65.

Sergeant Eugene M. Utley—Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, Oct. 17, '64. Wounded slightly in head, at Sabine Cross Roads, and also at Port Hudson. Mortally wounded in bowels, at Cedar Creek, and died at Newtown, Va., Oct. 27, '63.

Sergeant William W. Wakeley—Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, Feb., '64. Killed at Cedar Creek. This faithful soldier was buried alongside of the others that fell that day, on the banks of Cedar Creek.

Sergeant Charles L. Williams—Originally a Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, June 14, '63. Wounded in head, at Opequan. Mustered out in hospital.

Sergeant James S. Williams—Originally a private. Promoted Corporal, Aug. 1, '63. Promoted Sergeant, Dec. 1, '64. Taken prisoner at Sabine Cross Roads, and exchanged Oct. 23, '64.

Corporal John L. W. Bell—Promoted Corporal, May 1, '65. Wounded severely at Opequan.

Corporal Malcolm G. Deitz—Transferred to V. R. C., May 31, '65, at New Orleans.

Corporal Charles V. Hall—Promoted Corporal, Oct. 19, '64, for gallant conduct.

Corporal George J. Matteson—Promoted Corporal, Jan. 1, '65. Wounded in neck, at Opequan.

Corporal George R. Miller—Detailed for some time as a manager of a government farm at Fortress Monroe. Killed at Opequan. His right arm was torn off by a fragment of shell, and his breast badly mangled. This christian soldier was the first that fell upon that bloody field.

Corporal Clinton H. Medbury—Wounded in both lungs, on the night of the 11th of June, '63, while engaged in digging a sap toward the enemy's works at Port Hudson. He died June 25, '63, at St. James Hospital, New Orleans. He was an exemplary soldier.

Corporal Christopher W. Potter—Promoted Corporal, Oct. 19, '64, by General Orders, for gallant conduct.

Corporal Charles F. Pratt—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 30, '63, at Fortress Monroe, Va.

Corporal Daniel W. Putnam—Wounded in head and abdomen, at the assault on Port Hudson, June 14, '63. He died in field hospital at Port Hudson, June 17, '63.

Corporal John Spurr—Promoted Corporal, April 27, '64. Wounded in hand at Port Hudson. Wounded in breast, at Opequan. Mustered out in hospital at Philadelphia.

Corporal Lewis E. Tew—Promoted Corporal, Jan. '64. Killed at Cedar Creek. His remains were brought north, and interred at New Berlin.

Corporal Isaac Weaver—Enlisted Jan. 13, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 2. '65, at Washington, D. C.

Musician Dudley W. Young—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 30, '63, at New Orleans.

Alfred N. Aldrich—Enlisted Aug. 31, '64. Wounded in head, at Cedar Creek.

Elijah J Andrews—Died of typho-malarious fever, at Brashear City, La. June 6, '63.

James T. Avery—Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, July 17, '63. Re-enlisted in the same Company, Aug. 31, '64. Wounded in thigh at Cedar Creek.

William H. Avery—Enlisted Sept. 1, '64. Wounded in leg at Cedar Creek.

Erasmus D. Babcock—Transferred to V. R. C., at New Orleans, May 1, '64.

Russell F. Baker—Wounded at Port Hudson, in hand. Died of congestive fever at Franklin, La., Jan. 18, '64.

George A. Beach—Wounded in hand severely, at Port Hudson. Afterwards detailed as teamster.

Henry Bidwell—Deserted Sept. 6, '62, at Norwich, N. Y. Received a three days' furlongh, and never returned.

Charles H. Bowen—Transferred to V. R. C., May 1, '64.

Charles H. Bryant—Severely wounded in both thighs, at Port Hudson. Discharged at York, Pa., Dec. 29, '64.

Chester L. Buchanan—Enlisted Aug. 26, '64. Died suddenly of congestion of the brain, in his tent at Camp Sheridan, Stevenson's Depot, Va., Feb. 8, '65. Only a short time before he came off the picket line apparently well.

Levi M. Carpenter—Enlisted June 4, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 2, '65, at Washington, D. C.

Mathew L. Carpenter—Never wounded.

George W. Champlin—Died of ship fever, Dec. 19, '62, at Ship Island, Miss.

Abram Chappell—Wounded in hand at Port Hudson. Transferred to V. R. C., May 31, '64.

Charles Clark—Enlisted Aug. 26, '64. Wounded at Cedar Creek, in leg. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 2, '65, at Washington, D. C.

John A. Cleaveland—Died from the effects of vegetable poison, June 1, '63, at Berwick City, La.

Albert B. Colburne—Wounded slightly in leg, at Opequan.

Elijah N. Colburne—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64. Wounded at Cedar Creek, for which he was discharged May 13, '65, at Chester, Pa.

George W. Crumb—Wounded in thigh, at Cedar Creek, severely; for which he was discharged May 22, '65, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Alfred Davis—Killed at Opequan, being shot through the head. His officers always spoke of him as ever cool and ready.

Daniel Davis—Discharged for disability, Sept. 8, '63.

Adin Deming—Wounded in right knee, at Opequan. Mnstered out in hospital, at York, Pa.

William H. Dunham—Enlisted Sept. 6, '64. Wounded at Cedar Creek, in leg, severely, from which he died, Oct. 29, '64, at Winchester, Va.

Horace Eddy—Taken prisoner at Sabine Cross Roads, and confined at Tyler. Tex. Exchanged Oct. 23, '64,

Lewis J. Eddy—Brother of Horace.

Andrew J. Eldred—Mustered out with Company.

Adicus Ellis—Wounded in leg at Cedar Creek; limb amputated; discharged from hospital in Philadelphia, Pa.

Amenzo Ellis—Brother of Adicus. Wounded at Opequan, in arm. Discharged May 22, '65, at McClellan Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Charles Fairchilds—Captured and paroled at Brashear City, La., June 23, '63. Detailed a long time at Brigade H'd Q'rs, as carpenter.

Edwin Fairchilds—Enlisted Jan. 12, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 2, '65, at Washington, D. C.

Norman Fenton—Died of chronic diarrhea, June 10, '63, at Brashear City, La.

Frank P. Field—Discharged for disability, May 6, '64, at Alexandria, La.

George Fontaine—Wounded with buckshot, in left fore-arm, at Port Hudson. Wounded at Opequan, in left leg, with minnie ball. Discharged June 23, '65, at Satterly Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Freland P. Freely—Transferred to V. R. C., May 31, '64.

Albert D. Fuller—Served some time as Co. cook.

Jeremiah B. Fuller—Discharged for disability, at Baltimore, Md., Feb. 4, '63.

Joseph Gilbert—Died of typhoid fever, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, in Dec., '62.

Hiram Gilbert—Brother of Joseph. Died of the same disease, at the same place, not far from the same time.

Ambrose Green—Discharged for disability, Nov. 9, '62, at Stewart's Mansion Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

Robert E. Gritman—Wounded in thigh, at Cedar Creek, from which he died Oct. 30, '64, at Winchester, Va.

James Haight—Enlisted Aug. 22, '64. Discharged May 22, '65, for disability, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Henry M. Hall—Enlisted Aug. 31, '64.

Jacob H. Havely—Mortally wounded in the head, during the assault on Port Hudson, June 14, '63, and died the following day. The ashes of this gallant young soldier were gathered up in the succeeding month of Feb., by his cousin, Colonel Willie P. Rexford, and sent North, to be buried with his kindred in Sherburne, N. Y.

Smith Hill—Wounded at Port Hudson, in side, leg and arm with buckshot.

Fred H. Honecka—Wounded in shoulder, at Opequan, and in thigh, at Cedar Creek. Discharged May 22, '65, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Jarvis Howard—Died of disease, Aug. 1, '64, at New Berlin, N. Y., while home on sick furlough.

Miles Ireland—Discharged for disability, April 27, '63, at Washington, D. C.

Charles Isbell—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 30, '63.

Truman G. Ketchum—Discharged for disability, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, Aug. 27, '63.

Cornelius O. King—Served as Regimental wagon-master throughout his entire service.

William D. Knapp—Wounded in right leg, at Port Hudson. Discharged for disability, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, Jan. 31, '64.

James E. Marvin—Discharged for disability May 13, '63, at New Orleans.

John L. Marvin—Wounded at Port Hudson, in left side and right hand, for which he was discharged, April 20, '64, at New Orleans.

Sidney T. Merrill—Mustered out with Regt. Never wounded.

Joseph W. Miller—Discharged for disability, at Baltimore, Md., Jan. 14, '63.

Charles M. Moremus—Generally present with Co.

La Fayette Moremus—Enlisted, Sept. 4, '64.

William Munn—Never wounded.

William H. Mumbalo—Wounded at Port Hudson, in right leg. Discharged at New Orleans, Sept. 8, '63.

Oscar N. Nichols—Died of typho-malarial fever, at Brashear City, La., Mar. 10, '63.

Caleb S. Page—Detailed during most of his service in the Commissary Department, and as clerk.

Charles A. Peck—Enlisted Aug. 1, '64.

Solomon Pettit—Discharged for disability, Dec. 27, '62, at Baltimore. Afterwards re-enlisted in another Regt., and died at Vicksburg, Miss., March 26, '64.

Charles J. Pratt—Wounded in left arm and breast, at Opequan. Discharged from a Philadelphia hospital.

George W. Roberts—Killed in action at Port Hudson, June 14, '63. A young man of excellent habits, and much respected.

Varner S. Root—Served as drummer, from organization of Regt.

Smith B. Rowland—Discharged for disability, at Baltimore, Md., May 27, '63.

Lindsey L. Shipman—Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 30, 63, at Fortress Monroe.

Lorenzo S. Shaw—Arm badly injured by a shell, on the 14th of June, at Port Hudson. Discharged in consequence, at Charlestown, Va., Aug. 19, '64.

Seth C. Sisson—Shot through the right lung, in the assault of the 14th of June, and died the next day. He was a soldier prompt in the discharge of his duty.

Charles W. Smith—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 30, '63.

Elbert F. Smith—Wounded severely in thigh, at Port Hudson, June 14; discharged in consequence, at Baton Rouge, La., Feb. 19, '64.

Albert D. Smith—Died of diptheria, at Hampton, Va., Jan. 14, '63. His remains were buried in New Berlin, N. Y.

Charles L. Smith—Died at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, of diptheria, Nov. 15, '63. He had been examined for Lieutenant's commission in the Corps d'Afrique.

Angel P. Stead—Died of disease, Aug. 31, '63, at Baton Rouge, La.

Nathan Teft—Detailed in Pioneer Corps in the valley.

Charles B. Teft—Wounded at Port Hudson, in head, right hand and shoulder; at Cedar Creek, in thigh, breast and elbow. Mustered out in a Philadelphia hospital, since the Regt.

Nelson A. Thayer—Discharged for disability, at Carrollton, La., Feb. 14, '63.

Roswell F. Thayer—Brother of the above; died of fever, at Marine Hospital. New Orleans, Sept. 6, 63.

George B. Throop—Transferred to V. R. C., April 22, '64, at New Orleans.

David H. Vanduzen—Enlisted June 4, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 2, '65, at Washington, D. C.

Ezra Waters—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 30, '63.

Isaac Weaver—Enlisted Jan. 13, 64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 2, '65, at Washington, D. C.

Anson E. Webb—In battles, not wounded.

Austin White—Discharged for disability, at Vermilionville, La., Nov. 9, '63.

Charles T. White—Wounded June 14, at Port Hudson, in left arm, shoulder and thigh. Wounded at Cedar Creek, in jaw and right side of head, destroying the eye, and in thigh. Transferred to V. R. C., at Chestnut Hill Hospital, Philadelphia, and discharged since the Regt.

Franklin Wilcox—Discharged at Baltimore, May 19, '65, for disability.

Joseph Wisbeck—Enlisted June 4, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 2, '65, at Washington, D. C.

COMPANY G.

Captain Charles E. Tucker—The first Captain of the Co. Instantly killed at Port Hudson. (See page 514.)

Captain Charles W. Underhill—Originally 1st Lieutenant of Co. Promoted Adjutant, Jan. 8, '63. Promoted Captain, vice Tucker, June 14, '63, in which grade he was mustered ont the service. Was complimented by General Orders, by the Generals on whose staffs he served at Opeqnan and Cedar Creek. (See page 535.)

First Lieutenant Homer W. Searle—Originally 2d Lieutenant. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, vice Underhill, Sept. 1, '63. Promoted Captain, July 1, '64, and assigned to Co. K. Wounded severely in right lung and left hip, at the assault of Port Hudson, June 14. Wounded at Opequan, in right fore-arm and in shonlder. Presented with a sword, by the citizens of Brookfield. He received a complimentary message from General Banks, for his gallantry at Port Hudson.

First Lieutenant Charles L. Brown—Originally a Sergeant of Co. F. Promoted 1st Sergeant, March, '63. Promoted 2d Lieutenant of Co. E, but never mnstered to that grade. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, Aug. 9, '64, and assigned to Co. G. This last position he held to the close of the war. (See page 560.)

Second Lieutenant Jerrie P. Allis—A Sergeant from enlistment. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, vice Searle, June 14, '63. Promoted 1st Llentenant, Dec. 15, '64, and assigned to Co. F, which see.

First Sergeant Alhert A. Nichols—Appointed 1st Sergeant, Oct., 62, to date from the organization of Co. Died of typhoid fever, at Carrollton, La., Jan. 7, '63. An estimable and accomplished young man.

First Sergeant Henry P. Corbin—Originally a Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant, Jan. 7, '63, vice Nichols. Commissioned 2d Lieutenant, Jan. 8, '63, vice Searle, bnt was unable to be mustered to that grade. Instantly killed by being shot through the head, at Port Hudson, in the assault of June 14, '63. (See page 209.)

First Sergeant Charles F. Sunny—Promoted Sergeant, Jan. 5, '63. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Corbin, Sept. 1, '63. Shot twice through the head at Opeqnan, and instantly killed. At Port Hudson, nnder a shower of rebel bullets, at the risk of his own life, this gallant soldier, to recover his Lieutenant, Searle, crept to the embankment, and by his clothes dragged him some distance to the ditch.

First Sergeant Daniel W. Kinney—Corporal from enlistment. Promoted Sergeant, Jan. 5, '63. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Sunny, Sept. 19, '64. Wounded in leg. A reliahle soldier.

Sergeant Porter H. Babcock—Corporal from enlistment. Promoted Sergeant, Jan. 1, '64. Transferred to V. R. C., in Washington, D. C.

Sergeant Harrison Brand—Corporal from enlistment. Promoted Sergeant, Dec. 12, '63. Severely wonnded in leg at Opequan, for which he was discharged at Baltimore, Md., Dec. 21, 64.

Sergeant Burton Brown—Corporal from enlistment. Promoted Sergeant, April 1, '65. Detached with wagon train.

Sergeant George W. Dunham—At first a Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, Jan. 14, '63. Died of chronic diarrhea, at New Iberia, La., Dec. 12, '63.

Sergeant Nathan Lampson—Originally a Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, Sept. 19 '64. In every battle, and luckily never wounded.

Sergeant James P. Murphy—Discharged for disability, at Baltimore, Md., early in the service.

Sergeant William Potter—Promoted Corporal and Lance-Sergeant, Oct. 19, '64, for meritorious conduct on that day. Promoted full Sergeant, Dec. 21, '64. A long time color-bearer of the Regt. (See page 460.)

Sergeant Charles W. Rhodes—Corporal at enlistment. Promoted Sergeant, Jan. 5, '63. For a time detailed as clerk at draft rendezvous, Elmira, N. Y. Discharged April 1, '65, to receive promotion as Captain in the 194th N. Y.

Corporal William C. Burch—Promoted to Corporal, Dec. 14, '63. Taken prisoner at Cedar Creek, exchanged, and discharged with Co.

Corporal Ira J. Burleson—Promoted to Corporal, April 1, 65.

Corporal Albert E. Butler—Promoted to Corporal, Sept. 19, '64.

Corporal William N. Davis—Wounded in hand, by the accidental discharge of his gun, at Tigerville, La., and discharged at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, July 3, '63. Died soon after reaching home.

Corporal Isaac W. Haling—Promoted Corporal, Jan. 5, '63. Wounded in the breast, June 14, in the assault at Port Hudson, from the effects of which he died July 17, '63, at New Orleans. When the flag lay prostrate before the enemy, upon that bloody day, Corporal Haling was among the first to volunteer to rally to its support.

Corporal Albert J. Holmes—Promoted to Corporal, Feb.. '64. Wounded in thigh at Opequan, and died from hemorrhage, Oct. 2, '64, at Winchester, Va.

Corporal Orange E. Loomis—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 21, '64. Wounded severely in side at Opequan.

Corporal J. Wesley Morgan—Promoted Corporal, June 14, '63. Wounded at Opequan, in thigh.

Corporal Andrew J. Sawdy—Promoted Corporal, Jan. 5, '65. Wounded in left lung, at Port Hudson, June 14, from the effect of which he died at Baton Rouge, La., July 6, '63.

Corporal Colson Shepardson—Promoted Corporal, June 14, '63. Wounded in leg at Opequan, which was amputated. Mustered out in hospital, at Philadelphia.

Musician M. Jerome Murphy—Discharged for disability, Dec. 1, '62, at Baltimore, Md. Brother of James. During his stay with the Regt., he acted as Drum-Major. None will forget his gaudy display at dress parade and guard-mount.

Musician Amasa A. Wright—Detailed for a time as bugler, at Brigade H'd Q'rs.

Denio T. Alderman—In every battle, and never wounded.

De Elbert W. Babcock—Wounded by accidental discharge of gun, July, '64. Transferred to V. R. C., March 13, '65.

George W. Babcock—Discharged for disability, at Albany, N. Y., Sept. 30, '63.

James W. Babcock—Discharged for disability, Feb., '63.

Simeon D. Baldwin—Served faithfully, and never wounded.

John H. Barrett—Wounded slight in foot, at Opequan. Taken prisoner at Cedar Creek; exchanged, and mustered out with Regt.

Albert S. Bates—Discharged for disability, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, June 6, '63.

Francis M. Beebe—Wounded severely in leg, at Opequan. Mustered out at Frederick, Md.

Samuel J. Belfield—Left sick at Norfolk, Va. Deserted while on his way to join his Regt., in Jan., '64, near N. Y. city. This was the only desertion in the Co.

Samuel J. Bennett—Never wounded.

Morris J. Blakeman—Wounded in arm, at Opequan.

John F. Braud—Detailed as Regimental Clerk.

Samuel B. Brand—Taken prisoner, and paroled at Brashear City. Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 4, '64.

Frank Brooks—Wounded slightly at Port Hudson. Wounded in breast and knee, at Opequan.

Holland T. Brown—Wounded at Opequan ; lost a finger. Having survived three years' service, he was killed at home, in Brookfield, N. Y., March 22, '66, by the falling of a tree.

Mathew R. Burdick—Killed by accident, at Brashear City, La., June 21, '63. Having an altercation with a fellow soldier, the latter threw a brick, which struck him in the head, resulting in his death.

James Cahalin—Wounded, at Opequan, in right leg, fracturing both bones. It not being possible at the moment to carry him to the rear, raising himself upon his sound limb, he commenced to load and fire, when he was pierced by two fatal bullets, one of them through the head. At Sabine Cross Roads, elevating himself upon the roof of an old shanty, he deliberately and with telling effect fired into the advancing ranks of the enemy.

Henry Cheesbro—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Baton Rouge, Sept. 10, '63.

Herbert A. Cheesbro—Luckily never wounded.

J. Albert Cheeshro—Died of chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, Aug. 11, '63.

Augustus P. Clark—Transferred to non-commissioned staff, and promoted Quartermaster's Sergeant, Sept. 4, '62. (See page 536.)

Duane L. Clark—Wounded with buckshot in left shoulder, at Port Hudson. Transferred to V. R. C., April 6, '64.

Ray G. Clark—Discharged for disability, at Baton Rouge, La., March 8, '64.

William W. Coakley—Wounded slightly in head, at Opeqnan.

James R. Collier—Wounded slight at Port Hudson. Taken prisoner at Pleasant Hill, while filling his canteen from a spring, but a short distance from the Regt. Taken to Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas. Exchanged in the fall of '64, and discharged with the Company.

Judson L. Crandall—Discharged for disability, at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, Aug. 22, '63.

Lucius A. Crandall—Enlisted Jan. 21, '64. Wounded in leg at Opequan. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 1, '65.

George Davey—Discharged for disability, at Frederick, Md., May 18, '65.

Philander Davis—Died at New Orleans, of malarious fever and diarrhea, June 8, '63.

Harlow M. Dodge—Died of typhoid fever, at Bayou Boeuf, La., April 5, '63.

James Dunn—For some two years served as clerk at different army H'd Q'rs. Since his muster-out, he has been appointed Hospital Steward in the Regular Army, and placed on duty in the Surgeon General's office, Washington, D. C.

Wallace Elphic—Received a flesh wound at Cedar Creek, in the leg.

Alberto Fisk—Severely wounded at Port Hudson, in left hip. Discharged at Troy, N. Y., April 15, '65.

Peter Flinn—Wounded in left knee, at Port Hndson. On detailed service some time at General Emory's H'd Q'rs.

Jonathan J. French—Wounded at Port Hudsou. Accidentally wounded iu toe, at Bolivar, Va., for which he was discharged at Mower Hospital, Philadelphia, May 22, '65.

Lucian N. Fulford—Mortally wounded at Port Hudson, in right thigh, from which he died at New Orleans, June 18, '63.

Ransom J. Fulford—Died of disease, at Fortress Monroe, Dec. 2, '62. Brother of Lucian.

Uri Gates—Generally with his Co.

George F. Gilbert—Slightly wounded in face, at Opequan.

William H. Hardenhnrg—Generally present. Never wounded.

George W. Hayes—Wonnded at Opequan, in wrist.

Palmer Hinmau—Served with wagon train in the valley.

Michael Horrigan—Wounded at Opequan, in arm.

Warren H. Howard—Wounded slightly at Port Hudson, in right hand. Wounded at Opequan, in knee. Limh amputated, and discharged at Chester Hospital, Philadelphia, May 20, '65.

Otis Kinney—Disch'd for disahility, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, Aug. 6, '63.

Elhridge E. Lamunion—Enlisted as wagoner, hut afterwards placed in the ranks. Wounded at Port Hudson. Wounded at Opequan, in hoth legs and side.

Richard Laws—Discharged for disahility, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, Aug. 16, '63.

David C. Loomis—Taken prisoner at Brashear, and paroled. Wounded at Opequan, in arm.

J. Wallace Lord—In all the fights, and never wounded.

Dorr H. Main—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 1, '63.

Garrett S. Main—Disch'd for disahility, at Baltimore, Md., early in the service.

Charles Moore—Discharged with Co.

Alhert Morse—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Brashear City, Sept. 1, '63.

Daniel W. Niles—Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 4, '64.

Asa Parker—Wonnded in wrist, at Opequan.

George L. Root—Wounded in right thigh, at Port Hudson. Wounded severely in arm, at Opequan. Mnstered out in hospital, after the Regt.

Francis M. Sanders—Wounded at Opequan, in thigh.

Fennimore Short—Enlisted Ang. 10, '64. Killed at Opequan; shot through howels, while carrying off a comrade, and lived hut a few minutes.

Nelson Short—Brother of Fennimore. Enlisted Aug. 10, '64. Wounded in the head, at Opequan. Mustered ont in Insane Asylum, Washington, D. C.

William S. Short—Cousin of the above. Enlisted Aug. 10, '64. Wounded in arm, at Opeqnan, and discharged at Chestnut Hill Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., March 4, '65.

Theodore S. Smith—Discharged for disability, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, May 18, '63.

Elijah St. John—Transferred to non-commissioned staff, and promoted to Sergeant Major, Sept. 4, '62. Promoted to 1st Lieutenant, Co. K, Sept. 5, '65. (See page 536.)

Charles H. Stone—Slightly wounded at Opequan.

Charles E. Thompson—Killed at Opequan, being shot through right side and left breast. His remains were subsequently disinterred by his father, Elihu Thompson, and buried near Poolville, N. Y. This noble youth was one of five eqnally brave young men, who enlisted together from the little village of Poolville. Sawdy, Shepardson, Holmes and Dunham, were the names of the others. They tented together, and lived together as far as it is possible for soldiers thus to live in the army. The battle of Opequan sealed the fate of all save one, and he, as will be seen, is a cripple for life.

Stephen Tuttle—Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, Nov. 20, '63.

George W. Tyler—Captured at Cedar Creek. An exchanged prisoner at Annapolis, Md., when the Regt. was mustered out.

Edward H. Vidlear—Wounded at Opequan. Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 23, '63.

James C. Walters—Served some time as Co. cook.

Charles H. Watson—Mustered out in hospital.

La Fayette Webb—Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, March 22, '64.

Thomas H. Webb—Transferred to V. R. C., April 28, '64.

Patrick Welch—Mustered out in McDougal Hospital, New York Harbor, since the Regt.

William Welch—Returned with Co.

Edward Wholihan—Returned with Co.

John Wholihan—Brother of Edward.

Leroy B. Woods—Wounded at Port Hudson, in right knee, from the effect of which he died at St. James Hospital, New Orleans, July 4, '63.

Galusha A. York—Died at Berwick City, La., of disease, May 20, '63.

COMPANY H.

Captain Dyer D. Bullock—Was the Captain of the Co. upon its organization. In Oct. of 62, he was for a time on duty with a detachment of his men at Upper Marlborough, Md., and for a short season was in command of Convalescent Camp at Brashear City. Resigned his commission for physical disability, in Aug., '63. Was subsequently appointed Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, and assigned to duty in New Haven, Conn. He was presented by James M. Banks, with a sword, sash and belt, in behalf of the citizens of Bainbridge.

Captain Robert P. York—Was the original 1st Lieutenant of the Co. Was made Captain, vice Bullock, Aug. 9, '63. He served in the capacity of Ordnance Officer, Inspector General and Provost Marshal of Weitzel's Brigade; also, Provost Marshal of 1st Div. 19th Corps, and Commissary of Musters of Div. and Corps. In Jan. of '64, he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the 75th N. Y., and subsequently was appointed Provost Marshal of Savannah, Ga., whither he went with his Regt. A sword, sash and belt were presented him by the citizens of De Ruyter, and a complimentary supper given him upon visiting his home in Dec., '64, in consideration of his gallant conduct and meritorious service. Slightly wounded at Opequan.

Captain Uriah Rorapaugh—Was at first a Sergeant of Co. E. Promoted 1st Sergeant, June 27, '63. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, Sept. 1, '63. Promoted Captain, March 15, '65, and assigned to Co. H, in which capacity he served till the close of the war.

First Lieutenant Edward E. Breed—Originally a Corporal of Co. A. Promoted Sergeant, April 9, '63. Discharged to receive promotion as 2d Lieutenant, Aug., '63, and assigned to Co. H. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, Oct., 63. (See pages 521–538.)

First Lieutenant Theodore Evaus—Entered the service as a private. Promoted to Corporal, Sept. 26, '62. Promoted Sergeant, Aug. 14, '62. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, Dec. 14, '64. In Dec., '63, he was sent North on recruiting service, and in Aug., '64, was ordered with a squad of men to New Orleans, to obtain the camp and garrison equipage of 1st Div. 19th Corps, left in the Gulf Department. Lieutenant, then Sergeant Evans, is the soldier referred to by General Emory, in his testimony before the War Committee, as recorded on page 341 of the Record. This officer possesses a remarkable mechanical genius, belonging to a family of mechanics and millwrights—his father, Jehial Evans, being one of the best in the Country. The plan for the removal of the gunboats from Red River, suggested by Sergeant Evans, was the one adopted by Colonel Bailey, the success of which made him a Brigadier.

Second Lieutenant Edwin M. Osborne—Was originally a 2d Lieutenant. Was mustered out of service in March, '63, to date from the day he was mustered into service. A little son, who followed the Regt., died of fever at Port Royal.

First Sergeant Orlando J. Aylesworth—Was the first Orderly of the Co. He received a 2d Lieutenant's commission, but was never able to be mustered to that grade. At Opequan he was severely wounded in the head. He kept about most of the time till his death, which occurred suddenly, Oct. 4, '63. A short time previous, he wrote to his family in Oxford, that he was improving, and would soon be home. There were none who took more delight in doing their duty than Sergeant Aylesworth.

First Sergeant Charles Hemmingway—Originally a Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, Aug. 1, '63. Promoted to 1st Sergeant, May 1, '65, vice Aylesworth. Wounded in leg at Opequan.

Sergeant Otis D. W. Brown—Promoted Corporal, July 1, '63. Promoted Sergeant, May 1, 65.

Sergeant Luke C. Burdick—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 30, '63.

Sergeant Wellington H Lines—Originally a Sergeant. Acting Orderly for nearly a year and a half. Wounded at Opequan in neck. Discharged from McClellan Hospital, Philadelphia, May 22, '65.

Sergeant Henry D. Mason—Killed at Cedar Creek. His loss was a grevious one to the Co.

Sergeant Alonzo B. Merchant—Promoted from private to Sergeant, Oct. 19, '64, for good conduct in battle. For a time in command of Co. at Camp Russell, Va.

Sergeant Wheaton J. Race—Promoted Corporal, July 1, '63. Promoted Sergeant, May 1, '65.

Sergeant Charles E. Stratton—Discharged at Port Royal, for disability, Dec. 15, '62.

Sergeaut Thomas H. Warton—Promoted to Corporal, July 1, '63. Promoted to Sergeant, Dec. 24, '64. Detailed as mail agent for 1st Div. 19th Corps, for over a year.

Sergeant Abial J. Williams—Disch'd for rheumatism, July 2, '63, at New Orleans.

Corporal Abel R. Corbin, Jr.—Died of acute dysentery, at Berwick City, La., June 2, '63.

Corporal Timothy Corbin—Promoted to Corporal, Dec. 24, '64.

Corporal Conant Fosbnrg—Promoted Corporal, May 1, '65. In every battle, and never hit.

Corporal Madison J. Gillett—Promoted Corporal, Sept. 1, '63.

Corporal Charles F. Greeu—Killed at Cedar Creek, being shot through the body. He took off his accoutrements, walked a few rods, and fell to the ground dead.

Corporal Andrew J. Groat—Promoted Corporal, Jan. 1, '63. Died of chronic diarrhea, at Batou Rouge, La., June 18, '63.

Corporal Merrill E. Harrington—Promoted to Corporal, Dec. 24, '64. Wounded in arm, at Opequan.

Corporal Henry D. Merrill—Promoted Corporal, May 1, '65. Wounded badly in left arm, at Cedar Creek. Was right general guide of the Regt. for a long time.

Corporal John R. Norris—Wounded in both legs, at Opequan, injuring the right severely. Discharged May 12, '65, at Jarvis Hospital, Philadelphia.

Corporal Wallace F. Potter—Promoted to Corporal, Dec. 24, '64. Wounded slightly in hand at Cedar Creek.

Corporal Harmon E. Reed—Disch'd Dec 4, '62, at Baltimore, for disease of lungs.

Corporal Morell Smith—Promoted Corporal, May 1, '65. Wounded in arm at Cedar Creek, slight.

Corporal Alhert N. Wheelock—Slightly wounded in neck, at Bisland. Detailed for duty in Commissary Department, Brig. H'd Q'rs.

Wagoner George E. Teed—Transferred to Non-Com. Staff, and promoted Commissary Sergeant, Dec. 1, '64. Wounded slight in hand, at Opequan. (See page 537.)

Adelhert S. Ackley—Enlisted Sept. 3, '64. Wounded in foot, at Cedar Creek.

Edwin R. Aldrich—Slightly wounded in arm, at Opequan.

Benjamin Allen—Wounded severely in left arm, at Opequan. Mustered out in hospital.

Phillip J. Arnold—Discharged for disability, Feb. 27, '63, at Baltimore, Md.

Angus S. Arnold—Instantly killed at Cedar Creek, being shot through the head.

George Aylesworth—For a long time detailed in Commissary Department of Brig.

Sherrington Bache—Transferred to V. R. C., April 10, '64.

Erastus Baker—Enlisted Sept. 3, '64.

Ransom A. Bartholomew—Disch'd for disability, Aug. 4, '63, at Fortress Monroe.

Julius Beckwith—Wounded severely in leg, at Opequan Mustered out in Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, since the Regt.

Carpenter Bennett—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64. Discharged for disability at Satterlee Hospital, May 17, '65.

Isaac H. Brewster—Died at Brashear City, La., Aug. 24, '63, of chronic diarrhea.

Charles W. Brooks—Detailed as butcher at different army H'd Q'rs.

Delos Brown—Died of disease, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, Sept. 14, '63.

Delos P. Burdick—Died of chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, Sept. 13, '63.

William S. Burdett—Wounded in leg at Opequan, severely. Discharged at Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, May 17, '65.

George Cannon—Left sick with chronic diarrhea, at Fortress Monroe. Afterwards died at home, in Bainbridge, N. Y.

William H. Cardner—Left sick at Hilton Head, S. C., and subsequently transferred to V. R. C.

Henry R. Clark—Transferred to V. R. C., April 10, '64, at New Orleans.

Robinson J. Cooley—Discharged for disability, at Fortress Monroe, Dec. 3, '62.

Chester Corbin—Discharged at Stewart's Mansion Hospital, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 27, '63.

Oscar M. Corey—Wounded at Cedar Creek, in leg, severe, and in consequence died at Patterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 11, '64.

James Cronan—Enlisted Sept. 5, '64.

Thomas Dolan—Died on board Barque *Voltigeur*, at sea in the Gulf of Mexico. (See page 96.)

David S. Dort—Served a long time as Co. cook, and always on hand with coffee.

Simeon Eckerson—Died of disease, at New Orleans, March 6, '63.

William H. Edgerton—Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 30, '63, at Fortress Monroe.

Charles L. Evans—This soldier was borne for some time upon the rolls of his Co. as a deserter. It was subsequently learned that he was doing duty with a Cavalry Regt., with which he had been innocently induced to unite himself while on his way from the hospital to join his Co. He was, however, tried and sentenced to serve, in additi on to the period of his enlistment, the time of his absence. When the 114th was mustered out, he was transferred to the 90th N. Y.

Edward D. Evans—Enlisted Aug. 31, '64.

Isaiah M. Fuller—Died of disease, at Brashear City, La., April 25, '63.

Andrew E. Gager—Discharged for disability, June 11, '63, at New Orleans. He reached home July 2, and died two days after, at the house of his father, Abram Gager, in De Ruyter.

Isaac Hamilton—Transferred to V. R. C., July 1, '63.

Adoniram J. Hamlin—Wounded severely at Cedar Creek, the ball entering left side and taken out of back. Mustered out at Jarvis Hospital, Philadelphia.

Benjamin F. Hamlin—Died at Baton Rouge, La., '63, of chronic diarrhea.

James Hill—Mortally wounded through the head, at Bisland, and died the following morning. The first man in the Regt. killed in action.

Henry B. Hoyt—Generally with Co ; never wounded.

Benjamin R. Jenks—Served a while as orderly at Div. H'd Q'rs, and as private servant of General Emory.

Charles J. Kellogg—Deserted while in hospital at Rochester, N. Y.

George J. Knowlton—Killed July 7, '63, at Port Hudson, while detailed with a battery, being shot through the left lung.

Willis B. Landon—Transferred to V. R. C., April 10, '64, at New Orleans.

Waterman W. Lull—Discharged for disability, Sept. 21, '63, at Fortress Monroe.

Ezra L. Manning—Transferred to V. R. C., March 21, '65.

George H. Mead—Served some time as private servant of Colonel Smith.

Thomas McCue—Wounded severely in knee, at Opequan.

Patrick Mullen—Wounded in leg, at Opequan, from the effects of which he died, Nov. 1, '64, at Winchester.

Francis M. Muncey—Discharged the service in '63. Since died.

James A. Muncey—Brother of the above; died of disease, at New Iberia, La., Dec. 29, '63.

Hiram Munson—Died at Brashcar City, La., Dec. 23, '63, of chronic diarrhea.

Charles H. Myers—For over a year clerk at St. Louis Hospital, New Orleans, at which place he was mustered out.

George H. Nash—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Baton Rouge, July 30, '63.

George A. Phelps—Wounded in breast, slight, at Opequan.

Jay W. Rigby—Detailed for eight months in Post Hospital at Winchester, Va.

George Rogers—Discharged for disability, Sept. 10, '63, at New Orleans.

James Sandall—For nearly two years Co. cook.

Densmore Sanders—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Baton Rouge, La., July 23, '63.

John C. Sayles—Wounded severely at Opequan, in side.

Dennis B. Shelly—Generally present.

Daniel Stearns—Enlisted Jan. 4, '64. Died at New Orleans, July 22, '64.

George W. Stearns—Absent in hospital for nearly two years.

John H. Stearns—Wounded severely, at Opequan.

Nathan W. Steere—Died Jan 13, '64, of chronic diarrhea, at Franklin, La.

Ai Stillman—Died at Baton Rouge, La., Oct. 9, '63, of chronic diarrhea.

Orville L. Stillman—Enlisted Aug. 6, '64. Wounded in abdomen, at Opequan. Wounded in hand, at Cedar Creek.

Welcome E. Stillman—Detailed throughout his entire service as a drummer, and one of the best.

Jerome Stork—Died July 3, '63, of malarious fever and chronic diarrhea, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans.

Aaron W. Strong—Wounded severely in leg, at Opequan.

Dwight F. Taylor—Transferred to V. R. C., April 10, '64, at New Orleans.

Griggs A. Taylor—Wounded severely in groin, at Opequan.

George Thompson—Wonnded severely in leg, at Opequan. Discharged May 16, '65, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Lewis Thompson—Wounded severely in leg, at Cedar Creek. Discharged May 17, '65. at Philadelphia, Pa.

Lorenzo Thompson—Died of chronic diarrhea, July 10, '63, at Baton Rouge, La.

Rial Thompson—Wounded in leg, at Cedar Creek, from the effects of which he died, at Winchester, Va., Nov. 25, '64.

Seth D. Thompson—Died of chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, in the summer of '63.

Warren K. Welch—Wounded severely in leg, at Opequan. Discharged at McClellan Hospital, Philadelphia, May 19. '65.

Wells G. Wight—Discharged for disability, at Baltimore, Md., early in '63.

William S. Willis—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Brashear City, La., March 12, '63.

James I. Wooley—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Brashear City, La., April 18, '63.

Charles I. York—Disabled for a long time with white swelliug.

Jacob Voltz—Wounded severely in leg, at Opequan.

Tony Jones—Under cook of African descent. Enlisted Sept. 1, '63. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 1, '65, at Washington, D. C.

COMPANY I.

Captain J. Floyd Thompson—Recruited the Company, but upon the organization of the Regt., was immediately appointed Quartermaster. Resigned his commission Feb., '63. (See page 530.)

Captain Hiram S. Wheeler—Appointed Captain directly after the Regt. was organized, and served in that capacity during the war. Several times hit, but never seriously wounded. Detailed for some time on Court Martial at Div. H'd Q'rs.

First Lieutenant Nelson W. Schermerhorn—Originally 2d Lieutenant. Promoted 1st Lieutenant a few days after organization of Company. Promoted Captain, and assigned to Company D, Jan. 20, '65. (See page 550.)

First Lieutenant Charles J. Biggs—Originally a private in Company C, but was soon promoted successively Corporal and Sergeant. Transferred to Non-Com. Staff, and promoted Sergeant Major, Oct. 1, '63. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, and assigned to Company I, vice Schermerhorn, Dec. 9, '64. (See pages 536–547.)

Second Lieutenant Elias P. Pellet—Commissioned 2d Lieutenant, vice Schermerhorn, soon after the Regt. was completed. Promoted Adjutant, June 14, '63. Promoted Captain of Company E, July 1, '64. (See pages 535 and 555.)

First Sergeant Dennis Thompson—Promoted 2d Lieutenant, June 14, '63, vice Pellet, but never mustered to that grade. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, and assigned to Company B, Nov. 14, '64. (See page 542.)

First Sergeant Jerome F. Wheeler—Originally a Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Thompson, Dec. 16, '64. Wounded at Cedar Creek, in thumb of left hand, which was amputated. Discharged June 7, '65, at York, Pa.

Sergeant William H. Calkins—Died of typhoid fever, Aug. 16, '63, at Camp Hubbard, Thibodeaux, La. He volunteered in the "forlorn hope" at Port Hudson.*

Sergeant Freeman C. Stanton—Promoted to Sergeant, from Corporal, Nov. 1, '63. Never absent from the Company over night.

Sergeant Stephen D. Thompson—Originally a Corporal. Promoted Sergeant, Dec. 16, '64. Wounded severely below right knee, at Opequan. Discharged at Satterlee Hospital, Philadelphia, May 29, '65.

Sergeant John Van Dusen—Promoted to Sergeant, from Corporal, Aug. 31, '63. Wounded in right hip, at Cedar Creek.

Sergeant Cyrus R. Warner—Originally a Sergeant. Sent North on recruiting service, in the winter of '63–4. For over a year acting Orderly of the Company.

Corporal George H. Atkins—Promoted to Corporal, July 1, '63.

Corporal Albert Dellow—Promoted to Corporal, Dec. 16, '64.

Corporal Earnest Johnson—Promoted Corporal, by General Order, Oct. 19, '63, for gallant conduct on that day. (See page 461.)

Corporal Justus Lewis—Enlisted Dec. 16, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 1, '65, at Washington, D. C.

Corporal Daniel Preston—Promoted to Corporal, Nov. 1, '63, for good conduct.

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* The names of the others who volunteered from the Regt., in the Storming Brigade, were Lampson, Potter, Howard, and Herbert Cheesbro, of Company G and E. L. Widger, of Company I.

Corporal John Q. Perry—Wounded in face, slight, at Pleasant Hall. Wounded in right arm, at Cedar Creek. Discharged May 30, '65, at Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Sanford W. Sherman—Promoted to Corporal, Dec. 16, '64.

Corporal Edwin Stanton—Promoted to Corporal, Aug. 31, '63, for good conduct. Wounded severely at Cedar Creek, the ball passed nearly half round the body.

Corporal Alfred P. Sweet—Promoted Corporal, Dec. '62. Died at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, June 27, '63, of chronic diarrhea.

Corporal Elbert L. Widger—Promoted Corporal, June 1, '63. Wounded slight in hip, at Pleasant Hill. Wounded on skirmish line, slight, in face, near Mount Jackson, Va. Wounded severely in right arm at Cedar Creek. Discharged at Mower Hospital, Philadelphia, May 23, '65.

Corporal Elisha G. Wilmarth—Promoted to Corporal, Dec. 31, '62. Instantly killed at Pleasant Hill. A good soldier.

Musician Lysander Butts—Died of consumption, at McKim's Mansion Hospital, Baltimore, Md., Dec 18, '64. Brother of Musician Butts, of Company K.

Musician Dwight D. Eldridge—Died at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, of typhoid fever, Dec. 7, '62. He went by the name of "drummer boy." His remains were subsequently brought home and buried in Pitcher, N. Y.

George W. Allen—Wounded severely in right leg, at Cedar Creek. Discharged May 23, '65, at Chestnut Hill Hospital, Philadelphia.

Charles H. Babcock—Taken prisoner, Sept. 4, '64, by Mosby, while guarding an ambulance train en route to Harper's Ferry, from Berryville. Confined for some time in Libby Prison. Mustered out in hospital.

A. M. Ball—Enlisted Sept. 1, '64.

Charles M. Barrett—Detailed on hospital duty, throughout his service.

Joel F. Bassett—Wounded severely in left knee, at Cedar Creek. Limb amputated, and discharged April 10, '65, at Patterson Park Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

Charles F. Beckwith—Died Oct. 12, '63, at the Lincklaen House, Cazenovia, N. Y., while on his way home to Pharsalia, N. Y., on furlough.

George W. Bemas—Discharged for disability, at Fortress Monroe, April 30, '63.

Charles Benson—Wounded in thigh, at Cedar Creek.

William H. Benson—Died at Brashear City, La., May 29, '63, of malarious fever.

Lemuel L Briggs—Discharged for disability, at Fortress Monroe, April 9, '63.

Lyman Briggs—Froze his feet, in Dec., '63, at New Iberia, La., on the picket line. Wounded slightly at Cedar Creek, in ankle.

Francis M. Brown—For some time absent from sickness.

Franklin Brown—Transferred to V. R. C., Oct 20, '63, at New York City.

George W. Brown—Wounded severely at Opequan, in both thighs.

Samuel Church—Discharged from an injury to his hand, March 28, '63, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans.

Amaziah C. Coats—Wounded slightly in leg, at Cedar Creek. A jovial fellow, worth more than a doctor to the Regt., always fiddling for impromptu balls.

Jackson Cooper—Generally present with Company.

Robert Cooper—Absent a short time from sickness.

Hiram Cross—Detailed for a long time at Div. and Brig. Hd Q'rs.

Marshall Dutton—Died at Camp Belger, Baltimore, Md., of diptheria, Nov. 2, '63. This promising youth was the first man of the Regt. that died in camp. His

remains were carefully encoffined by Quartermaster Thompson, and sent to Otselic, N. Y., for burial. His uncle Hiram Dutton, whose adopted son he was, has erected a befitting monument over his grave.

Charles M. Dodge—Went through with Regt., and never wounded.

Woodal Eastman—Wounded severely in right leg, at Cedar Creek. Thigh amputated. Discharged April 16, '65, at Baltimore, Md

Charles Eaton—Slightly wounded in ear, at Cedar Creek.

William W. Fargo—Transferred to V. R. C., June 1, '63, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans.

J. C. Fassett—In all the campaigns of the Regt.

Delos Finch—Discharged for disability, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, March 31, '63.

Lamenzo Finch—A very cool man in battle.

Dwight Geer—Always ready for any emergency.

Alonzo Griggs—Left at Norwich, sick when the Regt. took its departure. Died at home, in Pitcher, N. Y., Oct. 4, '62.

John Hilliard—Wounded severely in leg, at Cedar Creek, for which he was discharged, May 28, 65.

Wells G. Huddleston—Mustered out with Company.

Beriah B. Kingsley—Wounded severely in left leg, at Cedar Creek. Mustered out in hospital, at Philadelphia, June 5, '65.

Joseph Kingsley—Never sick or wounded.

Joseph Kinlock—Disch'd at Chesapeake Fospital, Fortress Monroe, Feb. 18, '63.

William Lasure—Wounded at Cedar Creek, in the leg.

Asa H. Legg—Taken prisoner at Sabine Cross Roads, and confined at Tyler, Texas. Afterwards exchanged, and furloughed home, when he was discharged in New York City, March 7, '65.

Jerome W. Levisee—Discharged for disability, at Fortress Monroe, April 6, '63.

James A. Locke—Wounded through body and head, at Sabine Cross Roads, and died the same night.

Albert E. Lord—For a long time detailed as teamster.

George Luther—Drowned in the Mississippi River, June 19, '64, while bathing, at Morganza, La. (See page 364.)

Thomas McElroy—Mustered out with the Regt.

James McKee—Detailed as nurse of small-pox patients at New Iberia, La. Killed at Cedar Creek.

Charles Messenger—Died of typhoid fever, at Chesapeake Hospital, Fortress Monroe, Dec. 19, '62.

William W. Moore—Died upon the same day as the last named soldier, at the same place, and of the same disease.

Valentine Palmer—Killed at Cedar Creek, while urging his comrades to stand up to the line.

Philander Parker—Discharged for disability, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans. Aug. 6, '63.

David F. Porter—Died at New Orleans, Sept. 8, '63. His discharge papers were made out, but he was never able to leave hospital.

Orrin A. Priee—Generally present. Never wounded.

Noah Preston—Died suddenly of chronic diarrhea, at Camp Russell, near Newtown, Va., Dec. 25, '64. Brother of Corporal Preston.

Frederick Pritchard—Enlisted Sept. 1, '64. Wounded in face at Cedar Creek. Discharged May 20, '65, at Baltimore, Md.

Benjamin F. Reynolds—Discharged for disability at New Orleans, Sept. 28, '63.

Niles Reynolds—Wounded in right ankle, at Cedar Creek. Leg amputated below the knee. Discharged at McDougal Hospital, Fort Schuyler, N. Y., June 12, '65.

Stephen Reynolds—Discharged for disability at Baltimore, Md. Jan. 24, '63.

John L. Rhodes—Killed at Cedar Creek. A faithful soldier.

Adam S. Rickard—Mustered out with Company.

Albert Richer—Discharged for dropsy, Aug. 25, '63, at Baton Rouge, La.

Bimmiel Robbins—Deserted at Baltimore, Md., Oct. 19, '62. Afterwards re-enlisted in a Pennsylvania Regt. Taken prisoner before Petersburg, Va., and it is supposed he died at Richmond, Va.

Henry T. Robbins—In all the engagements of the Regt.

Lorenzo Robbins—Discharged for disability at New York City, Feb. 8, '65.

Nathan Robbins—Enlisted Jan. 5, '64. Died July 28, '64, at New Orleans.

Charles Shaver—Deserted before Port Hudson. Subsequently re-enlisted in an Artillery Regt. and was wounded at Cold Harbor.

George Sheff—Generally with the Company, and never wounded.

Reuben Shermau—Wounded in leg, at Cedar Creek. Mustered out in hospital.

Adam Silvernail—Died suddenly of congestive chills, in camp near Franklin, La. Feb. 3, '64.

William S. Sipple—Killed at Port Hudson, by a cannon ball, July 1, '63. (See page 220.)

Edwin M. Slawson—Enlisted Nov. 1, '63. Deserted July 16, '64, at Snicker's Gap.

Albert Stearns—Deserted July 31, '64, at Monocacy Junction, Md.

Harvey Stearns—Wounded in left leg, at Cedar Creek, severely injuring bones Discharged May 14, '65, at Baltimore, Md.

Morell Sturgess—Wounded by an accidental shot at Port Hudson, of which he died July 2, '63. (See page 220.)

Joseph M. Swift—Died in hospital at Brashear City, La., June 6, '63.

Jason Taylor—For a time on duty in hospital.

Henry Teaky—Transferred to V R. C., Sept. 5, '63. Since died at Elmira, N. Y.

Henry B. Tyler—Died at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, May 14, '63.

Benjamin Vaughan—In most of the battles of the Regt.

William D. Warner—On duty at Winchester, Va., during the valley campaign.

Daniel M. Webster—Faithfully served for some time as Company cook.

Daniel L. Wells—Died Aug. 12, '63, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans.

Thomas Wells—Discharged for disability, Nov. 20, '63, at New Orleans.

Liberty White—Died of disease, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, July 1, '63.

Levi L. Wilcox—Died of hemorrhage of the bowels, at Brashear City, Aprll 9, '63.

Thomas Wilcox—Died of typhoid fever, at Brashear City, La., June 6, '63. Brother of Levi Wilcox.

Josiah Wolcott—Escaped without wounds.

Anthony Bailey—Under cook of African descent. Enlisted Jan. 1, '64. Deserted July 2, '64.

COMPANY K.

Captain Seneca Lake—The original Captain. For a short time he was in command of a detachment of five Companies from the Regt., at Bayon Boeuf, La. He resigned on Surgeon's certificate of disability, Marth 6, '64, at Franklin, La.

Captain Homer W. Searle—Originally was 2d Lieutenant of Co. G. Promoted 1st Lieutenant of same Company, Sept. 1, '63. Promoted Captain and assigned to Co. K, vice Lake, July 1, '64, in which grade he was mustered out of the service at the close of the war. (See page 565.)

First Lieutenant Daniel C. Knowlton—Promoted Captain and assigned to Co. D, Aug. 10, '63. Instantly killed at Cedar Creek. (See page 518.)

First Lieutenant Elijah St. John—Was at first a private of Co. G. Transferred to Non. Com. Staff and promoted Sergeant Major, Sept, 4, '62. Promoted 1st Lieutenant and assigned to Co. K, Sept. 5, '63. (See page 536.)

Second Lieutenant Erastus S. Carpenter—Was 2d Lieutenant from the organization. Was commissioned 1st Lieutenant Aug. 10, '63, but was never mustered to that grade. Resigned his commission Sept. 3, 63.

Second Lieutenant Robert N. Eddy—Was originally 1st Sergeant. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, vice Carpenter, July 1, '63. Detached at Brigade H'd Q'rs, during the siege of Port Hudson, as Acting Assistant Inspector General and Acting Assistant Adjutant General. For a year before the muster-out of the Regt. he performed various staff duties at Brigade H'd Q'rs, the last of which was Aide-de-Camp to General Beal.

First Sergeant Edward E. Hunt—Originally a Corporal. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Eddy, July 1, '63. Transferred to Non. Com. Staff and promoted Sergeant Major, Feb. 5, '65. In Dec '63 he was sent north on recruiting service.

First Sergeant S. Delevan House—Originally a private. Promoted Corporal Sept. 10, '64. Promoted Lance Sergeant Oct. 19, '64, by General Orders, for gallant conduct on that day. Promoted 1st Sergeant, vice Hunt, Feb. 5, '65. (See page 460.)

Sergeant George C. Billings—Promoted from Corporal to Sergeant May 1, '64. Wounded in right shoulder, at Opequan.

Sergeant David M. Jones—Transferred to V. R. C., April 30, '64, at New Orleans Afterwards promoted 1st Sergeant and Sergeant Major in the 20th, Regt. V. R. C. He was mustered out July '65, at Camp Bradford, Baltimore, Md.

Sergeant William C. Norton—Wounded in ear at Opequan.

Sergeant Daniel W. Sims—Promoted Sergeant from Corporal Jan. 22, '64.—Wounded at Opequan, in right ankle, left leg, and both thighs. Mustered out in hospital at Albany, N. Y., Aug. '65.

Sergeant Luzerne A. Ticknor—Detailed for a long time as Sergeant of Ambulance train.

Corporal Stephen Barber—Promoted Corporal Oct. 19, '64. Honorable mention was made of this gallant soldier in General Orders for good conduct at the battle of Cedar Creek. (See page 461.)

Corporal Lucian F. Barnard—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 30, '63. Instantly killed at Pleasant Hill, being shot through the temple. He was one of the best of soldiers, and the first man of the Company killed in action. His father, Gur-

don Barnard, of Cazenovia, N. Y., sent to recover his body, but the attempt was unsuccessful.

Corporal William R. Colwell—Promoted Corporal, May 30, '64. Wounded severely in left arm, at Opequan. Discharged April 3, '65, at Baltimore, Md.

Corporal Adelbert F. Coope—Originally a private. Promoted Corporal Aug., '63. Promoted Adjutant vice Pellet, July, '64. (See page 535.)

Corporal Henry G. Dixon—Promoted Corporal, Dec. 1, '63. Severely wounded in thigh, at Opequan.

Corporal John B. Goodsell—Promoted Corporal, Jan. 22, '64. Wounded at Opequan, in thigh, which was amputated. Discharged April, '65, at Baltimore, Md.

Corporal Nason H. Haight—Discharged for chronic diarrhea, at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, Feb. 1, '64.

Corporal James F. Loomis—Died at Donaldsonville, La., July 23, '63. He was carried off by cholera, and his sickness was short.

Corporal William E. Mann—Made Corporal at the organization of the Regt.

Corporal James O'Brien—Promoted Corporal, Sept. 19, '64, for bravery that day in battle. Never absent a day, and never attended a Surgeon's call.

Corporal Owen O'Connor—An original Corporal. Discharged Sept. 13, '64, to receive a Lieutenant's commission in the 173d N. Y.

Musician Samuel C. Butts—Enlisted as musician, and served throughout in that capacity.

Musician Oscar F. Smith—Served as musician, without a day's absence.

Charles J. Abbott—Transferred to V. R. C., March 1, '64, at Franklin, La.

William P. Albee—Discharged for disability, at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, Jan. 2, '64.

Robert Allen—Deserted at Baltimore, Md., Nov. 4, '62.

Robert R. Bentley—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, July 29, '63.

William Blanchard—Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, Jan. 2, '63.

William H. Broadfield—Discharged for scurvy and diarrhea, at Elmira, N. Y., March 29, '64, while home on sick furlough.

Lorenzo M. Bronson—Discharged April 8, '63, to receive commission in the 76th Regt. U. S. C. I. Wounded in the ankle, before Mobile, about the time that city was taken.

John Cadogan, Jr.—Wounded in the leg, at Opequan.

Isaac H. Clark—Taken prisoner by Mosby, Sept. 4, '64, between Berryville and Harper's Ferry, while guarding an ambulance train en route to the latter place. He was taken to Richmond, exchanged and returned to duty, April 10, '65. The attention he received in Libby Prison was not of the most flattering character.

Harvey Clark—Died at University Hospital, New Orleans, Sept. 19, '63, of typhoid fever. For some time it was supposed that he was drowned, as he mysteriously disappeared immediately on return from Sabine Pass voyage.

Joseph H. Clark—Transferred to V. R. C., June 11, '64.

Edwin R. Combs—Killed instantly at Cedar Creek, being shot through the head. Although a sickly soldier, he was ever cheerfully disposed to do his duty. For a time in the summer of '63, he served as baker in Arsenal Hospital, Baton Rouge.

James M. Combs—Brother of the above. Died of brain fever, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, March 9, '63. This was the first death in the Company.

Henry C. Combs—Left home sick, when Regt. left Norwich; joined it at Camp Belger.

Channcey J. Cook—For a year or over Company cook. Detailed for a time at New Iberia, La., in a saw mill.

Edward Cook—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, July 12, '63.

Enos Cook—Enlisted Aug. 6, '64. Wounded at Cedar Creek, in left fore-arm, injuring elbow joint. Mustered out in hospital.

Sidney Corkins—Wounded in hand, at Opequan; lost a finger.

Harvey Daly—Died of chronic diarrhea, at De Ruyter, N. Y., March 21, '64, while home on sick furlough.

Eli H. Davis—Discharged for disability, at Rochester, N. Y., in June, '65.

Spencer E. Davis—In all the battles except Cedar Creek, at which time he was on duty at Winchester, Va.

Electus B. Dean—Died of typhoid fever, at Brashear City, La., July 7, '63.

Charles S. Dodge—Died of chronic diarrhea, at Cazenovia, N. Y., Nov. 7, '64, while home on sick furlough. Had just recovered from an attack of small pox.

William Dwyer—For a time on duty in hospital at Winchester.

Henry A. Evarts—Discharged for disability, at McKim's Mansion Hospital, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 18, '62.

Patrick Farly—Generally with Company.

James Farrell—Died suddenly in camp near Pattersonville, La., of congestive chills, Sept. 24, '63.

Nathaniel G. Foote—Enlisted Feb 22, '64. Transferred to 90th N. Y., June 2, '65, at Washington, D. C.

George C. Gault—Died of dropsy, at Baton Rouge, La., July 30, '63.

Henry A. Gifford—Died suddenly in camp near Centerville, La., Sept. 29, '63, of typho-malarial fever.

George E. Gillson—Died suddenly of chronic diarrhea, at Barracks Hospital, New Orleans, Sept. 8, '63.

Charles N. Gorton—Enlisted Aug. 6, '64. Died of chronic diarrhea, at Winchester, Va., Dec. 3, '64. He was on the skirmish line the first day after joining the Regt., and fought bravely at Opequan the second day.

Horace R. Graham—For over a year he was left general guide.

George P. Haight—Wounded slightly in leg at Opequan. Taken prisoner and paroled at Brashear City, La.

Franklin Hammond—Captured near Baton Rouge, La., in June, '63, while guarding a plantation; taken to Thibodeaux and paroled. Discharged at New Orleans, for disability, March 8, '64; subsequently re-enlisted.

Orsemus D. Hill—There was no better soldier.

Ansyl D. Hopkins—Wounded at Cedar Creek, in shoulder. Discharged for disability, March 31, '65.

Myron Howard—Discharged July 2, '63, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, but died of typhoid fever, before he was able to leave his bed.

Willard M. Hudson—Wounded in the ankle, at Opequan.

Stephen Hungerford—Died of malarious fever, at Brigade Hospital, Brashear City, in April, '63.

Thurlow C. Irons—Discharged at New Orleans, for disability, in Sept., '63.

Seth Johnson—Taken prisoner while guarding a plantation on the Mississippi River. Was found sick in a saw mill at Thibodeaux, La., when the Regt. arrived there, Aug. 1, '63. Died of chronic diarrhea, at New Orleans, Oct. 16, '63.

Thomas Kearney—During the last year of his service, from his age, he was mostly detailed as safe-guard.

William E. Kingsley—Transferred to V. R. C., at New Orleans, June 4, '63, from which he was discharged at St. Louis, Oct. 23, '64.

William H. Kinning—Discharged for disability, at Baton Rouge, La., Sept. 13, '63. Afterwards re-enlisted in 22d N. Y. Cavalry.

Charles Knight—Faithfully served in hospital, in various capacities, up to the time of his death. In the fall of '63, he was detailed as acting Hospital Steward with a Regt. of U. S. C. I., and sent to Texas, where he died at Matagorda Island, of congestion of the lung, Dec. 17, '63. His sickness was short.

Lewis S. Loomis—Detached for over a year as Acting Regimental Instructor, Corps d'Afrique.

John F. Madge—Died of fever and diarrhea, at Franklin, La., Feb. 16, '64. His officers spoke of him in terms of highest praise.

Joseph J. McCullough—Wounded in the chest, at the battle of Opequan, from the effects of which he died, Sept. 26, at Winchester, Va.

Charles E. Myers—Wounded in battle of Opequan, Sept. 19, '63.

Charles B. Needham—Died of malarious fever, at Baton Rouge, La., July 15, '63.

Herbert N. Newton—Died at Brashear City, La., of diptheria, Aug. 29, '63, after an illness of two days.

Daniel W. Nichols—Discharged for disability, at Fort Columbus, N. Y. Harbor, May 12, '64.

Clinton K. Nourse—Wounded at Opequan, in wrist. Mustered out in hospital.

Orlow Z. Nourse—Discharged for disability, at Cazenovia, N. Y., Feb. 19, '64.

Lewis Nourse—Detailed as cook in hospital at Winchester, after the battle of Opequan.

Abel P. Pangborn—This soldier, than whom there was none more faithful, was hit at Opequan three times before he could be removed from the field; first in the bowels, then in the leg, lastly in the head, killing him instantly.

William P. Partello—Died of chronic diarrhea, in convalescent camp, Brashear City, La., June 2, '63. He was found dead in his tent.

Nial D. Perry—Died of typhoid fever, at Brashear City, La., May 26, '63.

John H. Preston—Mostly with Regt., never wounded.

William H. H. Rathbun—Wounded himself accidentally in foot, at Port Hudson, June 1, '65, and died from the effects of chloroform, during a surgical operation the same day.

William C. Reddy—For a long time detached as Acting Sergeant Major in the 3d Regt. Engineers, Corps d'Afrique. Transferred to the 4th Regt. Engineers, subsequently the 7-8th, U. S. C. I., and promoted 2d Lieutenant, April 7, '64. He has served in the capacity of Adjutant of the Post of New Iberia, La., and Acting A. A. General of a Provisional Brigade. He is still in the service.

Cyrenus A. Rogers—Wounded in thigh, severely, at Cedar Creek.

Eugene Santee—Wounded at Opequan, in left ankle, severe. Mustered out at York. Pa., before the Regt.

William E. Savage—Wounded in left leg, at Opequan. Limb amputated, and he died of pyœmia, on the 27th of Oct., at Winchester, Va. His remains were disinterred at the end of some two weeks, and buried with funeral services in New Woodstock, N. Y.

Oliver M. Slocum—Discharged for disability, at St. Louis Hospital, New Orleans, Oct. 12, '63.

Christopher C. Spencer—Instantly killed at Opequan. He was never absent from duty.

Perry Tibbetts—Generally present with Company.

William Tuttle—Generally present with Company.

Theron L. Vincent—Died suddenly of chronic diarrhea, at St. Louis Hospital, New Orleans, July 21, '63

Thomas Walker—Wounded in thigh, severe, at Cedar Creek.

Joseph A. Wallace—Wounded slightly in shoulder, at Bisland. Wounded in bowels at Opequan, and died the same night. He fell a Christian soldier.

John R. Watts—Transferred to V. R. C., at Franklin, La., March 1, '64.

Newell B. Wehher—Nurse for a year, at St. Louis Hospital, New Orleans.

Lewis L. Weed—Transferred to Non-Com. Staff, and promoted Hospital Steward, July 1, '63. (See page 536.)

Samuel A. Wheeler—Discharged for disability, at New Orleans, April 24, '64.

James Wilson—This soldier was long reported as a deserter on the rolls, but was not such in fact, as he re-enlisted for three years in the 185th N. Y., while home on furlough, under the misrepresentation of a recruiting officer. While in the latter Regt., he was badly wounded in the shoulder, at Petersburgh, Va., for which he was discharged the service. He was a faithful soldier.

Giles E. Woodin—Transferred to V. R. C., at New Orleans, March 1, '64. Since died at home, in New Woodstock, N Y.

Reuben D. Wright—Most of time sick in hospital.

Frank B. Wyman—Discharged at Fortress Monroe, for disability, in Nov., '62.

Alfred Marsh—Under cook of African descent. Enlisted Feb. 25, '64; deserted March 15, '64.

Note.—Mr. L. S. Pierce, a respectable citizen of Eaton, N. Y., for a short time connected with the Regiment, as assistant to Sutler Parce, died November 27th, 1862. of pneumonia, at Fortress Monroe, Va. His remains were buried in Morrisville, N. Y.